

PARTLY CLOUDY-WARMER.

To-Day's Sunday  
Post-Dispatch  
OPENS A NEW ERA

In Western Journalism and places St. Louis on a par with New York in newspaper production.

# A Merry Christmas to All. ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH.

SEVENTY PAGES.

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SUNDAY MORNING—ST. LOUIS—DECEMBER 12, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

PARTLY CLOUDY-WARMER.

Christmas Number.

70 PAGES IN ALL!

5 Sections in Colors.

With best wishes of the Great Sunday Post-Dispatch to its half million readers.

CASTELLANES  
MAY PART.

Countess Tires of Furnishing Money for Her Husband.

HER FORTUNE IS DIMINISHING.

COUNT BONI'S EXTRAVAGANT HABITS SEEM TO HAVE REACHED THE LIMIT.

A SEPARATION IS TALKED OF.

Friends Say the Rumor May Be a Means of Inducing the Spend-thrift to Change His Way of Living.

Special Cable to the Post-Dispatch.

Copyright by the Press Publishing Company, 1897.

PARIS, Dec. 11.—A rumor is whispered in the select circles of Paris and London that serious trouble has arisen between the Count and Countess Boni Castellane (Anna Gould), over the former's insensate extravagance.

The Post-Dispatch contained information some weeks since that even the vast fortune of the late Jay Gould's daughter was proving unequal to the drain made upon it by the financial follies of Count Boni. Information now reaches the Post-Dispatch correspondent from the same source that the question of a possible separation by mutual consent, or if not by legal divorce, is being discussed by relatives and lawyers acting on behalf of both husband and wife.

Matters appear to have been brought to a head by the absolute refusal of the Countess to advance any more money to meet the constantly increasing demands for the accomplishment of Boni's colossal folly of building a replica of the Grand Trianon in Avenue Du Bois de Boulogne.

The construction of this lordly pleasure-house has been lately interrupted because the Countess, acting by the advice of her relatives, declined to give anything more toward the enormous funds necessary for its completion on the scale of grandeur projected by her husband. The mere outlay on the costliest marbles alone is said to be fabulous, while it was proposed that the palace should include a theater gorged with the principal living artists, provided with all most perfect modern scenes, appointments, and an auditorium large enough to seat 500 guests.

The extravagances of Count Boni in all possible directions amount really to a mania. Everything he gets must be several degrees more costly and rarer than is possessed even by his wealthiest friends. It would take the wealth of a Monte Cristo to satiate his Gargantuan appetite for throwing away money. Except that he is rather worthless and utterly conceited, nothing beyond his idiotic extravagance is alleged against him.

Much sympathy is felt for the Countess in her unfortunate marriage, into which the glitter of a great title and the glamour of a famous name drew her. She is naturally quiet, retiring and amiable, without any apparent desire to take advantage of the social position her fortune has secured for her. She is, in fact, rather a figure in the Castellane household, and the financial demands of her husband must have been startling indeed.

The talk of a separation is regarded by the friends of the family as the last attempt to put the screws on Boni, frightening him into putting a curtain on his expenditure than a determination to leave him. All the same, he is so devoid of sense and so monstrously vain that an ultimate crash cannot be averted very long.

SAD SEQUEL TO A DIVORCE.

Mrs. Sloss Got Her Decree and Took Poison and Died.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

WEBSTER CITY, Io., Dec. 11.—Mrs. S. C. Sloss, who was given a divorce from this term of the District Court and alimony of \$10,000, died about 1 o'clock at Moulton from the effects of some very powerful poison. She died in terrible agony. It is supposed she took the drug with suicidal intent. Mrs. Sloss had been a widow of four days on Wednesday, but rallied. She took another this afternoon, which proved fatal. Mr. Sloss is wealthy and is one of the biggest hardware dealers in Iowa. His store is draped in mourning and he is said to be very deeply affected by the death of his former wife.

RECONCILIATION IS COMPLETE.

Venezuela's President Receives the British Minister.

Special Cable to the Post-Dispatch.

Copyright by the Press Publishing Company, 1897. CARACAS, Venezuela, Dec. 11.—President Crespo officially received the British Minister today.

This completes the reconciliation of Great Britain and Venezuela after a ten years' rupture of diplomatic relations.

The difference over the Gulana boundary, which caused the estrangement has been referred for settlement through the mediation of the United States to a tribunal of arbitration, and the good faith of both parties in the case is attested by the renewal of official intercourse.

THE WEATHER FORECAST.

PARTLY CLOUDY-WARMER.

For Missouri—Partly cloudy weather; slight warmth; east to south winds.

For Illinois—Cloudy weather; clearing in southern sections; slightly rising temperature; winds shifting to southwest.

For Arkansas—Fair weather to south west.

MILLER A WRECK,  
BUT THE WINNER.

Many of the Racers Driven Almost Insane.

IT WAS AN AWFUL TRIAL.

TEN THOUSAND PEOPLE CROWDED MADISON SQUARE GARDEN LAST NIGHT.

THE RIDERS COULD NOT STOP.

Their Legs Continued to Move Mechanically Long After They Were Pulled Off Their Wheels.

WHY THEY DID IT.

	Final score, 142 hours:	Miles, Laps.
Miller	2,093	Elkes ..... 1,680
Rice	2,028	Kins ..... 1,616
Schinner	1,994	Julius ..... 1,543
Hicks	1,920	Johnson ..... 1,476
Waller	1,883	Johnson ..... 1,279
Golds	1,778	Gray ..... 1,255
Gaines	1,769	Harris ..... 1,176
Enterman	1,763	Moore ..... 1,495
		7

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

NEW YORK, Dec. 11.—The wild struggle is over. Miller wins. The great six-day bicycle race is ended. Just fifteen men out of the thirty-six that started lasted till the finish. No wonder. It was a heart-breaking killing pace.

These are the winners of the awful seemingly endless journey:

Final score, 142 hours:

Miles, Laps.

Miller ..... 2,093 Elkes ..... 1,680

Rice ..... 2,028 Kins ..... 1,616

Schinner ..... 1,994 Julius ..... 1,543

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Enterman ..... 1,763 Moore ..... 1,495

Miller record, 1,916 miles 3 laps, lapa Hale in 1896.

The gross receipts were about \$65,000. The Garden retained 40 per cent as rental.

All day the crowd kept pouring into Madison Square Garden. At 6 p. m. there was not a seat left. Just at this time things began to look serious in the garden. Suddenly Police Inspector Brooks put in an appearance at the head of a cordon of 250 police. They fled and fled about till at last they were all disposed of, in accord-



MRS. BOOTH-TUCKER, WIFE OF THE SALVATION ARMY COMMANDER.

REAT preparations are being made by the local members of the Salvation Army and their friends for the reception of Commander and Mrs. Booth-Tucker in St. Louis this week. The leaders of the Salvation Army in America will arrive here on Tuesday, and will meet their friends that afternoon from 3 to 5 o'clock, in the parlors of the Lindell Hotel.

DIED, REVIVED AND DIED.

Strange Case of a Wealthy Woman Near Lockport, N. Y.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Dec. 11.—It was thought last Tuesday that Mrs. Robert Drew, reputed to be the wealthiest woman in Niagara County, had died at her home, in Middleport. Physicians pronounced her dead, and after the body had lain for five or six hours an undertaker's assistants began preparing for burial. The woman revived and recovered consciousness. She lived twenty-four hours and then died.

It Brought Up Memories on Another Wedding Day and Sent the Other Man Back Home.

Shortly before the marriage license office closed yesterday a young woman, dressed in black, and wearing a mourning veil, was escorted to Clerk Bihlhart's desk by a young man.

Both were apparently in a hurry and fearful of publicity. They answered the responses promptly and remained in the office less than five minutes. The woman was Miss Alice Dutcher of St. Louis and her escort was Clifford Seay of Salem, Ill.

They were married last night at the residence of the bride's mother, 411 Page avenue, and left for New Orleans.

Their union marks the culmination of a peculiar romance.

Miss Dutcher's visit to the marriage office yesterday was with the second with in six months. Her first license was wed another, but her love for the man she married last night asserted itself after all the preparations for the wedding were made.

Early in June Miss Dutcher figured in an elopement. She went to Clayton with Lurton Brown, a wealthy young man from Nashville, Tenn. The County Clerk would not accept Miss Dutcher's statement that she was of age and the young couple returned to St. Louis. When they stepped from the train Col. Dutcher, the young woman's father, was awaiting them. He gave them a talking to, but they pleaded so eloquently that he consented to their union.

The next day he accompanied them to the Court-house, where a license was obtained. The wedding was announced and preparations were under way when the fair bride-elect, in going through her trunk, found a beautiful diamond ring, the sight of which brought back tender memories of a former life.

It was a gift from Clifford Seay of Salem, Ill., then a clerk in the St. Louis Post-office. They had quarreled. She put the ring in a dainty little box and sent it back to Mr. Seay, accompanied by a brief note of explanation.

Mr. Seay sent a reply to the note, asking Miss Dutcher to call on him at the Post-office. She complied on the afternoon of the day set for her marriage to Brown.

A short conversation in the Federal building awakened the old flame in the hearts of both Miss Dutcher and Mr. Seay.

As she sat beside his desk Seay held her hand in his. Gently he slipped Brown's ring from her finger and replaced it with his diamond solitaire. The old worth was plighted anew. Before she left the Post-office Miss Dutcher penned a note to Brown telling him she could not marry him and asking him not to call at her house that night.

CONTINUED ON PAGE TWO.

THE MAN SHE LOVED.

CLIFFORD SEAY AT LAST LEADS MISS ALICE DUTCHER TO THE ALTAR.

WHAT A DIAMOND RECALLED.

It Brought Up Memories on Another Wedding Day and Sent the Other Man Back Home.

Brown left at once for Nashville.

That night the wedding guests went to the house. Rev. W. R. L. Smith was there, but there was no groom.

Col. Dutcher made a simple announcement that there would be no wedding, and the guests went away wondering.

A few weeks later the engagement of Miss Dutcher to Mr. Seay was announced. The date of the wedding was set. Before the day arrived Miss Dutcher's father died. This necessitated another postponement.

Owing to her recent bereavement Miss Dutcher desired that the wedding last night

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A few weeks later the engagement

## BEHIND CLOSED SENATE DOORS.

The Hawaiian Treaty Will Be Considered in Secret.

### CHANGE OF PROGRAMME.

THE FIGHT WILL BE MADE TO CARRY OUT THE WISHES OF THE PRESIDENT.

### FULL DEBATE WILL BE HAD.

If a Two-Thirds Vote Cannot Be Secured, Then a Joint Resolution Will Be Introduced and Passed If Possible.

**WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 11.**—The supporters of Hawaiian annexation have definitely decided to consider the question in executive session of the Senate. In order to do this it will be necessary for them to take up the annexation treaty, rather than a joint resolution providing for annexation. Some few of those who support Hawaii in this matter were at first inclined to believe that unless it became evident that the two-thirds vote necessary to secure the ratification of the treaty was assured from the beginning it would be a waste of time to take the matter up at all upon the basis of the treaty, but they appear to have changed their minds, and so far least disposed to defer to the opinions of the majority, who oppose this cause.

It is now stated on behalf of the pro-annexationists that to abandon the treaty at the present time would create the impression that they had surrendered the fight to the anti-annexationists. The consideration of the question in secret session will help to bind those who profess to be favorable to annexation and make sure of having the largest number of votes. It is made evident that it is necessary to resort to the means of securing favorable legislation.

There is still a broader reason for desiring to have the treaty rejected before it is introduced which affects the Committee of Foreign Relations. This is the fact that Japan's attitude toward annexation is such that it is not safe to assume that the members of this committee think it not advisable to air before the public in the way that they might be taken up for debate in the open Senate.

The staunchest friends of annexation admit that it would be well nigh impossible to get the two-thirds vote necessary to ratify the treaty, but they contend that they will come very near reaching the necessary number if the Japanese are made to believe that they claim to have fifty-four pledged and they think it possible that they might secure the rest.

The plan, however, contemplates a full debate of the question on the treaty in executive session and the subsequent transfer of the measure to the Senate, where a two-thirds vote of the members will vote for it.

The resolution will require only a majority of votes, but to be effective it will be necessary that it should also pass the House, where delay is feared.

### HANNA ON HAWAII.

Thinks the Treaty Will Fail, but Approves the Message on Cuba.

**NEW YORK, Dec. 11.**—Senator Mark Hanna, who has been suffering from an attack of influenza, was reported to be much better to-day.

Speaking of the Health, Senator Hanna said to-day he has the influenza, and put bronchial trouble. He has lost flesh, but that could not spare.

The Senator excepted himself as a specialist. One physician told him he was not out of danger, because an abscess might form in his head. He talked informally about proposed legislation.

"I hardly think," he said, "that the Senate will ratify the Hawaiian treaty of annexation. I am sure that three-fourths or three-fifths of the members will vote for it. Personally, I don't know how many Senators are opposed to the treaty. Hawaii, I believe, is anxious to call a joint resolution of both Houses."

His attention was called to the fact that Senator Hoar had presented a petition for \$100 native Hawaiians who oppose annexation.

"Yes, I suppose the natives are opposed to it," he replied.

"What do you think of the President's message in regard to Cuba?"

"The situation has changed greatly in Cuba, and I believe the President's course will be approved." It is true that atrocities are committed in Cuba, but the Cubans and Spaniards are equally guilty and indulge in cruelty on both sides. I suppose that the Administration is kept informed thoroughly as to what is going on in the island. Naturally their channels of information are better than mine."

As to the reform legislation, the Senator said that he was hopeful something would be done.

He said that some kind of currency legislation will be put through, he said, in conclusion. But just what kind I cannot say."

### GLOE OF KOKOMO DIDN'T KNOW.

Bet \$25 He Could Open a Padlock, but He Couldn't.

George Gloe arrived in the city Saturday evening from Kokomo, Ind., intending to spend Sunday here and then proceed to Kansas City to visit relatives. Before he got out of the Union Station he was accosted by a well-dressed stranger who slumped him on the back and addressed him by the name of Brown.

"My name is not Brown," replied the ver- dant Kokomian, said George Gloe.

"Is that so?" said the stranger. "You are the perfect image of a friend of mine."

The stranger apologized and asked Gloe to join him in a drink. Gloe accepted, and he was escorted to a saloon in the neighborhood. During the session they were approached by another man. He was an ordinary padlock, and he offered to bet the weight. Gloe nor the stranger could open it. Gloe bet \$25 that he could. There is no doubt Mr. Bryan's position on the silver question has much to do with the warm sentiment of friendship exhibited to him.

### BEAUTIFUL SHOW WINDOWS.

One, a Fine-Siecle Parlor Scene, Is of an Educational Character.

Two of the prettiest and most tastefully arranged windows in the retail district are those in the big establishment of D. Sommer & Co., 101 and 112½ State street. One is made of useful goods, and the other is strictly fine-siecle ideas. D. Sommer & Co. have a big window an enormous stock of fine and useful Xmas gifts, in late-style house furnishings, at prices that are the reach of every one. The term "fine-siecle" is a term that is highly educational, as it is arranged after strictly fine-siecle ideas. D. Sommer & Co. have a fine collection of articles designed to remain on the cruel track. Soon he felt absolutely alone up. He had no more muscles left. Often during these six days he had to crawl along the track in short races. Young athletes with bright eyes, pink skins, broad chests, sprin- gily limbs, and a contrast to the poor, puny, old, decrepit men who were tossing in bed trying to go back the sleep they had so soundly.

At the end of this test of pluck and endurance the face of Miller, the winner, was pale, thin, and gaunt. He had a slight fever, but he was in perfect physical condition, explained a friend. He had won the race, but he had not won the contest. Not one of them could walk straight. Pedalling had become automatic; walking was strange to them after a week of such exercise. Miller had to go to the cheering thousands. Then he sank in his chair while a hoarse shout dinmed in his ears, and the audience, who had been silent, burst into a roar of applause.

Miller, who had been collapsed, his eyes closed, lay on the smoke-laden air. He smiled. When a man wins he can afford to smile. Louder and louder grew the clamor. The band was swallowed up in the roar of sound. A piano punctuated the roar.

"The last lap," he said, "was the most difficult. No one knew him. You could see him doing his best and you could see his jaws forming words—that was all. But off darted Miller. The last lap! It meant victory, and \$100. The crowd roared its approval, just as Roman audiences used to yell at gladiators in mortal combat."

Miller won.

Then he got off his wheel. What a difference! His knees collapsed; his eyes closed again.

"Miller! Miller!" went up in mighty choruses from the smoke-laden air.

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## DEATH CAME TO MRS. M'KINLEY.

President's Mother Passed Away After Midnight.

### TENTH DAY OF HER ILLNESS.

ALL HER RELATIVES WERE GATHERED AT HER BEDSIDE WHEN THE END CAME.

SHE WAS 85 YEARS OLD.

Never Since the Stroke of Paralysis Has There Been Any Expectation That She Would Recover From the Shock.

CANTON, O., Dec. 12.—Mrs. Nancy Allison McKinley is dead. She passed away shortly after midnight. All the relatives were at the bedside when the end came. Never since the first stroke of paralysis ten days ago has there been any expectation that she would recover from the shock. She was 85 years old.

CANTON, O., Dec. 11.—This, the tenth

### KNIGHTS OF ST. PATRICK.

Col. Richard C. Kerens Unanimously Elected President.

Col. Richard C. Kerens will be the next President of the Knights of St. Patrick. This was decided last night at the annual meeting for the nomination of officers to serve during 1898.

The other officers nominated were: John F. Donovan, first vice-president; Hon. R. D. Muller, second vice-president; Hon. J. J. O'Reilly, third vice-president; John J. O'Connor, recording secretary; Judge Thomas Morris, corresponding secretary, and Judge Wm. J. Hanley, treasurer.

Edwin Gould IN TOWN.

Stops Over at the Planters' While on His Way South.

Edwin Gould, who is president of the Texas Pacific Railroad and one of the lucky heirs of Jay Gould, registered at the Planters' Hotel yesterday on his way South. He is traveling in his private car with several officials of the road. He attended the Century Theatre last night, but did not sit in a box, and will proceed on his journey to-day.

**REQUISITION FOR JOHNSON.**

The Negro Who Enticed Miss Neal to Montana.

HELENA, Mont., Dec. 11.—Acting Gov. Spriggs to-day honored the requisition of the Governor of Missouri for Joseph C. Johnson, the colored man, who is wanted for kidnapping Miss Kate Neal, daughter of a wealthy Helena woman, and for whom Johnson was caught in Missooula, where he is now under arrest.

In Missouri have telegraphed repeatedly that Johnson was sure to be lynched if taken back. Johnson's lawyers took him before a Justice of the Peace to answer

# DROSTEN'S REMOVAL SALE

NOW GOING ON AT 619 OLIVE STREET.  
... DO NOT MISS IT...

Our entire stock of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, Optical Goods, etc., must be sold at once. After the holidays we will move to the Fullerton building, corner Seventh and Pine Streets.

OPEN EVERY EVENING UNTIL 9 O'CLOCK.

### LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

Mr. Bell, Aged 78, Is to Marry Mrs. Shibley, Only 54.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 11.—Back of the announcement of the engagement of Alexander Melville Bell to Mrs. H. G. Shibley there is a real old-time romance.

It all began when the young man, then there, was a prospective bridegroom that Mrs. Bell, Sr.,

shows her to be a sweet-faced, matronly woman, with round, benign face and snow

white hair.

The elder Mr. Bell, who is to marry Mrs. Shibley in New York on January 6, first saw the photograph three or four months

ago, and said, "I'll meet you to-night."

"It was this way. I was at the house of a friend, and saw there a photograph of Mrs. Shibley, and I was impressed with it. She is very happy, and am very happy because I am going to marry her in January."

Mrs. Shibley is 54, and has been a widow two weeks, having lost her husband three years—two years longer than I have been a widower,"

said Mr. Bell. "She is a widow now, and am very happy, and am very happy because I am going to marry her in January."

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**WITH A BROKEN NECK.**

WILLIAM H. JOHNSON OF ST. LOUIS, PARALYZED FROM HEAD DOWN, LIVED FOR MONTHS.

HIS BURIAL OCCURS TO-DAY.

Was on a Visit to New Orleans and Dived Into a Lake Ponchartrain Sand Bar.

A late Illinois Central train last night brought to St. Louis the body of William H. Johnson, the young railroad man who died Friday in New Orleans.

With the remains was Mrs. Samuel P. Johnson, the mother, and Charles J. Johnson, a brother. They have battled with death since the accident three months ago, which placed the young man's life in jeopardy.

The funeral will occur from Alexander's undertaking parlor, Garrison avenue and Olive street, at 2 o'clock this afternoon. The interment in Bellefontaine Cemetery will be private. The family lives at 3837 Page avenue.

For fourteen years young Johnson was in the employ of the Frisco railroad and at the



OPEN EVENINGS TILL 9.

## As Good as Sunday Sermons ARE THE INDUCEMENTS WE OFFER CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS!

WHERE THEY ARE.

FIRSTLY.  
Diamonds Correctly Mounted,  
\$5.00 to \$500.00.

THIRDLY.  
Artistic Jewelry, the Best Made,  
To Suit All Purposes.

SECONDLY.  
Watches That Are Reliable,  
from \$6.00 to \$175.00.

FOURTHLY.  
Sterling Toilet Wares and Novelties.  
Some as Low as 15c.

## HESS & CULBERTSON, The Jewelers, MAKE YOUR SELECTIONS TO-MORROW.

### COMPLETE COLLAPSE OF CHARLES ZANOLI, MULTI-WIDOWER AND INSURANCE MANIPULATOR.

Barber  
Who Made  
Money  
by the  
Deaths  
of Seven  
Persons.  
A Series of  
Events that  
Aroused  
Suspicion  
and Caused  
Arrest.



CHARLES ZANOLI.

WILLIAM H. JOHNSON.

ago as he held a position of responsibility under the company's audit committee.

He refused a vacation during the summer, preferring to go south in the fall and on Sept. 1 left this city to visit a friend, John F. Prentiss, in New Orleans.

A part of his holiday Johnson spent in the city, but on Sept. 9 a party of the Crescent City boys, including Prentiss, crossed the Mississippi off to the banks of Lake Ponchartrain for a week's outing. Swimming was the principal diversion, and a swimmer Johnson, far from his companions, swam alone far out and was lost in feats that required daring and endurance. High diving was his forte.

On the second day of his outing Johnson tried to dive from an exceptionally lofty pile. Shouting to his friends, he disappeared in the water. In an instant he was seen swimming across the lake.

When brought ashore it was discovered that his neck was broken. He had struck a shallow pile and had struck his head full against a sandbank.

His whole body, from the neck down, was paralyzed, but his mental faculties were unimpaired. He remained there for three months at the Charity Hospital in New Orleans, his faithful mother ever at his side.

A telegram to this city announced his death at 5 o'clock Friday morning.

### MAY HOLD OUT.

Plans of the Cotton-Growers to Control Their Own Product.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

ATLANTA, Ga., Dec. 11.—The convention of Southern cotton growers, called to meet here next Tuesday, will be one of the most important gatherings of the kind ever held in this country. The convention has as its mission the securing of a system of controlling the planting and marketing of cotton. As a side issue it will probably start a vigorous contest against the present system of dealing in futures. The call for the gathering was issued by J. C. Wellborn, President of the South Carolina Farmers' Association, a member of the Southern Governors, prominent cotton growers and bankers of the Southern States, and has been overwhelmed by an avalanche of favors.

When the cotton-growers of the Southern States have appointed delegates to the convention, and many merchants and bankers committed their expenses, a "meeting of the minds" is in the hands of the New York speculators, says he, and he urges a cotton-growers' trust to offset them.

The announcement of the convention has given rise to a multitude of suggestions regarding the best way to attain its end. One of these, which coincides with the elements of practicability, comes from John C. Roddy, formerly a resident of St. Louis, but now a member of the New York Stock Exchange. Mr. Roddy would form a big group of cotton-growers to secure a market for a holding the police said is that he is in such a state of collapse that it is inconceivable what he would concern anything.

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Zanolini, a barber, His place of business is at 61 Warren street. He is a tall, well-built man with a heavy, round face, and his nose broad and flat. He is about 46 years old and a native of Wiesbaden. He has a "foolish mouth," one eye larger than the other, and his teeth are crooked, causing him to lean forward as he walks. There is nothing attractive about the barber.

Zanolini had been singularly prosperous for a barber. He spent a large sum of money fitting up the shop, and he himself said that he had made more than \$10,000 a year.

When he was a pitable object this morning, His eyes had sunk far back into his head, great deep dark marks on his face, and he was unable to speak or move.

The strongest argument to combat the police theory that he is guilty of murder is the fact that of his four wives, only one is still living, and she is his best friend, and had adopted his only child. The child, he said, was in the Catholic Orphan Asylum at Fifth avenue and Fifteenth street.

He was born at Wiesbaden, Germany, 47 years ago, and came to this country in 1878. He has always followed the trade of a barber, but the police say he now nothing of his trade. When Zanolini was a boy he worked at a barber shop at No. 225 Rivington street. A woman known as Carolyn Dern, whom the barber called mother-in-law, died at that shop on Nov. 19, 1884.

Zanolini ate no breakfast to-day until it was forced upon him, and then he nibbled at a piece of bread and took a swallow of beer. The technical charge for which he was arrested was that he was obtaining money under false pretenses. But here are the facts in this man's record:

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Zanolini's boy, Charley, was led into the reception-room at police headquarters to-day at the same time that his mother was buried. When Zanolini saw the boy he waved his hands in the air and ran, crying toward the lad and almost crushing him in his arms.

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Founded by JOSEPH PULITZER.

PUBLISHED BY  
THE PULITZER PUBLISHING CO.  
Office 513 Olive Street.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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Daily and Sunday—Per Week .10 Cents  
Daily and Sunday—Per Month .40 Cents  
Sunday—Per Month .20 Cents

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Daily and Sunday—Per Annual \$6.00  
Daily and Sunday—6 Months \$3.00  
Daily and Sunday—Per Month .60 Cents  
Sunday—Per Annual ..... \$2.00  
Sunday—6 Months ..... \$1.00Daily and Sunday—By carrier, in towns outside of  
St. Louis, 15 cents a week, 40 cents a month. Week  
day only, 10 cents; Sunday, 20 cents.

Mail—By express, air mail, registered letter.

Don't send checks on your local bank.

The price of the Post-Dispatch on all railroad trains  
and in all railroads is 10 cents a day, and 20 cents a week.

Any one who is charged a higher rate than this will

please report same to us, giving name of road, or

station and number of train.

Advertisers who fail to receive their paper regularly

will incur a favor by reporting the same to this office.

Address all communications to the Post-Dispatch, St. Louis.

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## AN AMERICAN TEST.

Are justice and liberty no longer living principles in the United States?

This is the question which will be answered by the action of this country concerning Cuba.

In the face of the facts there is no defense for the policy of President McKinley except that "of expediency prompted by the basest of motives. It favors a cruel oppressor, whose inhumanity and oppression are utterly abominable. It discriminates against a people who have made heroic sacrifices for relief from oppression and the right of self-government. It is a policy of indifference to the struggle for human rights and liberties, of complicit approval of tyrannous wrong."

Knowing that Spanish promises of self-government are a sham—a mere trap in which to catch and cage Spain's Cuban victims—knowing the terrible record of tyranny and cruelty that lies back of this mock of fair promises, it is proposed that we aid in the scheme of entrapment and lend countenance and encouragement to the crushing out of the spirit of independence.

For what reason? Because a word for justice and liberty might involve a little risk; because a helping hand to the heroic soldiers of independence might interfere a little with the pursuit of the nimble penny; because a fearless stand for principles might upset the selfish schemes of shifty politicians.

Americans are on trial. The American spirit is put to the test. Have we become a nation of time-servers, who think more of politics than of patriotism, more of lucre than of liberty?

Uncle Filley knows there are prejudicial persons who put the party before honest government, but that doesn't silence his truthful typewriter.

## BRADY HELD TO ACCOUNT.

In his decision overruling the demurser of Election Commissioner Hugh J. Brady in the suit for \$1,200 brought against him by the Sedalia Board of Trade, Judge Klein offers interesting reading for the people of Missouri.

When Ed Butler brought suit for the money, virtually charging embezzlement, Brady evaded a trial of the case by paying the costs and the fees of the plaintiff's attorney.

When the Sedalia Board of Trade sued for the funds paid to Brady by Butler to be expended in the campaign for the removal of the capital, Brady attempted to escape behind the plea of illegal contract. He did not deny that he received the money, but pleaded that the alleged agreement was contrary to public policy because it was calculated to improperly influence voters in the exercise of the franchise.

This is a practical confession by Brady that he accepted money to be expended in corruptly influencing voters and having accepted it for this purpose he is not accountable for its use, because the agreement was contrary to public policy and hence was illegal. It was a virtual confession that he would enter into a corrupt bargain and then escape accountability on the ground that it was corrupt.

But Judge Klein refused to permit Brady to profit by a confession of lawless bargain and wrongdoing. He refused to let him plead the intent to corrupt voters as a bar to an accounting for the funds. He properly decides that if the money was paid for an illegal purpose it should have been returned, but that the purpose was not necessarily improper or illegal and that the money must be accounted for.

This man, who pleads an illegal contract to corrupt voters in order to escape an accounting for funds placed in his hands, is the man whom Gov. Stephens appointed to guard the ballot box and enforce election laws. The appointment was made with full knowledge of the man's character and despite repeated warnings and protests.

What do the people of Missouri think of the Brady appointment?

The American consumer, while tolerating the cutting off of foreign competition, is robbed of the benefits of home competition. Since the Dingley bill became a law, more trusts have been formed than ever before.

## RESPECTABILITY.

Horace Fletcher, who says he has been around the world four times, made thirty-six trips across the American continent, sixteen voyages across the Pacific, and innumerable other journeys, besides engaging in thirty-eight distinct occupations, has written a book with the title of "Happiness as Found in Fore-thought Minus Fearthought," in which

he gives a new and striking definition of respectability.

Among other things this much traveled author says:

"No one is respectable who is not doing his best."

He explains that "Happiness, the evidence, fruit and reward of growth, rests in self-respect first, and, incidentally, in the measure of respect held by others." And then follows the deduction from this, that:

"No one is respectable who is not doing his best."

Surely this is a better ideal of respectability than that usually held. The word respectability is about worn out. It has almost come to mean hypocrisy. Respectable had almost become disreputable. But if the world can lay hold of Horace Fletcher's idea of respectability, the word assumes new force for the betterment of society. Mr. Fletcher is right.

"No one is respectable who is not doing his best."

Secretary Gage's showing that the Administration has been more vigilant than Spain itself in checking filibusters will doubtless be taken as sufficient evidence of Mr. McKinley's partiality for the Spaniards.

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## A NOVEL LETTER-BOX.

It Works Automatically and Is Thief Proof.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 11.—Keyless and thief-proof street letter boxes will soon be given a practical test. The box is the invention of Count di Brazza, Italy's Commissioner to the World's Fair, who recently perfected the automatic letter registry box now in use at the General Post-office.

The new letter box is somewhat larger than the largest now in use and resemble it in general appearance, except on the face and at the bottom, where there are flanges or hooks on which to adjust the letter collector's bag while the contents of the box are transferred automatically.

It will be impossible for any one, either collector or thief, to abstract letters. The collector does not see the letters he collects. They are not seen nor handled by any one from the time they are dropped into the box until they reach the clerk who stamps them in the post-office.

The boxes are equipped with combination locks, operated by a small, flat knob, but this lock can not be opened unless the letter carrier's bag, locked by the same kind of a lock, is adjusted to the hooks or flanges at the bottom of the box. The bag is locked when the collector receives it at the post office, and he makes his round of the boxes on his tour in regular order. He can not skip one box, for, if he does, the combination between the bag and the next box is not complete, and he would have to return to the box he had missed.

When the bag is adjusted the collector turns the knob of the lock, both box and bag are opened simultaneously, and the letters drop unseen into the bag. Then, before the bag can be removed, the knob must again be turned, locking both bag and box, and the collector proceeds to the next box.

At the post office he turns the bag over to the stamp clerk, who adjusts the bag to a device similar to that on the box, a knob is turned and the combination lock is opened, permitting the contents of the bag to fall into a hopper, whence the letters are carried to the stamping clerk.

As to thinkers in the pulpit, read church history. Wickliffe was a thinker, and a heretic; Luther was a thinker, and an arch-heretic; many of the martyrs were thinkers, and they were burned because they dared to think. Bunyan, the Wessleys, Roger Williams, were thinkers, and they were hated and persecuted per consequence. Authoritative human creeds have been thought out and bound upon the minds of the church, to direct thought; the intent has been honorable, the result has been disastrous. There is not a creed of Christendom that does not show a division for every generation of its history. This is, the thinker who is obliged to withdraw for liberty of thought from the creed-bound church.

In two instances he rejected the same creed, and drafted another creed, by which he judged and expelled other thinkers. And so creed-making and dividing has gone on in the church of Christ until we have communities that are absolutely censured with churches, there being more than are needed to minister to the community and more than can be supported without asking alms of the world, the flesh and the devil.

This multiplication of sects, with the resultant impoverishment of the churches, has made every denomination solicitous about revenue. This fact, together with the paralyzing influence of ancient theologies, has blinded the eyes and closed the mouths of ministers; they cannot see the injustice in prevailing industrial conditions; they do not seem to know that there are to-day devourers of widows' houses and plunderers of communities and nations. The churches have become great institutions, receiving and disbursing large revenues, and the sources of these revenues may be manipulated. Of course the churches should have the money necessary to carry on their work, but the idea that money is indispensable and all-powerful is the essence of anti-Christ. That money should be gathered and no questions asked as to how it was won is inexcusable.

At last an express company is defending its property from train robbers.

The commercial spirit has done much toward making a ghost of Cuba.

Spain's supply of pesetas is every day getting lower.

POST-DISPATCH SNAP SHOTS.

The riotous Germans of Vienna insist that Ausgleich is ausgeschafft.

Most of us have retired greenbacks with much more ease than Mr. McKinley is doing it.

Two Alabama murderers laughed on the gallows. They perhaps nearly choked with laughter.

The new Spanish umbrella with purse attachment will disappear even more rapidly than the old fashioned sort.

The new Spanish soldiers in Cuba are unable to find the Cubans. The Cubans will doubtless find them presently.

The largest tree felled to block the road leading to Cuban independence is what Mr. McKinley has chopped.

If Illinois can get enough out of her beet sugar to pay her increased State taxes she will be very fortunate as a saccharine pioneer.

The Southern Pacific should always arrange to have a St. Louis aboard when its express trains are going through New Mexico.

As the number of jail guards is to be increased to ten, perhaps Butch Wagner did not have enough. The devil and Butch should have their dues.

The new hard coal is now made from garbage. Philip Morris Butler may yet recover all the great sum he has lost in his low charges for garbage removal.

The Indians, savages and corporations agree that there should be no three-car fare at Indianapolis. This is a knock-down for the strap passenger. He will scarcely be able to "move up" now.

The religious revival at Sandwich, Ill., must certainly be genuine. A conversation that so thoroughly converts a man that he pays debts which he had not intended to settle may be depended upon as the right thing.

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# A Price Paradox!

Our unprecedented Cloak offering, notwithstanding the inclement weather, brought hundreds of eager buyers. A shipment delayed of 350 of these Jackets got in late Saturday. We will place them on sale Monday morning. A \$15.00 GARMENT FOR \$5.00. We have proved it to be a fact. The loss is terrific and gigantic. But it is not ours. It is the loss of the manufacturer and the gain will be the purchaser's. *Read the description below.*

**\$5.00**

For a \$15 Coat.

Satin Lined Throughout.

All sizes, While they last,

**\$5.00**

Come Early.

Sale positively ends when last coat is sold. They will go with a tremendous rush.

See other side for description.



## 1,000 Ladies' Coats,

Made of superior quality Silk Curled Boucle, exquisitely lined throughout with heavy quality colored satin linings, fly front, new short lengths, 24 and 25 inches, high flaring collar, with stock band exactly like cut. See them in our corner window at

**\$5.00 EACH.**

A REALIZATION OF THE POWER OF READY CASH!

A TRIPLE VALUE FOR YOUR DOLLAR.

**SIEGEL HILLMAN & CO.**

Cor. Broadway and Washington Avenue.

## DISGUISED AS A TRAMP.

Smooth Work of a Marshal Who Captures a Federal Offender.

Rev. Fr. J. F. Tuohy of St. Patrick's parish received yesterday a peremptory note from Vicar-General Muchisipen which read:

"I hereby order you to vacate the parsonage residence of St. Patrick's till next Monday latest."

Notwithstanding the curious physiology of the case, Tuohy, at a meeting yesterday determined to take the matter in their own hands and defend the parish against the Vicar-General. He invited his agent to the kitchen, where food was set before him. While there in walked the man he was imprisoning at Ironton.

Since then the officers have been looking for Tuohy, but finding him hid in one of their manuscripts and he hid in the mountains.

Last Wednesday Kennedy received information that Tuohy was at his home. Disguising himself as a tramp, he made his way to the Tucker homestead and begged for food. Tuohy invited him to the kitchen, where food was set before him. While there in walked the man he was looking for.

Drinking his pistol Kennedy placed him under arrest. Tuohy offered no resistance, saying that an officer who did his work as nobly as Kennedy deserved to be successful.

The officer took him to Salem that night and yesterday brought him to St. Louis.

## OUT OF RAILROAD BUSINESS

S. H. Clark Denis That He Will Be President of the Missouri Pacific.

Since he declined to become president of the reorganized Union Pacific railroad, rumor has connected the name of S. H. Clark with the presidency of the Missouri Pacific railroad.

When asked about it last night, Mr. Clark said:

"You can hear all sorts of stories. If I am to be made president of the Missouri Pacific I know nothing of it. I am out of the railroad business now, and am bent upon getting back my health."

Mr. Clark said he was feeling almost his old self again. After the holidays he and Mrs. Clark are going to Mexico. They may make a trip into Mexico, and they will not be back in St. Louis until next spring.

## LAND AND MONEY

Change Hands in Settling Up Some Law Suits in the Northwest.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Dec. 11.—The three suits instituted by Receivers Payne, Oaks and Rouse against the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railroad Co., growing out of the dispute over land grants in the State of Minnesota, have been amicably settled and an order of dismissal will be entered in a few days.

In the settlement the Northern Pacific receives \$25,741.38 acres of valuable land in Minnesota, and \$80,000 in cash. Most important of all, however, is an assurance that settlers who have purchased land in good faith from the Manitoba company will not be disturbed in their possession, but instead the two companies will join in making the titles good and binding. The Manitoba company takes 39,903 acres of land, worth \$89,900.

The three suits grew out of the land grants made by Congress to the Northern Pacific and the two major railroads to the State of Minnesota and to the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba company. The land grants, patented by the United States after the grants to the two railroads, were granted to the State and to the Manitoba company, made subsequently encroached upon by the Northern Pacific company, but no action was taken. In fourteen years elapsed, when the first suit was filed, the delay raised several questions of law, in consideration of which the compromise was reached.

## TUOHY ORDERED TO VACATE.

Vicar-General Serves a Notice on the Priest of St. Patrick's.

Provost Association Needs Over \$50,000 for Charity This Winter.

This week 14,000 letters will be sent out asking for subscriptions to the St. Louis Provost Association. They should bring generous and prompt response.

Severe weather is likely to set in at any time, and unusual amount of distress is expected. Last winter the Association found more destitution than in any previous year of its history. It required \$50,000 last year to relieve the pressing needs of the poor. Dr. Finney, the General Manager, says that the poor have not recovered from the distress of last winter. That's why \$50,000 will not be enough.

The Provost Association does not distribute charity haphazard. Every case is investigated before any temporary help is extended. Relief is promptly stopped when the urgent necessity for it ends.

General Manager Dickinson, whose name has been mentioned for president of the Union Pacific, resides at 51 W. Chestnut St., St. Louis. He said he had no idea when the road would be reorganized, but he did not take any stock in the mention of his name for the presidency.

Judge Cornish said he was not supposed to know anything about what the Government was going to do, but did not refuse to sell the property if the court said so; in fact, it had already said so, and he would certainly sell it unless stopped by the court.

Attorney Greer said he did not propose to dismiss the case until it came before the court. He thought the Reorganization Committee would be in control of the Kansas Pacific and not more.

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James Ussery, a laborer, was working in the cellar foundations of the magnificent new building the Lindell estate is erecting on the north side of Washington avenue, between Ninth and Tenth streets, for Brown & Ketcham, iron contractors of Indianapolis, Ind. Shortly before 4 o'clock a wagon loaded with iron columns about fifteen feet long and a foot in circumference stopped at the Washington avenue side, and the columns were being rolled from the wagon.

Just where the iron columns would strike the foundation there is a big pool of water. The iron columns, however, were not parallel to be built. Near this pool Ussery and three more men were working, when one of the heavy columns was started down and struck the knee of one of the planks; it turned as it was within three or four feet of the bottom, struck Ussery and knocked him to the ground. Ussery threw up his right hand, and had it crushed to pieces on a timber, while his head struck against another timber, nearly tearing off his ears, and badly gashing his right cheek.

The iron column pinioned Ussery in the waist, and he was soon drowned before his fellow-workmen pulled the iron off him and dragged him out.

An ambulance took him to the City Dispensary, where he was given oxygenated water, where his hand will have to be amputated. Ussery lived at 1507 Chestnut street.

A FATAL FALSE STEP.

Sam Dorlaque Killed by a Passing Train.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

HILLSBROOK, Dec. 11.—Samuel Dorlaque, a former vesting man, was killed instantly at the depot here this evening by a through freight on the Big Four. Dorlaque had been drinking during the day. Reaching the track just ahead of the train, he ran across it, but ran and stepped back on the track just in time to be caught by the engine truck. He was knocked forty feet, and his brains dashed out on the depot platform. He was about 50 years old.

**“77”**

**GRIP**

Since the deadly epidemic of La Grippe came from Russia in 1890, there has been no remedy so successful as Dr. Humphrey's Specific "77". It meets the epidemic condition and is the cure for all its manifestations: taken early cuts it short, promptly taken during its prevalence it precludes the system and prevents its invasion; taken while suffering from it a relief is speedily gained.

The headache, backache and influenza are of comparatively small consequence and are easily controlled, but the cough or bronchial irritation is most serious, particularly in the feeble or when the vitality is impaired; hence the danger and necessity of prompt and continued use of "77" until every vestige of the disease is eradicated.

"77" cures Colds, Grippe, Influenza, Catarrh, Pains in the Head and Chest, Cough and Sore Throat.

Ask for Dr. Humphrey's Specific Manual of all Druggists or Mailed Free.

Peabody's Kinney Forfeited His Bond.

"Kinney" Kinney did not appear in Judge Peabody's courtroom yesterday to answer charges of distorting the record and carrying concealed weapons and his bond was declared forfeited in two cases. In the third he was fined \$50 by default.

There is often a foul taste in the mouth,

## SALE OF THE KANSAS PACIFIC.

Governor Hoadley Will Ask For a Postponement.

## RAILROAD INTERESTS OBJECT.

TRYING TO KEEP THE GOVERNMENT FROM BIDDING ON THE PROPERTY.

## TALK OF PRIOR MORTGAGES.

Union Pacific Wants the Road and Will Try to Get It at a Price That Its Representatives Say Is Fair.

There will probably be a big legal battle fought in the United States Court of Appeals in St. Louis to-morrow.

The contest will be between the Government and the trustees of the Kansas Pacific Railroad. It is understood that Ex-Governor B. Hoadley, formerly of Ohio but now of New York, will arrive to-night and will ask in behalf of the Government that the sale be postponed to a later date than Dec. 16, when it is now set for.

Last night there arrived at the Southern Hotel Judge W. D. Cornish of St. Paul, who is representing the Union Pacific; his secretary, H. H. Taylor of Omaha; W. R. Kelly of Topeka, general solicitor for the receivers of the Kansas Pacific; George B. Hoadley, formerly of Ohio but now of New York, who, with Winslow Pierrepont, is counsel for the organization committee of the Pacific Railroad lines. They are here to be present in court when the case is called, and Messrs. Greer and Smith are also in court. In view of the dilatory motions Gov. Hoadley may add.

Mr. Smith said: "I can't forecast what course we will pursue until we hear what is before the court. As matters now stand I think we will oppose and further delay the sale, but I am the happiest of men after using only one box of Stuart Dyspepsia Tablets, and not being a patent medicine, express my good feeling. I have found flesh, appetite and sound rest from its use."

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are the safest, easiest and most convenient remedy for any form of indigestion, catarrh of stomach biliousness,

## NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA.

To Gain Flesh, to Sleep Well, to Know What Appetite and Good Digestion Mean, Make a Test of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Interesting Experience of an Indianapolis Gentleman.

No trouble is more common or more misunderstood than nervous dyspepsia. People having it think that their nerves are to blame, and are surprised that they are not cured by nerve medicines and spring remedies. The real seat of the mischief is lost sight of; the stomach is the organ to be looked after.

Nervous dyspepsia often do not have any pain whatever in the stomach, nor perhaps any of the usual symptoms of stomach weakness. Nervous dyspepsia shows itself not in the stomach so much as in nearly every other organ; in some cases the heart palpitates and is irregular; in others the kidneys are affected; in others the bowels are constipated, with

coated tongue, and if the interior of the stomach could be seen it would show a slimy, inflamed condition.

The cure for this common and obstinate disease is to cause the food to be readily, thoroughly digested before it has time to ferment and putrefy, to delate the accumulated poisons of the stomach. To secure a prompt and healthy digestion is the one necessary thing to do, and when normal digestion is secured the diarrhoeal condition will have disappeared.

According to Dr. Harlandson, the safest and best treatment is to eat each meal in a little nut, golden seal and fruit acids. These tablets can now be found at all drug stores, and not being a patent medicine, can only be used with perfect safety and assurance that healthy appetite and thorough digestion will follow their regular use after meals.

Mr. N. J. Hooper of 2710 Dearborn st., Chicago, Ill., writes: "I have a patient who has suffered from a neglected cold in the head, whereby the lining membrane of the nose becomes inflamed and the poisonous acids, resulting from the cold, pass through the throat, reaches the stomach, thus producing catarrh of the stomach without cure, but to-day I am the happiest of men after using only one box of Stuart Dyspepsia Tablets, and not being a patent medicine, I cannot find appropriate words to express my good feeling. I have found flesh, appetite and sound rest from its use."

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## GOOD DIGESTION.

Means Long Life, Good Health, a Clear Head and a Bright Eye. The New Discovery, Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, Gives Good Digestion to Everybody.

Many people suffer from dyspepsia and do not know it. They feel mean, out of sorts, peevish, do not sleep well, do not have a good, keen appetite, do not have the inclination and energy for physical or mental work they once had, but at the same time they feel a particular pain or distress in the stomach. Yet all this is the result of poor digestion, an insidious form of dyspepsia, which can only be cured by a remedy specially intended to CURE it and sold at all drug stores.

It is prepared by the Stuart Chemical Co. of Marshall, Mich., and any druggist will get it for you. If you are troubled with any stomach trouble you can afford to be without it.

Digestive organs act naturally and properly digest the food eaten. Bitters, after-dinner pills and nerve tonics will never help the trouble. THEY DON'T REACH IT. The new medical discovery



OTIS SKINNER, Actor.

No better actor or more popular one is known to Chicago audiences than Otis Skinner, and the great actor professed a bright future for the young man. The prologue had been fulfilled in a measure, and there is every reason to believe that the future has many successes awaiting him. He is a young man, however, who so far as I have heard, did not have time to profitably exert himself in the field of acting, and should not be separated from it.

The Wm. Mangier Catering Co. The Wm. Mangier Catering Co., of Indianapolis, Ind., voted, as follows: "A move of pure gratitude prompts me to write these few lines regarding the new and valuable medicine, Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. I have been a sufferer from nervous dyspepsia for the last four years; have used various patent medicines and other remedies without any favorable result. They sometimes gave temporary relief until the effects of the medicine wore off. I attributed this to my sedentary habits, being a bookkeeper with little physical exercise, but am glad to state that the tablets have overcome all these obstacles, for I have gained in flesh, sleep better and am better in every way. The above is written, not for recommendation, but based on actual facts. Reprinted from the Twenty-first Ward."

## DANGER IN SODA.

Serious Results Sometimes Follow Its Excessive Use.

Common soda is all right in its place and indispensable in the kitchen and for cooking and washing purposes, but it was never intended for drinking, and people who do such will soon find themselves in trouble.

We refer to the common use of soda to relieve heartburn or sour stomach, or to relieve flatulence. Soda acts as a mechanical irritant to the walls of the stomach and bowel, causing inflammation or peritonitis.

It has been recommended as the safest and surest cure for sour stomach (acid dyspepsia) an excellent preparation sold by Dr. Wuerth's Patent Medicine Co. These tablets are large grain lozenges, very pleasant to taste, and contain the natural acids, pectones and dianes, and are appetites, sleeplessness, palpitation, heartburn, constipation and headache.

Send for valuable little book on stomach diseases by addressing Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich.

All druggists sell full-sized packages at 50 cents.

## CATARRH OF THE STOMACH.

A Pleasant, Simple, but Safe and Effective Cure for It.

Catarrh of the stomach has long been considered the next thing to incurable. The usual symptoms are a full or bloating sensation after eating, accompanied sometimes with sour or watery rising, a formation of mucus, causing pressure on the head and gases, causing pressure on the head and chest, and diarrhea.

Dr. Wuerth's Patent Medicine Co. in their catalogues give a simple and safe remedy for this disease.

Dr. Wuerth's Patent Medicine Co. in



ST LOUIS POST-DISPATCH  
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PART TWO.

SUNDAY MORNING—ST. LOUIS—DECEMBER 12, 1897.

PAGES 9—20.

# THE ORIGIN OF CHRISTMAS

## The Story of the Birth in the Manger

### THE PROPHECY.

ISAIAH VII.—14 and 15.

**T**HENCEFORWARD the Lord himself shall give you a sign; Behold a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel.

Butter and honey shall he eat, that he may know how to refuse the evil and choose the good.

ISAIAH XI.—1 to 16.

**A**ND there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a branch shall grow out of his roots.

And the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord;

And shall make him of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord; and he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of his ears:

But with righteousness shall he judge the poor, and reprove with equity for the meek of the earth; and he shall smite the earth with the rod of his mouth, and with the breath of his lips shall he slay the wicked,

And righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins.

The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them.

And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together; and the lion shall eat straw like the ox.

And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice's den.

They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.

And in that day there shall be a root of Jesse, which shall stand for an ensign of the people; to it shall the Gentiles seek; and his rest shall be glorious.

And it shall come to pass in that day, that the Lord shall set his hands again the second time to recover the remnant of his people, which shall be left, from Assyria, and from Egypt, and from Pathos, and from Cush, and from Islam, and from Shinar, and from Hamath, and from the Islands of the Sea.

And he shall set up an ensign for the nations, and shall assemble the outcasts of Israel, and gather together the dispersed of Judah from the four corners of the earth.

The envoy also of Ephraim shall depart and the adversaries of Judah shall be cut off; Ephraim shall not envy Judah, and Judah shall not vex Ephraim.

But they shall fly upon the shoulders of the Philistines toward the West; they shall spoil them of the East together; they shall lay their hand upon Edom and Moab; and the children of Ammon shall obey them.

And the Lord shall utterly destroy the tongue of the Egyptian Sea; and with his mighty wind shall he shake his hand over the river, and shall smite it in the seven streams, and make men go over dry shod.

And there shall be a highway for the remnant of his people, which shall be left, from Assyria; like as it was to Israel in the day that he came up out of the land of Egypt.

### MATTHEW'S STORY.

MATTHEW I.—16 to 25

**A**ND Jacob begat Joseph the husband of Mary, of whom was born Jesus, who is called Christ.

And so all the generations from Abraham to David are fourteen generations; and from David until the carrying away into Babylon are fourteen generations; and from the carrying away into Babylon unto Christ are fourteen generations.

Now the birth of Jesus Christ was on this wise: When as his mother Mary was espoused to Joseph, before they came together, she was found with child of the Holy Ghost.

Then Joseph her husband, being a just man, and not willing to make her a public example, was minded to put her away privily.

But while he thought on these things, behold, the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a dream, saying, Joseph, thou son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife; for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost.



And she shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name JESUS; and he shall save his people from their sins.

Now all this was done, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying,

Behold, a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us.

Then Joseph being raised from sleep did as the angel of the Lord had bidden him, and took unto him his wife:

And knew her not until she had brought forth her first born son; and he called his name JESUS.

MATTHEW II.—1 to 11.

**N**OW when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod, the King, behold there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem,

Saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the East, and are come to worship him.

When Herod, the King, had heard these things, he was troubled and all Jerusalem with him.

And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together he demanded of them where Christ should be born.

And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judea; for thus it is written by the prophet, and when ye have found him, bring me word.

And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda; for out of thee shall come a Governor, also that shall rule my people Israel.

When they had heard the King, they departed; and, lo, the star, which they saw in the East, went before them, till it came and stood over where the child was.

When they saw the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said,

And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary, his mother, and fell down and worshipped him; and when they had opened their treasures they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense and myrrh.

### THE STORY OF LUKE.

LUKE II.—1 to 33.

**A**ND it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus that all the world should be taxed.

(And this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was Governor of Syria.)

And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city.

And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem (because he was of the house and lineage of David).

To be taxed with Mary, his espoused wife, being great with child.

And so it was that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered.

And she brought forth her first born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came unto them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a savior, which is Christ, the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying:

Gloria in God the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men.

And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said, one to another, let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing, which has come to pass, which the Lord has made known unto us.

And they came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

And when they had seen it they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning the child.

And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds.

But Mary kept all these things and pondered them in her heart.

And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them.

And when eight days were accomplished for the circumcision of the child, his name was called JESUS, which was so named of the angel before he was conceived in the womb.

And when the days of her purification according to the law of Moses were accomplished, they brought him to Jerusalem to present him to the Lord.

(As it is written in the law of the Lord, Every male that openeth the womb shall be called holy to the Lord.)

And to offer a sacrifice according to that which is said in the law of the Lord, a pair of turtle doves, or two young pigeons.

And, behold, there was a man in Jerusalem, whose name was Simeon; and the same man was just and devout, waiting for the consolation of Israel; and the Holy Ghost was upon him.

And it was revealed unto him by the Holy Ghost, that he should not see death before he had seen the Lord's Christ.

And he came by the spirit unto the temple, and when the parents brought in the child Jesus, to do for him after the custom of the law,

Then took he him up in his arms, and praised God, and said.

Lord now lettest thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word:

For mine eyes have seen thy salvation,

Which thou hast prepared before the face of all people;

A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel.

And Joseph and his mother marveled at those things which were spoken of him.



# The Disappointed Angel.

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UT among the far golden distances of light where God dwells there is a place of stillness and soft shadows known to immortals as the Gateway of the Angels. Over its slender arches the glowing radiance of the inner Paradise seldom or never beams, and through its unechoing archways the sound of heaven's triumphal music seldom or never penetrates. A mystic silence reigns, yet more than a million angels are gathered there together, forever watching, forever waiting. With folded pinions and down-drooping heads they kneel in a snow-white glorious multitude, upon the misty verge between earth's time and heaven's eternity—angels whose duty it is to listen to what seems dumb, to evolve speech from inarticulate wallings, to catch the far, faint murmur to the world's half-muttered, always broken prayers, and then convey these strange petitions, these wild counsels of these sorrowful discontents into the Holy of Holies, there to present them in angels' language before the great white throne, where true appeals of love and faith are always heard and answered. Nevertheless no evil wish can be carried into heaven, and no impure desire, and thus it happens that these listening angels often have long to wait before they hear the whisper of one prayer from earth which is so free from every selfish taint as to be worthy of their repetition. But their eternal patience never tires, their long-suffering pity never falters, their ungrudging tenderness never fails, and one pure aspiration unto God from one pure soul suffices to reward for the longest term of their divine suspense.

Quite lately, in a wild time of the world, when doubt and despair were torturing us all, always self-tormented spirit of human thine, the sunburst of whose floated upward to the pinnacles of the silent gateway—music that was distant, yet sweet-tremulous, yet clear. It was the echo of a prayer from a human soul in pain—in pain, not for itself, but for others. "Let me help the world!" it cried. "Let me lift the burden of sorrow ever so little from the lives of my fellow mortals; let my existence be of some benefit to those who are in need of sympathy and comfort; for myself I care nothing! With all my strength I fail would work for truth and goodness, but the place wherein I dwell is full of falsity and subterfuge. I am as one blind, walking among snares and pitfalls. There are hours of darkness in which I cannot distinguish the false from the true, and this I will work as I will, hope as I will, I fail to stamp errors, fatal perversions of judgment, and confusing cares, all of which impede progress and destroy the good I might accomplish. Oh, that I could but truly know the way of perfect life! Oh that the dwellers in high heaven would hear my prayer and send to me one angel—but one out of the thousands upon thousands of the shining host! One angel of truth, who should be ever by my side to show me where deceipts and dangers are, whose voice I could trust, whose loving warning I could always obey! Surely, out of the countless glories of the world immortal one of God's messengers must be spared for me!"

And the listening angels on the verge of heaven heard the human soul's appeal, and gazing with full, radiant eyes upon each other, smiled. For was not this prayer unselfish, pure in intention, a holy desire to have it given to others and benefit others, a wish that was free from every taint of egotism? In silent ecstacy their flashing looks agreed, and one of them, fatigued serene of aspect, with long gold tresses more glorious of color than the sun, arose from where she long had knelt, and spreading out her glistening wings, flew swiftly through the rose and Jasper portals of Paradise into the innermost Holy of Holies, and there, in accents sweeter than all sweet music, she, standing before God's throne, faithfully repeated the soul's petition. But when she ceased her soft, melodious utterance there was a deep silence in heaven. No answer was vouchsafed from the still splendor of the Presence Invisible and the angel of the message was struck with pitying sorrow lest the prayer she had brought should not be granted. Nevertheless, she lingered hopefully, with wistful eyes uplifted to the lightning-glory of the throne where love and justice rule the universe, until the bluster of the Divine flashed on her face and halo and wings, giving her fresh and yet more perfect fairness. For even the loveliest angel, facing God, grows lovelier. Thus, while she stood, absorbing beauty and inhaling light, the great Voice spoke at last from out the circling beams of life eternal:

"Angel of mine who knowest not the sin of disobedience and therefore art all ignorant of earth's corruption, the prayer which thou hast brought is the prayer of a man's weak soul as yet untired by strong temptation. It is the cry of impulse, not of faith. Nevertheless, for thy sake, who art compassionate of this appeal, thou shalt thyself convey the answer thou shalt receive from the Being who is unto this human seeking after good his guiding angel, an angel of truth in a world of lies, a voice of certainty amidst the chasm of many contradictions. If he receives thee, he becomes thee, values and obeys thee, it shall be well with him; but if he wrongs thee, even by a thought, then verily it shall be ill. For as a man deals with the Divine, even so shall the Divine deal with him, and whosoever rejects a messenger of truth shall be himself rejected. Go, and may thy mission prosper!"

The golden fires of heaven grew dim, the splendors of the throne were veiled, and bowing her fair head in mock submission, the angel of the spheres eternal departed on her heaven-sent errand. Swiftly she flew to earth, her companions at the gateway watching her as she fell downward like a bright falling star. And he who had prayed for the divine assistance took one night to see the shining wonder of an angel in his room—a golden-haired and radiant spirit, whose dazzling presence was more glorious than the glittering of a summer dawn upon a southern sea. Thrilled with great gladness, that was almost fear, he gazed upon her, marveling within himself whether her beauty were a vision evolved from his own brain in the watches of the night or a reality surpassing in glory all his most glorious dreams. And while he



"Swiftly she flew to earth, her companions at the gateway watching her as she fled downward like a bright falling star."

and she, laying her hands in blessing, answered him softly: "Even so let it be! Thou has sworn deeply; take heed lest thou ever break the vow! Thou art as yet untried in the fires of endeavor, and thy worst foes are not among thy fellow-men, but in thine own soul. Fair in seeming, but false in guidance, thy passions tempt thee to wander astray, and it may be thou shalt deem their teachings and commands more worthy of obedience than mine. Nevertheless, be of good courage, go straightly on thy pathway through the world, do faithfully the work which is given thee to do, and I will tell thee whether it is well or ill."

And the man arose strengthened and filled with a divine elation. Great thoughts and new ways for the service, help and hope of all humanity came swiftly to his brain, and as he wrote them down with eager eloquence and passion, the radiance of the angel's presence glistened like living sunshine on his words and her thrilling voice, pure-toned and tender, told him: "It is well!"

But when he sent his writings out upon the world and made his new thoughts known, men mocked him, saying: "What fellow have we here? Is he greater or wiser than we, that he should presume to teach us? Let us choke his utterance ere it grows too loud and too convincing; let us pit him with the stones and mud of slander that he may shrink away ashamed and be forgotten! Let us smear him down and make his burden a life and a misery! Let us break his heart and crush his spirit and tell him that his work is naught!"

And as they said, even so they did, and he who had unselfishly striven for good was stricken to the heart by the cruel words and crueler jests, and turning his eyes of sad reproach upon the angel at his

side he murmured: "Lo, this is my reward! Seest thou not how I suffer? Yet didst thou not assure me of my work that it was well?"

And the angel answered: "Truly, I told thee it was well; truly, I say unto thee now that it is well! This clamor of unkind and malicious tongues should be to thee merely the noise of an idle wind striving to break down a rock that has withstood the storms of centuries! What are man's opinions unto thee if thou art bent on serving man? If thou dost work for thy fellow creatures, good, what does it matter that they should think evil?"

But the man was sullen and silent and disbelieved the angel. The malice and injustice of the world troubled his spirit and the genius in him was not strong enough to stand continual torture. A sense of weariness and futility oppressed him and the longing he had felt to serve others seemed but a foolish thing, a poor desire, unworthy of attainment. And the angel sighed and trembled through all her delicate being, but held her peace and watched him patiently and faithfully still.

And presently the passions of the man rose up full armed and seized his hesitating soul. Seizing his pen, he wrote in haste and flippancy, not for the help or service of others, but solely for the glorification of self. And his fellow-men laughed and approved him, saying:

"Lo, now he is become more like us and is growing wise in the ways of the time! Let us make much of him! His genius is dead!" And they applauded and praised him.

"Now at last," said he, "shall my work prosper!"

But the angel at his side looked reproachfully upon him, murmuring:

"Alas, it is ill done!"

He heard the gentle warning whisper, but heeded it not, turned from the holy radiance of the Heavenly Presence and plunged with reckless haste and eagerness into vice and folly of the day, forgetting everything save the promptings of his own will and the allurements of his own passions. Careless no more for others, he sought only the gratification of self; and by and by a woman, a crowned queen of many sins, came upon him in all the witchery of her beauty, and casting on him the glamor of her eyes, she cried:

"With all thy wisdom and thy work thou knowest not the mystery of love! Come! I will teach it thee! Here in my arms thou shalt find paradise and my kiss shall compensate to thee for all the world! Come—come! Leave all this weary effort—drink wine—heaven's beauty! Give thy starved nature all it craves! Behold her beauty! What thou find fairer food for perchance?"

And as she spoke, she cast herself upon his breast and smiled. But he, ere he embraced her, trembled a little, saying:

"Hush—hush! Seest thou not an angel in the room?—one clad in sunbeams like the morning, who doth beckon me away from these?"

"Angel! she cried. "Thou dreamest! No angel yet ever was seen, save woman in her loveliness! I am thine Angel—be content!"

And again she clung to him—when lo! the glory of his heavenly guardian shone upon him and restraining her voice, sweet, true, but infinitely sad, gave warning for the last time:

"This woman is thine evil fate! Beware of her lest thou fall into a darkness deeper than the shadow of death! In following her thou dost invite thy ruin—her love for thee is naught—her smiles and kisses are shared by many men—her ways are pitfalls for thy feet—her end for thee will be destruction. Arise and put this evil from thee before it is too late!"

But he, now overcome and drawn into the thrall of sin, suddenly raged and swore, blaspheming God and all that he had once deemed holy. And, turning furiously on God's messenger, he cried:

"Henceforth be silent! This woman is far more to me than thou, for she is real and of the world, and thou art a mere dream, a vision of thy fancy, a chimera of the night—a dream evolved from thine thoughts! What have I to do with thee, thou foolish specter whom I have deemed an angel? Angel? There are no angels! And then thou art not Truth; thou art a lie!"

Even as he uttered the wicked words the Angel vanished. Great darkness fell upon him and deep silence—and to his soul that had rejected heaven, heaven's gates were closed.

"Many years passed—years of distress and poverty and pain—and he who had once been given an angel spirit of Truth to be his guide, sought everywhere for her and found it not. The woman he had loved betrayed and foiled him, friends deserted him, fortune evaded him. No more the glow of inspiration warmed his thought—the fires of great endeavor were burnt out and dead. Starvation stared him in the face—disease laid hold of his life—and, maddened by despair, he poured forth curses on his fate, too blind to see that all his wretchedness was but his own choice and his own creation. Wrapped in his own weak egotism, injured by his own arrogance, he called God unjust and saw no blame in himself for any of his actions. And one night in his foolish frenzy he flung the last poor pitiful defiance of a coward's nature against the invincible Eternal and rushed on death, self-stain, for he imagined death to be the end of all things. Stark and bare his body lay, senseless and lifeless—without a loving hand to close in gazing eyes—without a friend to lay one flower of sweet regret upon his breast, and his soul, stained thick with evil, sprang forth into the shuddering consciousness of life again—new life, burning life-life crowded with wild memories and fierce remorse; and so, in dumb, sharp agony, passed out into the mystery and endless space of worlds of eternal.

Up on the verge of heaven the angels of the gateway still gather in their glistening and white multitudes, watching and waiting. And one of them, more sorrowful than glad of aspect, kneels on the very threshold of that silent portal and, bending over it, gazes with radiant, searching, pitying eyes down, far down into the limitable depths where planet bloom and fade like flowers, and where the proud and perfused souls of men wander from star to star, self-tormented and tormented, seeking too late the paradise and peace of God, which they on earth in their own will refused. She is a glorious spirit, with hair the color of the sun and wings of fire—a spirit of pure truth, who, though rejected, still doth watch for one lost soul—the soul of him whom she was sent to save.

"Guide him, O Heavenly Master of all Worlds!" she prays. "Through all the dark and mystic spans of Thine unexplored and unknown deeps, draw him in safety to the kingdom! Hear my appeal, O thou Supreme Creator and pardon him! For notwithstanding that he turned from me and wronged me, still would I save and rescue him whom she was sent to save.

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# REVIEW OF THE YEAR BY THE NATION'S GREATEST MEN.

MADE FOR THE SUNDAY POST-DISPATCH.

RELIGION, by Cardinal Gibbons and Rev. H. K. Carroll.

DIPLOMACY, by Frederick R. Coudert.

BUSINESS, by Albert C. Stevens, Editor of Bradstreet's.

POLITICS, by William Jennings Bryan of Nebraska and Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts.

FINANCE, by Henry W. Cannon.

INDUSTRY, by Carroll D. Wright.

MECHANICAL AND ELECTRICAL PROGRESS, by Albert Spies, Editor of Cassier's Magazine.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD  
OF THE YEAR 1897.

By His Eminence

JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS.

To the Editor of the Sunday Post-Dispatch.

Jan. 13.—The Very Rev. Dr. Conaty was installed as Rector of the Catholic University of America.

Jan. 28.—The Catholic Missionary Union was organized in New York under the presidency of His Grace Archbishop Corrigan, for the propagation and support of Catholic Missions in the United States.

Feb. 21.—Padre Fidell, the distinguished Passionist, preached in Appleton Chapel, Harvard University, on "The Efficacy of Divine Grace."

March 21.—The Catholic Winter School at New Orleans, La., was brought to a close with appropriate ceremonies. The session was successful, 15,000 persons having attended the lectures.

April 22.—Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his Episcopal consecration.

May 8.—A careful compilation of statistics reveals the fact that about 1,500,000 children are at present being educated in the Catholic schools of the United States, as also that there are more than 250 orphan asylums under Catholic auspices in this country.

May 15.—At this date missionary bands have been organized in seventeen dioceses of the United States for work among non-Catholics.

May 29.—At the anniversary dinner of the Chamber of Commerce, at Cleveland, O., Most Rev. Archbishop Ireland delivered a guest of honor, and delivered an address on "The Spiritual Life of Our True Citizenship," this being fidelity to conscience.

May 22.—Very Rev. Dr. Conaty, Rector of the Catholic University of America, received from New Orleans a check for \$15,000, the bequest of Col. Patrick B. O'Brien, deceased. The money was apportioned into the founding of the three chairs of chemistry, physics and Roman law.

May 22.—The fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the Diocese of Albany was commemorated, His Excellency Mgr. Martinelli presiding.

June 15.—At a conference of the pastors of the Diocese of Newark it was determined to erect a cathedral in that city at a cost of \$1,000,000.

June 21.—The project to establish near the Catholic University of America a college for the higher education of young women today assumed definite shape. The school will be under the direction and control of the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur, Belgium, and contemplated post-graduate work exclusively. The venture has the endorsement, approval and blessing of the Cardinal-Archbishop of Baltimore.

Aug. 10.—The Catholic Summer School, in session near Plattsburgh, enjoyed a visit from President McKinley. He was received with every evidence of joy and enthusiasm. The curriculum of the past year included subjects historical, philosophical, theological, scientific and distinctively literary in their scope.

Aug. 11.—The Jesuit Fathers laboring in Alaska were determined to open a hospital in the neighborhood of the gold district with a view to ministering to the spiritual and temporal wants of those who settle in that region.

Oct. 13.—The testimony of the high esteem in which he is held in the capital of the United States, a banquet was tendered to Most Rev. Archishop Keane prior to his departure for Rome, which was attended by men distinguished in Church and State. President McKinley's Cabinet was represented by the Secretary of the Treasury, the Attorney-General, the Secretary of the Navy, the Postmaster-General and the Secretary of the Interior.

Oct. 20.—As a public protest against blasphemy 10,000 men in Brooklyn marched to the church to make reparation to the Holy Name of Jesus.

Oct. 22.—Rev. Father Fitzgerald of St. Joseph, Mo., recently appointed to a chaplaincy in the army, is the third Catholic priest who holds such a commission in the United States service.

Nov. 20.—The Rev. John G. Hagen, S. J., director of the Georgetown Observatory, announced the publication in the near future of "The Chart of Variable Stars," a work upon which he has been engaged for years, and which will be of deep interest to the scientific world.

Nov. 30.—It is estimated that about 30,000 persons are annually received into the Catholic Church in the United States. The number of conversions in the Archdiocese of Baltimore during the past year was 1,000.

JAMES CARD. GIBBONS.

PROTESTANT RELIGIOUS  
RECORD OF THE YEAR.BY H. K. CARROLL, LL.D.,  
Supervisor of the Religious Census  
of 1890.

To the Editor of the Sunday Post-Dispatch.

THE churches have their material as well as spiritual side, and are affected in some measure as the business of the country is affected. During the period of general depression they reduced expenses according to circumstances, reduced their giving by careful economy to prevent deficit. This was easier in congressional budgets than in missionary and other appropriations for general church work. Most of the church boards, therefore, contracted debts. The revival of prosperity of the present year has made church finances easier, and the missionary societies have either wiped out their debts entirely or succeeded in materially reducing them, and no field at home or abroad has been abandoned for lack of funds. How the business depression affected church-building enterprises, which would naturally suffer most, is indicated by the following figures, representing the sums raised for church building and improvement by one

of the largest and most representative denominations, which has churches in every State and Territory:

1893 .....	\$1,354,686
1894 .....	5,860,232
1895 .....	4,273,307
1896 .....	4,171,294

These are usually a falling off, but not so great as might have been expected.

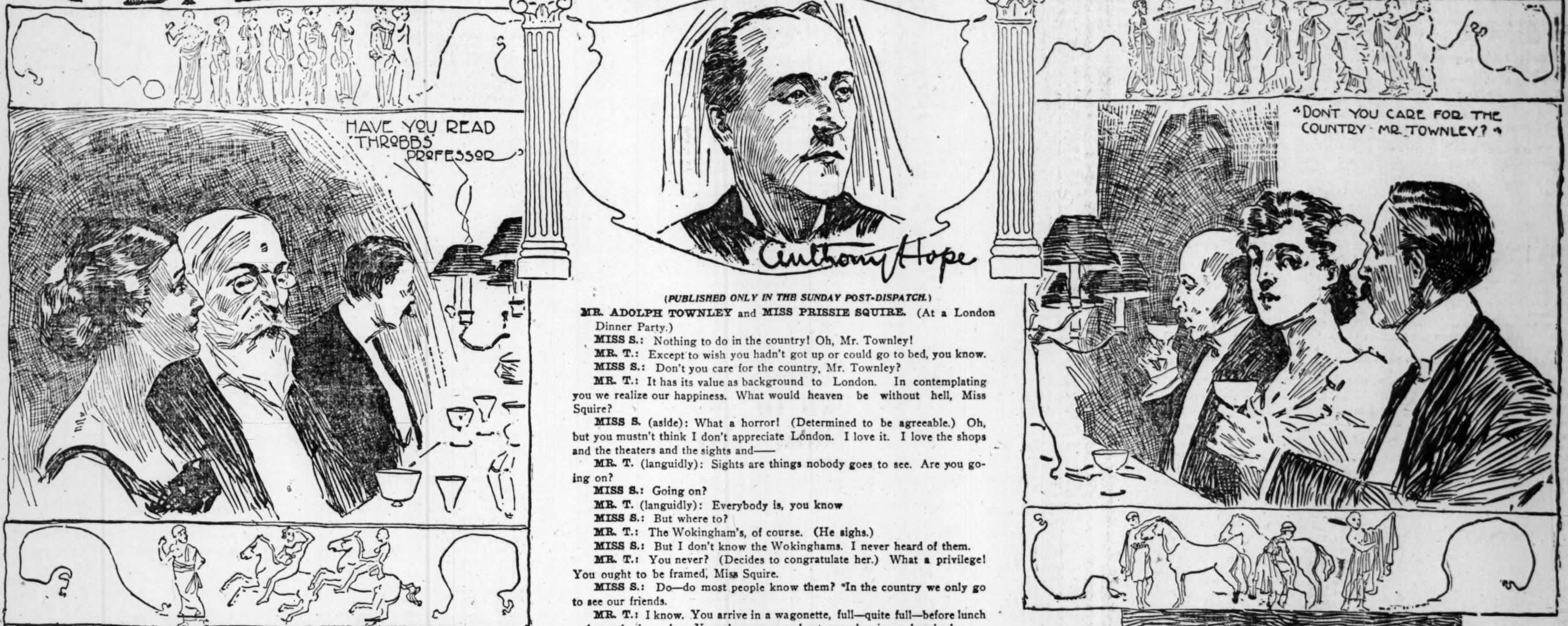
There are many other indications that the churches are in a healthy, prosperous condition. They are prosecuting their various purposes, ecclesiastical, evangelistic, educational and benevolent, with great vigor and success, free from internal dissensions and other causes than for many years. There have been no heresy trials. A popular evangelist announced his change of faith and his sympathy with the tenets of the general evangelical denomination, with little general effect and no ecclesiastical disturbance. No denomination was affected, although the Protestant Church set off its colored presbyteries as an independent organization with a gospel.

There has been hardly a ripple of excitement in any denomination. The Catholics have had less controversy among themselves than in former years, although the retirement of Bishop Keane as rector of the Catholic University at Washington, and more recently the case of Prof. Schreder have attracted attention to the conflict of opposing influences.

The Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Martinelli, gave decision, on appeal, in an important case between Bishops and priests, the effect of which is to check the exercise of absolute episcopal authority. In the November session of Congress constitutional amendments were adopted to admit women to the General Conference and to give the lay element equal representation failed in the annual conferences. The Protestant Episcopal Church was represented by its Bishops in the third great Pan-American Synod or Conference at Lambeth, England, the results of which were embodied in an encyclical of great interest to all branches of that communion. As a contribution to the discussion over change of name in the annual conferences, the Protestant Episcopal Church was represented by its Bishops in the third great Pan-American Synod or Conference at Lambeth, England, the results of which were embodied in an encyclical of great interest to all branches of that communion. 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# A BAD MATCH BY ANOTHER BAD MATCH

ANTHONY HOPE



(PUBLISHED ONLY IN THE SUNDAY POST-DISPATCH.)

MR. ADOLPH TOWNLEY and MISS PRISSE SQUIRE. (At a London Dinner Party.)

MISS S.: Nothing to do in the country! Oh, Mr. Townley!

MR. T.: Except to wish you hadn't got up or could go to bed, you know.

MISS S.: Don't you care for the country, Mr. Townley?

MR. T.: It has its value as background to London. In contemplating you we realize our happiness. What would heaven be without hell, Miss Squire?

MISS S. (aside): What a horror! (Determined to be agreeable.) Oh, but you mustn't think I don't appreciate London. I love it. I love the shops and the theaters and the sights and—

MR. T. (languidly): Sights are things nobody goes to see. Are you going on?

MISS S.: Going on?

MR. T. (languidly): Everybody is, you know.

MISS S.: But where to?

MR. T.: The Wokinghams, of course. (He sighs.)

MISS S.: But I don't know the Wokinghams. I never heard of them.

MR. T.: You never? (Decides to congratulate her.) What a privilege!

You ought to be framed, Miss Squire.

MISS S.: Do—do most people know them? In the country we only go to see our friends.

MR. T.: I know. You arrive in a wagonette, full—quite full—before lunch and spend a long day. You play games and eat gooseberries and make hay.

MISS S. (in a sudden hope of sympathy): And isn't it fun? Oh, I love a long day like that.

MR. T.: And you talk about the person, and when the person's exhausted discuss his wife—and then you make hay again.

MISS S. (stirred at retaliation): I don't wonder Londoners dislike the country. They can't do anything, you know.

MR. T.: Dear me, is there ever anything to do?

MISS S.: They can't shoot or fish or ride. Fancy not being able to ride.

MR. T. (not being able to ride and secretly ashamed of it): The rural idea is a centaur who votes Conservative and goes to church on Sunday.

MISS S. (finding him out): Can you ride, Mr. Townley?

MR. T. (with dignity): As a boy I used to ride.

MISS S.: Donkeys at the seaside?

MR. T.: I like country humor. It's so fresh and primitive. (Miss S. laughs unpleasantly.) And how have you spent your day? What have you been to see?

MISS S. (ashamed in her turn): Oh—well, nothing in particular.

MR. T. (persuasively): The Tower?

MISS S. (sharply): No, I haven't.

MR. T. (after ostentatious reflection): The wax works?

MISS S. (very sharply): No.

MR. T. (inspired): Afternoon performance? Let's see, Savoy?

MISS S. (covering annoyance with dignity): And why shouldn't I, Mr. Townley?

MR. T.: My dear Miss Squires, it is a most amiable way of spending the afternoon. What a gay day you'll have had! Theater in the afternoon, party in the evening. What stories you'll have to tell when you get back!

MISS S. (aside): I wish I had him on Teaser! (Sarcastically): I shall be very proud of being able to say I've met you, Mr. Townley.

MR. T. (detecting the sarcasm): Oh, no, really! I can't flatter myself that my fame has penetrated into the corners of the earth. Mine is a local celebrity. Where do you—er—live, Miss Squire?

MISS S.: Devonshire—and I'm proud of it.

MR. T.: Ah, yes. I once went to Paddington and took a ticket. I got out about midnight somewhere and when I asked where it was turned out to be Devonshire. The next morning it seemed rather pretty.

MISS S.: Oh, thank you. It is generally considered—rather pretty.

MR. T.: And if I had understood the language I should have enjoyed my visit. I dare say by now that the people talk English. Public schools—

MISS S. (with sudden vigor): There is no school board in our parish.

MR. T. (amused at vigor): No; isn't there? thought they'd got everything?

MISS S.: Papa wouldn't hear of one.

MR. T.: How nice of him! How really picturesque of him! What is your papa—your father, Miss Squire?

MISS S.: Considering that he owns all the land for—

MR. T. (waving his hand): Yes, yes. Miles around, of course. Really, you bring a whiff of feudalism with you, Miss Squire. Does your father wear armor? I say, you really ought to come to the Wokinghams; you'll be a new element.

MISS S.: I don't know the Wokinghams, I tell you.

MR. T.: Dear, dear; I remember you said so. But I haven't got accustomed to the notion yet. Knowing the Wokinghams is an incident of our common humanity.

MISS S. (aside): When is Mrs. Wilkinson going to move? (To him): When you come to Devonshire next you must come and see, Mr. Townley. We'll give you some riding.

MR. T. (with the air of considering the proposal): I like pigs. Do you keep pigs?

MISS S.: Yes; but do you think you could stick on?

MR. T.: Stick on?

MISS S.: Didn't you mean you liked pigs to ride? I thought that, perhaps—oh, I must go.

MR. T. (aside): Thank heaven. (To her): Well, I shall come, Miss Squire. I shall buy a smock-frock and come.

MISS S.: Yes, do. We'll have your pig ready for you. How funny you'll look.

MR. T. (with a forced smile): Uncommonly, shan't I? (Miss S. departs.) Good heavens, where's the sherry? I knew what'd come of dining with these people!

## PROSPEROUS HALL CAINE LIVES IN A "CASTLE."

WHEN Hall Caine was a boy living in a thatched cottage near the roadside at Ballaugh he had an ambition to live in Greeba Castle, on a hill near by. Now he lives in the castle and takes great delight in pointing out the small cottage to his friends.

The castle is really not a castle at all. It was built seventy or eighty years ago by an architect, who afterwards sold it for a song when he was drunk. The buyer was sober and held the architect to his bargain. The architect then built another house near by which he called Greeba Towers. When seen from a distance these buildings seem to belong together, and they then attain to the dignity of a castle, but when separated, on closer view, each looks like what a real estate dealer would call "a commodious family residence."

Mr. Caine bought the buildings and grounds about a year ago, according to a correspondent of the London World, and has made many alterations and changes. The place has been modernized and made comfortable. Mr. Caine's study is no workshop. He does most of his literary work while in bed, using a fountain pen to write on ordinary note paper held against a book. When he works in his study the same simple articles satisfy him, and he sits in a big arm chair while writing.

Mr. Caine does a great deal of walking about the neighborhood and also rides a horse. He is regarded as a great curiosity by his neighbors and is pointed out to all visitors as a real literary person. The only sad he has is the collection of old oak furniture, and he has a number of pieces that date back to the sixteenth century. Many of them were given to him by Rossetti, who also gave him the identical lantern that Eugene Aram carried when he murdered Daniel Clarke.



## HENRY ZIEGENHEIN'S JOELIEST CHRISTMAS.

Rode Ten Miles on Horseback With His Girl to a Party and She Never Complained of the Cold.

By the Mayor of St. Louis.

I HAVE a pretty vivid recollection of fifty Christmases; most of them have been joyous, a few of them bleak, and for days before all of them I could feel within myself the thrill of the Great Day whose approach has warmed human hearts with gladness for so many centuries. As I look back over the Christmas tides that have come to me—a farmer's boy, a soldier on the field, a struggling builder and contractor, as an officeholder—the happiest, jolliest Christmas of them all was the one when I was about 15 years old, a big, stout fellow and a regular "hand" on my father's farm in Barnum township, St. Louis County.

It was what we call a "white Christmas," for the ground was inches deep in snow and had been for several days. As usual after the harvest it fell to my lot to haul cordwood to St. Louis with an ox team and make my 75 cents a load. I had several dollars saved up for Christmas, mother had made me a new jeans suit woven by my uncle, and I had the trimmest coon-skin cap of any boy in the neighborhood, and my Sunday shoes, made by the neighborhood cobbler, had been greased and laid aside for days to be easy on my feet for dancing, for there was one thing I enjoyed more than a corn husking it was dancing, and I like a plain, old-fashioned reel yet. Christmas night there was to be a big dance at a neighbor's ten miles away. The country was sparsely settled then and ten miles was not considered a long way to go to a dance or to church.

I thought then, and still believe, that I had the prettiest girl in the neighborhood to take to that party. She lived about four miles from our house. The snow was too deep to think about going in a buggy, even if I had one, but she expected to go in the usual way, which was on horseback, and we didn't have but one horse, either. She, all bundled up in good, home-made clothes, got on the horse behind me. Of course she held on by putting her arms around me.

Ah! it was a glorious ride as the horse loped along over the snow, and that girl with her wool-knit gloves held on so tight. And she said so many jolly things into my ears that they didn't get cold. Once in a while I would look at her if she was cold and she would give me a dig in the sides and say: "Ach nein, Henry."

The party was attended by people for twenty miles around, boys and girls filled the big, old country house, where everybody was expected to enjoy themselves, and they did. The neighborhood fiddler with two strings on his bow played lively tunes and everybody danced.

Our house had big buckets and bowls of eggnog. Whisky was only 12-12 cents a gallon and eggs 1 cent a dozen. Eggnog and pumpkin pie were served for midnight lunch, in fact they were as free as water all night. On account of the scarcity of plates the pies were piled on each other two feet high and every one helped himself. We danced till broad daylight, took several more steins of eggnog—or rather tin cups, for our host had no chinaware, and then we started home. My girl grew awfully sleepy during the ten miles ride home and I pulled her arm close around under mine for fear that she might fall off, but she didn't.

I believe I had more fun that Christmas night than I have ever been able to crowd in any single one since.

HENRY ZIEGENHEIN.

## DR. OTTO SUTTER'S HAPPIEST DAY.

By the Superintendent of the St. Louis City Hospital.

CAN recall no Christmas that I ever more thoroughly enjoyed than that of a year ago. In fact I can think of no day in my life that afforded me as much unalloyed happiness. My pleasure and satisfaction was derived from the fact that I was partly instrumental in making not only my own family happy, but in bringing some pleasure and in reviving some happy recollections of the 500 unfortunate inmates who were in the City Hospital then.

In the morning we had Christmas in our own private apartments. Mrs. Sutter and I had prepared a Christmas tree in the dining room and we had obtained presents such as we thought would please each one of our children. They were up earlier than usual, as is always the case on Christmas, and when we opened the dining room door and they saw the very things they had most wished for, their happiness was complete. Their shouts of joy still ring in my ears when I recall the time and I can yet see their radiant faces. I spent an hour with them and when I was compelled to leave them to attend to my duties, which cannot be had aside even for the Yule time, they were still finding new delights among their playthings.

Happy as was the morning, the evening was happier to even a greater degree. Ordinarily we had given the patients a little better dinner on Christmas than at other times, and that was about all the difference between Christmas and the ordinary day. But this year we provided that the patients should have a treat. The old chapel was locked several days before and we managed to smuggle in a big Christmas tree. None of the patients knew anything about it. The room was nicely decorated and on Christmas night several hundred tapers were burning in the branches. A present of some kind was there for each patient. To be sure none were very costly, but each one was remembered individually, and after all it is the knowledge that one is remembered that produces happiness.

When the patients were requested to go to the chapel they did not know what they were going for. Those who were able to go, but were not able to walk, were carried in on stretchers. Their exclamations of joy on entering the chapel and the satisfaction depicted on their faces when their names were called and a remembrance handed to them is something I shall never forget. I only regret that I failed to provide the Christmas tree and entertainment for my patients during former years of my incumbency.

OTTO SUTTER.

## SOCIAL LEADERS' HAPPIEST TIME.

Mrs. Forster and Mrs. Clubb Recount Joyful Experiences.

MRS. ELEANOR CLUBB: "One always thinks of one's childhood in connection with the brightest holiday decorations, for then we have the jolly Santa Claus, and the mystery visitors to enjoy that good old Virginia egg-nog, and in the evening there was invariably a dance. Yes, it was a very, very happy period in my life, and it would be hard to tell which Christmas I enjoyed most. Of course, after I married, and my children were old enough to appreciate this season of the year, I again experienced the delights of my girlhood. And I have always

MRS. HOPKINS TELLS OF A CHRISTMAS THAT BROUGHT HER GREAT JOY.

## A ROMANCE OF A HOLIDAY.

MRS. CHARLES HOPKINS, formerly of Cambridge, Mass., who has recently become a valued addition to St. Louis society, says that her happiest Christmas was spent at a house party near her home in Cambridge. That Christmas was without doubt the jolliest of my life. My uncle owned a big place about twenty miles from town, and every year he invited all his relatives to spend the Christmas holidays with him. He was a widower with two grown children—a son 26 years old and a daughter of 17. This girl, my cousin, Stella Burroughs, was one of the brightest and most fair-loving girls I have ever known. I just two years her junior, and when we managed to sit up that late party to a degree nothing short of startling. Twenty people besides our family were invited, there being altogether about thirty guests in the house. Among them were a young lawyer from New York, for whom I immediately conceived a violent admiration) a naval officer, three Yale men from New Haven, my two brothers, an antique female cousin of ours (age unknown), some girls from New York and a young married couple from St. Louis. Before the end of a week Stella Burroughs and I had almost originated a divorce case, where the young St. Louis couple were concerned. Of course, there were some other people, but they were sort of chaperones, old fogies who didn't count much. Well, that year the 25th of December fell on Wednesday, and the guests were invited from December 23 to January 2, and I can tell you we made Rome how! My brothers and I, with our parents, arrived at "Maple Circle," our uncle's late Monday morning. The snow had been falling steadily for the six days previous, and was many inches deep.

"We drove from the little rickety station three miles "cross country" from the farm. We were the first arrivals, and made good use of the advantage over the other invited guests. The next train, at 4 o'clock, brought them all, and at 5 they came shouting and singing up to the house, in sleighs, wagons and carriages, borrowed from farmers all over that part of the country. Well, the first evening was passed in the big dining-room, all of us crowded about the roaring log-fire. That is, all of us, excepting the young lawyer from New York and myself. We were seated on a chintz-covered sofa-box, off in a dim corner of the room, discussing—er—the possibilities of effect of mistletoe on—ah—smanking. Before the candles were brought in to announce the time for disappearing, we two had begun to understand each other. It was our first meeting, but in the country, and at Christmastide, people become acquainted very quickly.

"The next morning we all arose at 8 o'clock, and after the jolliest kind of a breakfast, we hauled in great branches of evergreen, reeks of crow-foot moss, and pile after pile of holly and mistletoe. We spent most of the day on step-ladders or tables, hammering and tacking the Christmas decorations in place.

## COL. ED BUTLER'S HAPPIEST HOUR.

Yellow Jumping Jack Filled Him With Pride and Joy.

ED BUTLER: "It would be difficult for me to pick out my happiest Christmas. A man can be happy under any circumstances, if he can look at the bright side of things and isn't a dyspeptic or a "trotted" political leader."

"I believe I have not yet seen my happiest Christmas. Though I have had ups and downs, I have always tried to make ups out of the downs, and each succeeding Christmas has found me happier than the one before it. I never let politics figure as a producer of Christmas happiness. On the great feast day I try to get as far from politics and as close to my family as possible.

"The happiest Christmas I can now recall was so many years ago I can't remember how old I was. I was a small boy, though. I had asked Santa Claus to bring me a jumping-jack. When I woke up Christmas morning the toy was on the shelf. I learned to pull the string and make the little figure do just what I wanted it to. Small things impress themselves on a man's life.

I have never forgotten that little jumping-jack.

"I believe my happiest Christmas will be Christmas, 1897. I have had a daughter married since last Christmas. She married a good man. They will spend the day with me. Then my son, Jim, has a new fourteen-pound boy. I'm going to blow myself on that boy. I'll be doubly happy because I have no whiskers for the boy to pull."

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**I**t is a great pity that little Wilhelmina of Holland can't keep being a girl Queen for a great many years more; she does it so nicely.

Facts are stubborn things, though, and even girl queens, like other children, will grow up. And so this coming Christmas, for which everybody is busily preparing, is the last one which Wilhelmina will see as a little girl. She is to be married on the 31st of next August, and as this is the time when queens become "of age," it is probable that she will be crowned at once and take the reins of government.

The ceremonies celebrating her majority will begin on Sept. 3, when Amsterdam will be in fete. There will be an allegorical procession of labor unions, a gala night at the theaters, illuminations and fireworks. There will be a special exhibition of the works of Rembrandt, of relics of the history of the House of Orange and one of Dutch national costumes similar to that permanent in the Royal Museum but more complete. And vessels with crews arrayed in the local costumes of various parts of the kingdom will participate in the maneuvers.

The Queen has already made her official debut. She "came out" last January at the first court ball given in Holland since the death of King William. It was, in one sense, no new experience for her. Since childhood she has been used to deferences, admiring compliments.

Not very tall, but giving by her erect posture the impression of height, with a sunny smile and a poignant and pleasing face, she would have come very near being the belle of the ball even if she were not the Queen. And she could speak English with the English diplomats and French with the French German? She speaks it, indeed, but not well.

There is craft in this. Her subjects would not be pleased if she spoke it too fluently. For thereby hangs a tale—the tale of the inevitable marriage of the girl queen—a question which has been anxiously discussed on street corners ever since King William died.

When two men quarrel about politics in the United States they are talking about the tariff or free silver. When

## QUEEN WILHELMINA SENDS A GREETING TO THE YOUTH OF THE UNITED STATES.

To the Editor of the Sunday Post-Dispatch:

THE Private Secretary to Her Majesty the Queen Regent of the Netherlands is desired by Her Majesty, Queen Wilhelmina, to express Her Majesty's thanks for the telegram sent to Her Majesty by the St. Louis Post-Dispatch in the name of the children and young people of America. Her Majesty fully appreciates the feelings of sympathy and love of the American young people, and the Private Secretary is to add that Her Majesty forms best wishes for the youth of the United States and for their happy Christmas.

By Cable to the Sunday Post-Dispatch.  
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THE HAGUE, December 11.

dracht, what most interested Wilhelmina was a visit to the kinder-siekenhuis—children's "sick-house" or hospital—where the pale sufferers welcomed her with a little song:

Be groot! Queen, be greted.  
Through only weak children  
Whr should we not?  
Our song offer!  
We would sing now; we would love you  
For ever and ever.

Not to be outdone in courtesy, the Queen knelt by the bedside of one little fellow with a shattered leg and amused him for a quarter of an hour by repeating to him Dutch nursery rhymes of the Mother Goose sort, like:

Tuschen kolen en Partij.  
Legt de weg naer Rom.

Or:  
Ik sei er tot Jap.  
Ik sei er tot Jap.  
Ik sei er tot Jap.  
"sta still!"  
"En wanton wot if stilte stan?"  
Ik heb vro me leben geve kvad gedana."  
Ik sei er tot Japje. "sta still!"

The old guard and guide at The Hague palace, who shows the place to visitors, idolizes the little Queen, like every one else. He delights in telling how he was once a groom in the royal stables. He had hard luck. Illness in his family making unusual demands on his small pay. The Queen hearing of this sought out the groom and gave him some money. Then she said:

"I have a plan. Suppose you come to the palace instead of having this servant or that show people around, just as it happens, you make that your duty. Learn the things that tourists and visitors like to know about the place, and we'll see about a little larger salary for you. Eh?"

The royal household is "personally conducted," and not by Queen Emma either.

The warm-hearted young monarch has her own way by sheer impetuosity of affection. Twice a year the Queen must go about her kingdom to see her people. Sometimes on gala days she appears in some one of the picturesque national costumes, and when she does this she is a veritable little Dutch jungfrau that any Dutch subject cannot help loving.

As Queen Wilhelmina is not betrothed yet and is to be fully of age next August, it is likely that she will herself have much to say regarding the selection of a husband. There is one young king in Europe who is not at all canvassed in that capacity. That is Alfonso of Spain. He is considerably younger than Wilhelmina, it is true, but that consideration alone would not be fatal. Once when the young Queen was reading of the atrocities practised upon the Netherlands by the Duke of Alva and the Spanish troops in the bad old days, she banged her fist upon the arm of her chair and ejaculated: "Well! When I reach my majority and ascend the throne of Holland, if the King of Spain expects me to invite

him to my court, he will be very much mis-taken."

So the boy king and the girl queen are hardly likely to be wed. Indeed, in any case, the reigning monarch of another country is hardly a fit consort for a Queen herself.

It is rather pathetic this search for a husband for a girl who, up to date, doesn't seem to wish one.

"I don't want to become Queen," said she to her mother not long ago, tired of the endless discussion of the subject.

The Swedish Princes are only Bernadotes after all and no one who has read Napoleonic history has much liking for that stock.

"Oh, my dear," replied Queen Emma, "that will be only natural. Mothers have always, sooner or later, to stand aside for their children."

"No, mother," the girl replied, "you shall always have the first place in my love. I don't want a husband. I shall reign alone, like Elizabeth of England, and one in The Hague, which is perfectly delightful. Besides these there is the old castle of the Princess of Nassau, which is called "Loo" or the "House in the Woods."

"Het Bosch" is the Dutch name of this beautiful royal park, which stretches all the way from The Hague down to the Dutch Coney Island at Scheveningen, and is threaded by the most beautiful drives and walks.

Here in Loo the Queen has a pond, where

she habitually eats with her maids of honor,

has one seat at table which is less desirable than the others, because of insufficient light.

The Queen who is less desirous of her

maids sit here, but also insists on occupying the park place herself. For she is as kind-hearted as she is impulsive.

The Queen's birthday is always appro-

priately celebrated by a school feast every

where in Holland, so that other children

are as happy in the day as herself. At

the time of the great celebration at Dor-

# THE BABY'S TRAGEDY

BY SARAH GRAND

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"**T**HIS is nothing that brutalizes a lady like society," she said, with an expression of disgust in the emphasis she put upon the words, impossible to convey.

She was an old north-country nurse, and her manners, when she was angry or indignant, were also apt to be north-country.

"Now that is sweeping, nurse," I said. "There are plenty of good, gentle kindly women in society."

"In it, but not of it, then," she retorted. "I'll not say that's impossible. And perhaps I should have said there's nothing that brutalizes a lady like the ambition to shine in society; for I was speaking of the kind that make society their goal, and live for it—and die for it, too, for the matter of that, besides killing others. Oh! they're a nice bunch."

"What do you mean about killing others, nurse?" I asked.

She pursed up her lips, threaded her needle—for she was sitting sewing in the window, making the most of the declining daylight—and then began to work again at express speed, as if to keep up with her thoughts.

"I've seen some things that would astonish you," she said at last grimly. "And heard some things, too—lies that were quite remarkable. Lies and flattery are ordinary enough—you don't need to notice the common run, but for something right down extraordinary and worth observing I recommend you to a society lady on her promotion. And I tell you I know!"

"But with regard to the killing, nurse?"

"Oh—with regard to the killing!" she looked at me shrewdly over her spectacles, then went on with her work, and I could see that there was something stirring in her mind by the way she kept nodding her head, so I wanted patiently for it to come to the boil and bubble up into words.

"I nursed a lady not long ago," she began, as if this subject had nothing to do with the last we discussed. "She was young and not long married; and she and her husband aspire to select circles for all they wear worth. It was a baby case—oh, when it was born it showed no sign of life. The doctor looked at it as he handed it to me, and I looked at it as I took it, and the same thought was in both our minds: Was such a specimen worth preserving? Wouldn't it be better to let it go? For it was nothing but skin and bone, poor mite, the frame of a child, just enough covered to keep it together. However—doctors and nurses don't have to exercise their discretion with regard to helping folks up to a happier world when they're better fitted for it than for this; our business is to keep 'em here, whether for joy or sorrow; so we took the poor little chap in hand and smacked him and rubbed him till his little lungs began to work, and he set up a feeble wail. I didn't dare to dress him, for the life of him was flickering all the while like a fire when it's near upon extinction, and the less you stir it the better. So I just wrapped him up in cotton wool and laid him on a pillow, where he lay still, and then I stood looking at him a little, wondering why he was so emaciated. For he had the frame of a fine child, and there was no disease to account for his feebleness; his parents seemed healthy enough, too, and it was just for all the world as if he hadn't had fate play.

"While I was looking at him and considering he opened his eyes—big soft brown eyes, they were, and strangely intelligent; but, oh, so weary! You'd have thought the child was exhausted at its birth by some terrible task. He looked up at me and seemed to see me, and to be asking me to help him. 'You pretty thing,' I said, 'I'll do my best for you, if I can help it.'

The doctor came up just then and looked at him too. 'What a pathetic little face,' said he. 'Who would think he'd had some great sorrow before he was born?' 'I'm afraid he was born with a griefing him still.' 'He's sad and sorry, then, to have been brought down here, away from the other little angels, a dear!' I says, talking baby talk to him, 'but we'll do our best for him; we'll make it up to him, and he shall grow a big strong man, he shall, I promise him!' 'He'll need some building up, my word,' said the doctor, 'but I think he was cut out for a healthy child. What a pity the mother won't nurse him!' I exclaimed, 'Oh, the brute!'

"'Hush,' he said. 'You must keep your tongue quiet and be as civil as you can, for the baby's sake; and you'll make as pretty a case of it as any you've ever dealt with yet. But go easy with the milk at first, you know. Three parts barley water to one part milk.'

"Thank you kindly for teaching me, doctor," I said sarcastically.

"Up, he went off smiling, for he knew me well. We'd brought many and many an apparently hopeless case safe through together.

"When I'd done all I could for the baby, I turned my attention to the mother. I was bothering about what I should say to her when she began to rouse up a bit and ask questions about the baby, as they do, for the purpose of hearing you praise it. And what do you suppose was the first question she asked, speaking in a little lisping, whimpering sort of way, as if she were an infant herself? 'Nurse,' says she, 'do you think my figure will suffer at all?'

"'Why should it?' I said.

"Some people's do, you know," she lisped. "But I have been very careful—you'd have thought she was definitely mentioning a highly meritorious act. Do you know you would hardly have suspected that that was anything the matter with me the whole time? I was very much afraid I should have had to go about looking as dreadful as the poor dear Duchess of Pierrepont; but I really did manage to escape that fate."

"And how did you manage it?" I asked.

"By great self-denial," she replied, in a silly, affected, fine-lady way. "I assure you I hardly ate anything. I used to go all day long sometimes on a cup of black tea and a piece of dry toast."

"Well, you can imagine that that made me smart!

"That accounts for it, then," I said. "Oh, you're a nice young woman to be a mother! But it's not yourself that's suffered, for you're as fat as pork; it's your baby. You've been starving him to death all the time to keep your own figure!"

"Oh, nurse, how can you say such shocking things!" she cried. "As fat as pork! I assure you I am not accustomed to such coarse expressions. And the poor little baby—you know that's not true."

"Indeed then it is," I grunted. "But you can make up for it now by nursing him."

"'Oh!' she interjected. 'Don't mention such a thing! You will make me quite ill if you frighten me. Just think how I should feel myself, I should hardly be able to go anywhere for months. No; that is quite impossible!'

"She kept still for a little after that, and tried to look as if she were suffering from the shock of the harsh suggestion; but presently she poked up again. 'Do you know, nurse,' she began—'do you know' was their word in society just then. They only have one at a time, and it has to serve 'em all for everything; and 'do you know' affectionately drawn, was on duty that season. 'Do you know, nurse, my waist is only nine inches?'

"'Well, you can't help it, I suppose,' I said, in as pitying a tone as I could command. 'You might pad, though. When folks are deformed I always recommend them to hide it.'

"I don't know what you mean, nurse," she said, in an offended tone.

"'Why, you told me your waist was nineteen inches, didn't you?' I says. 'Well, for your height, and build it ought to be twenty-one. Therefore you must be deformed.'

"'My husband admires a small waist,' she said, huffily.

"'There's no accounting for taste,' I rejoined; 'but there's two kinds of taste—good taste and bad taste!—'

"And persons in your position must rely upon us to tell them which is which, since they cannot be cultivated enough to judge for themselves," she interrupted in a tone of reproach.

"I laughed at that, but I said no more. For I didn't think her worth wasting words upon, nor her husband either! My word, they were a pair, those two! You should have seen her getting ready for church of a Sunday. They were great on church, both of them, and before he went he'd always come in to show himself.

"The doctor came up just then and looked at him too. 'What a pathetic little face,' said he. 'Who would think he'd had some great sorrow before he was born?' 'I'm afraid he was born with a griefing him still.'

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"And at last one morning when the doctor came he found the little fellow lying with those eyes of his wide open and fixed. I looked up at the doctor and laughed—and I don't think I laughed agreeably, judging by the way he changed countenance."

It was quite a serious matter. I must go and change it; I shall be late, I'm afraid; but it can't be helped."

"Not for my manners, then, I'm sure," I chuckled.

"But I was in rather a good humor all the time, for the baby was really doing well, and only that morning the doctor himself had said: 'So far so good.'

"Later on in the day I was feeding the baby, when his father came in and looked at him as if he had a distaste for him. Then he began to walk up and down the room, shooting out his shirt cuffs and examining his finger nails alternately, as if they were mixed up with some trouble he seemed to have on his mind.

"That child won't do, you know, nurse," he said at last, in a tone of disgust. "I couldn't show a child like that to any of my friends. The Duchess of Pierrepont had said: 'You know it's white for to-day, and I was obliged to see it only to-day, and I was asked to tell you that the baby was nine inches.'

"You have thought a young father going out to worship would have just glanced at his little son before he left; but not he! His last look was at himself in the glass; and when he'd gone Dolly-Dumpy—that was my name for my lady—said to me, in her little simpering way, gettling on like a child, 'Isn't my husband a well-dressed man, nurse? Perhaps I oughtn't to tell you, don't you know; but it has been said that we are two of the best-dressed people in society.'

"I pursed up my mouth at that. I never could be civil when she got on with such rubbish."

"'You know it's white for to-day,' she said plaintively, 'do you know you're an ungrateful person?'

"'No, I didn't,' I growled—for I knew if the baby could speak he'd have had a very different tale to tell, poor little chap! Day and night I'd been up with him ever since he was born, and you'd have thought he knew and appreciated all I was doing for him, for he'd fix his big brown eyes on me for all the world as if he were thanking me every time I fed him; and he was really coming on wonderfully, considering—slowly, of course; but still I'd managed to get him into some of his little clothes. I had to go gingerly about the dressing, though, for the tiny flame still flickered."

"Dear, do I smell violette?" she exclaimed on one occasion, pronouncing it in the French way, as if to make more of it. 'You know it has quite gone out.'

"He smelt his pocket handkerchief. 'By Jove,' he said 'It is violette. That's my man again. He must have left some in one of the bottles. It is lucky you noticed it. I'll get another handkerchief.'

"When he returned he drawled out, 'Shall I do now, dear?' and she drawled back, ' Didn't you wear that tie last Sunday?'

"He looked at himself in the glass. 'By Jove! I believe I did!' he exclaimed, as if

"Yet he recommended you very highly, I observed.

"'Not for my manners, then, I'm sure,' I chuckled.

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"Dear, do I smell violette?" she said plaintively, 'do you know you're an ungrateful person?'

"'I do not understand you, nurse,' she replied, annoyed. 'I really must speak to the doctor about you. You are so—so abrupt.'

"The next morning my fine young gentleman father came swaggering in and announced that he wasn't satisfied with the progress the child was making, and he and his mother had determined to have further advice, and had sent for Dr. Towny-Bing.

"'Oh,' I said. 'Has Dr. Coleburn con-

"I was surprised, because Dr. Coleburn had said right out that Dr. Towny-Bing was an ignorant outsider, and had always referred to me as his mother's doctor.

"'We must have exercised our own discretion in the matter,' he answered grandly,

which I found afterward was another way of saying that they hadn't had the politeness to mention the matter to Dr. Coleburn at all.

"Dr. Towny-Bing was a young, flashy sort of man, much in request by society people, and quite the fashionable doctor just then. He came in as he had too much consideration for a delicate lady's nerves even to disturb the air about her if he could have helped it; and I could see at once that he was the sort to be much more taken up with the smart young mother than with the suffering babe.

"And what are we doing for the darling?" he asked.

"Then he followed me into the room where the baby was; and his manner changed completely as soon as the door was shut. The mother was too elegantly posed on the sofa to accompany us; she was thinking just where she'd burst out of them, for I never felt that they were safe to contain her for long.

"They had none of them the least gratitudo, those people. When the mother heard the news she burst out crying, and ran to the old family physician who congratulated them on their good sense.

"Really, I think you were very wise," she said. "Dr. Coleburn is quite antiquated."

"I'm sure he's worn the same hat for the last ten years. And nobody who is anybody calls him a fool. Now, I expect the dear baby will begin to thrive."

"When I took the dear baby's first bottle of pure milk—and the grandmother stood over me the whole time to see I played no tricks with it—he looked up at me on the pretty way he had, as if we were thanking me. But a very little time after he had swallowed it he began to whimper, and when I went to him he looked up at me again, but with such a pained expression in his big, soft eyes it went to my heart. If he had reproached me in words I could not have felt it worse.

"The child had a bad night, and when the doctor came the next day I said as quickly as I could, 'Are we to go on with pure milk?'

"'Certainly,' he replied. 'The baby will naturally feel the change at first. But you must persevere.'

"At the end of the week I said to the mother, her own mother being present, 'Have you thought of having the baby christened?'

"'Why, of course,' she said, in a shocked

kind of tone. 'I've been thinking a great deal about it, and who to ask. He shall have the loveliest christening robe; and my own gown—'

"'Then he put his other manner on and went back to the parents and talked to them for half an hour about Lord this and Lady that, till I thought he'd never have done.

"On the way out he said to the father,

"'You'd better just see that the little man does get his milk pure. She's an obstinate old thing, that nurse you have got, I am afraid.'

"At that my temper rose—all the more, perhaps, because I deserved to be suspected, for I'd just been making up my mind to disobey the doctor, which is a capital crime for a nurse to commit. If they find you get no work from 'em, but upon hearing that I thought to myself I'd obey him right enough and see that he got full credit for the consequences.

"When he had gone I noticed I had a little head away, as if to escape from something hurtful. 'Why can't you let me go in peace now that you have done your worst?' he used to say. And at last one morning when the doctor came he found the little fellow lying with those eyes of his wide open and fixed, and there was a far-away look in them, as if he saw something that was full of happiness and hope; and when I saw that expression on his face I looked up at the doctor and laughed—and I don't think I laughed agreeably, judging by the way he changed countenance.

"We'd better have a wet nurse, I think, for this young gentleman; if we can get one, he said to the father. 'He is not doing as well as he did at first on the change of diet. I would advise you to get one of his patients.'

"Well, that young man spent the whole day hunting for a nurse and found one at last who consented to come as a favor for a sovereign a day, if she might bring her own child. She said she'd do it for both, as indeed she had, even if our baby could have succumbed. But he was beyond the time she arrived. We gave him a little spoon, but we could scarcely rouse him to take it, and the greater part trickled out of his mouth. Then I called my lady's mother aside, and I said: 'Do you want the child christened or do you not?'

"'Nurse, don't speak to me like that—how

# RECOLLECTIONS OF CAPTAIN WILKIE

By CONAN DOYLE, Author of "The White Company," "Micah Clarke," Etc.  
Published in America Only in the Sunday Post-Dispatch.

"WHO CAN he be?" thought I, as I watched my companion in the second-class carriage of the London & Dover Railway.

I had been so full of the fact that my long-awaited holiday had come at last, and that for a few days at least the gayeties of Paris were about to suspend the dull routine of the hospital wards that we were well out of London before I observed that I was not alone in the compartment. In these days we have all pretty well agreed that "three is company and two is none" upon the railway.

At the time I write of, however, people were not so morbidly sensitive about their traveling companions. It was rather an agreeable surprise to me to find that there was some chance of whiling away the hours of a tedious journey. I therefore pulled my cap down over my eyes, took a good look from beneath it at my vis-a-vis and repeated to myself: "Who can he be?"

I used rather to pride myself on being able to spot a man's trade or profession by a good look at his exterior. I had the advantage of studying under a master of the art, who used to electrify both his patients and his clinical classes by long shots, sometimes at the most unlikely of pursuits, and never very far from the mark. "Well, my man," I have heard him say, "I can see by your fingers that you play some musical instrument for your livelihood, but it is rather a curious one—something quite out of my line." The man afterwards informed us that he earned a few coppers by blowing "Rule Britannia" on a coffee pot, the spout of which was pierced to form a rough flute. Though a novice in the art I was still able to astonish my ward companions on occasions and I never lost an opportunity of practicing. It was not mere curiosity, then, which led me to lean back on the cushions and analyze the quiet man in front of me.

I used to do the thing systematically, and my train of reflections ran somewhat in this wise: "General appearance, vulgar, fairy opulent and extremely self-possessed; looks like a man who would outclass a bargee, and yet be at his ease in middle-class society. Eyes well set together and nose rather prominent; would be a good long-range marksman. Cheeks flabby, but the softness of expression redeemed by a square-cut jaw and a well-set lower lip. On the whole, a powerful type. Now for the hand. Rather disappointed there. Thought he was a self-made man by the look of him, but there is no callous in the palm and no thickness at the joints. Has never engaged in any real physical work, I should think. No tanning on the back of his hands. On the contrary, they are very white, with blue protecting veins and long, delicate fingers. Couldn't be an artist with that face, and yet he has the hands of a man engaged in delicate manipulations. No red cold spots upon his clothes, no ink stains, no nitrate of silver upon his hands (this helps to negative my half-formed opinion that he was a photographer). Clothes not worn in any particular part. Coat made of tweed, and fairly old; but the left elbow, as far as I can see, has as much of the stuff left on as the right, which is seldom the case with men who do much writing. Might be a commercial traveler, but the little pocketbook in the waistcoat is wanting, nor has he any of those handy valises suggestive of samples."

I give these brief headings of my ideas merely to demonstrate my method of arriving at a conclusion. As yet I have obtained nothing but negative results; but now, to use a chemical metaphor, I am in a position to examine the residue. I found myself reduced to a very limited number of occupations. He was neither a lawyer nor a clergyman, in spite of a soft felt hat and a somewhat clerical cut about the necktie. I was wavering now between pawnbroker and horse dealer; but there was too much character about his face for the former, and he lacked that extraordinary equine atmosphere which hangs about the latter, even in the hours of relaxation, so that I formed a provisional diagnosis of betting man or methodological persuasion, the latter clause being inserted in deference to his hat and necktie.

Pray do not think I reasoned it out like this in my own mind. It is only now, sitting down with pen and paper, that I can see the successive steps. As it was, I had formed my conclusion within sixty seconds of the time when I drew my hat down over my eyes and uttered the mental ejaculation with which my narrative begins.

I did not feel quite satisfied even then with my deduction. However, as a leading question would—to pursue my chemical analogy—act as my litmus paper, I determined to try one. There was a Times lying by my companion, and I thought the opportunity too good to be neglected.

"Do you mind me looking at your paper?" I asked him.

"Certainly, sir, certainly," said he, most ungraciously handing it across.

I glanced down its columns until my eyes rested upon the list of the latest betting. "Hullo!" I said, "they are laying odds upon the favorite for the Cambridgeshire. But perhaps," I added, looking up, "you are not interested in these matters?"

"Squares, sir!" said he gravely; "wiles of the enemy! Mortals are given but a few years to live; how can they squander them? They have not even an eye to their poor, worldly interests." He added in a quiet voice, "they would never back a single horse at such short odds with a field of thirty."

There was something in this speech of his which tickled me immensely. I suppose it was the odd way in which he bland

bigious intolerance with worldly wisdom. I laid the Times aside with the conviction that I should be able to spend the next two hours to better purpose than its perusal.

"You speak as if you understood the matter, at any rate," I remarked.

"Yes, sir," he answered; "few men in England understand these things better in the old days before I changed my profession. But that is all over now."

"Changed your profession?" said I interrogatively.

"Yes, I changed my name, too."

"Indeed?" said I.

"Yes; you see a man wants a real fresh start when his eyes become opened, so he has a new deal all around, so to speak. Then he gets a fair chance."

There was a short pause here, as I seemed to be on delicate ground in touching on my companion's antecedents, and he did not volunteer any information. I broke the silence by offering him a cheero.

"No, thanks," said he; "I have given up tobacco. It was the hardest wrench of all, that is to say, it does me good to smell the whiff of your weed. Tell me," he added suddenly, looking hard at me with his shrewd gray eyes, "why did you take stock of me so carefully before you spoke?"

"It is a habit of mine," said I. "I am a medical man, and observation is everything in my profession. I had no idea that you were looking."

"I can see without looking," he answered. "I thought you were a detective at first, but I couldn't recall your face at the time I knew the force."

"Were you a detective then?" said I.

"No," he answered with a laugh; "I was the other thing—the detected, you know. Old scores are wiped out now and the law cannot touch me, so I don't mind confessing it. It's as if I were talking of some other man, you see."

"Exactly," said I.

"Being a medical man I had none of that shrinking天生的羞怯 which many men possess. I could make all allowances for congenital influence and the force of circumstances. No company, therefore, could have been more acceptable to me than a gang of old malefactors, and as I sat puffing at my cigar I was delighted to observe that my air of interest was gradually loosening his tongue."

"We are none of us perfect," said I.

"No; but I was real out and outer. A fake, you know, to start with and afterward a 'cracksman.' It is easy to talk of these things now, for I've changed my ways. It's as if I were talking of some other man, you see."

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"We are none of us perfect," said I.

"No; but I was real out and outer. A fake, you know, to start with and afterward a 'cracksman.' It is easy to talk of these things now, for I've changed my ways. It's as if I were talking of some other man, you see."

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## NEW YORK WILL HEAR MUSIC BY A ST. LOUISIAN.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

ERNEST R. KROEGER.

ERNEST R. KROEGER, a St. Louis composer, is to be honored by the Manuscript Society of New York. Next Wednesday evening one of his compositions, a symphonic overture to Byron's tragic "Sardanapalus," is to be rendered before that exclusive society of composers and musical critics.

No one who is not a musician and a strict amateur can belong to the Manuscript Society. Its doors are closed to mere social standing and wealth, but genius, though it be humble, is welcomed.

Only those who have composed music may become members of the first class. The submission of a composition in manuscript is a prerequisite to membership.

Mr. Kroeger has been a member of the first class two years. It is before such a critical and competent audience that his work is to be played.

The rendition will be under the direction of Anton Seidl. Mr. Kroeger will not be present; his duties here making it impossible for him to go to New York. He has written the following interpretation for the Sunday Post-Dispatch:

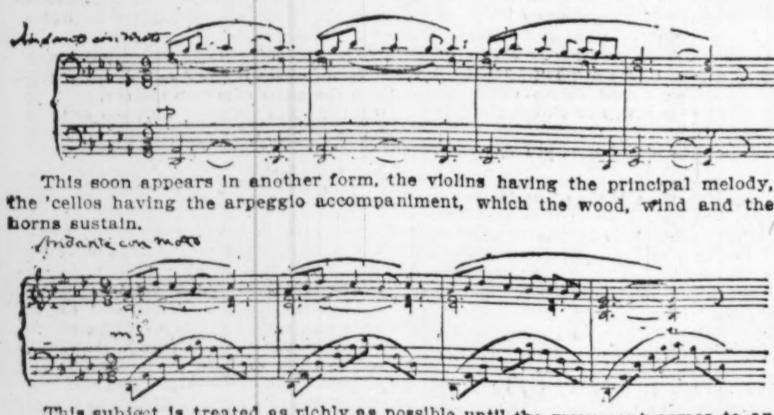
By Ernest R. Kroeger.

THE music of this work is intended to picture in tone various scenes from Lord Byron's great tragedy, "Sardanapalus." It is divided into five movements, but all are woven into one complete work, without any definite stops.

Sardanapalus was the last of the Assyrian Kings, and the voluptuous license of himself and his court led to the fall of the Assyrian Empire. The rigorous Medes, seeing the decay of their enemy's glory, invested Nineveh with such fire and strength that they were finally successful.

Sardanapalus, upon observing the entrance of the Medes into his beloved city, entered his palace and ordered his slaves to make a funeral pyre of his sacred things. He mounted to the summit with his wives and slaves, and set fire to the pyre. All perished in the flames, and the Assyrian Empire was no more.

The music which I have composed to illustrate scenes from the great tragedy, I have endeavored to invest with an Oriental color; both in harmonization and instrumentation. The first movement is intended to depict the luxuriously of the Assyrian Court. The chief theme is as follows, the melody being given to the violincello, and the accompaniment to a clarinet and two bassoons:



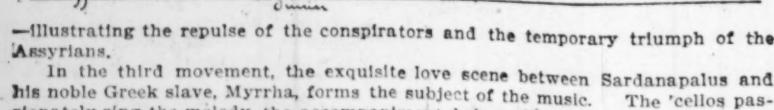
This soon appears in another form, the violins having the principal melody, the cellos having the arpeggio accompaniment, which the wood, wind and the horns sustain.

Andante con moto

This subject is treated as richly as possible until the movement comes to an end. The second movement portrays the breaking out of the conspiracy of the Mede Arbaces, while Sardanapalus and his guests are at the banquet table. After a short, ominous introduction, the following theme is heard, the melody being given to the trombones, tubas and basses, while the strings have the rapid triplet accompaniment above:



As a climax, the three trombones in unison play:

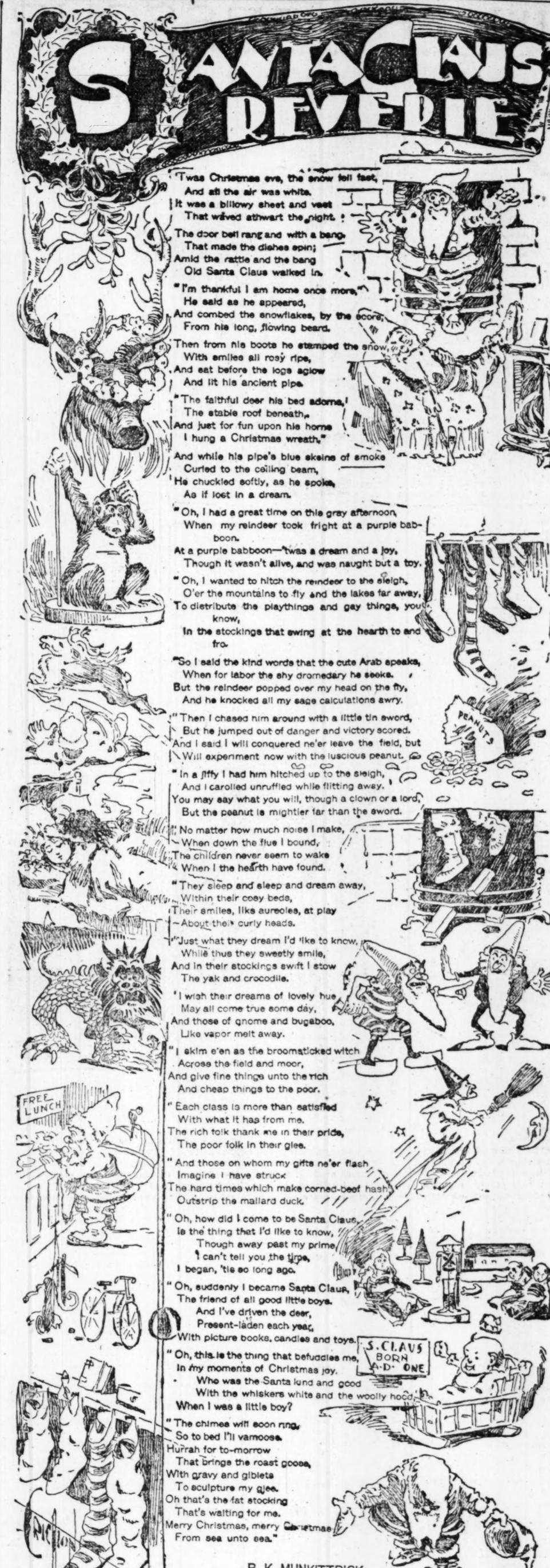


Illustrating the repulse of the conspirators and the temporary triumph of the Assyrians.

In the third movement, the exquisite love scene between Sardanapalus and his noble Greek slave, Myrra, forms the subject of the music. The cellos passionately sing the melody, the accompaniment being allotted to the harp, horns and string pizzicato.



Myrra's response to the pleadings of her lover is indicated by the following melody, which is given to the soft and gentle clarinet:



R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

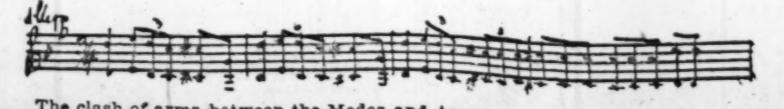
Written for the Sunday Post-Dispatch.



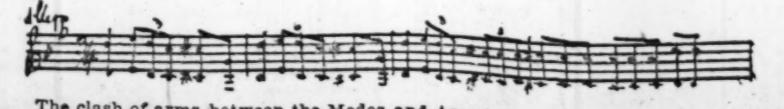
The tones of the cellos and the clarinet blend together in this warm episode:



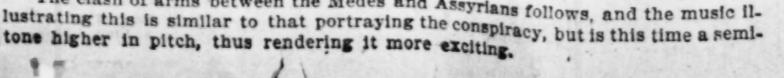
And again, in a new guise, does the dialogue between Sardanapalus and Myrra appear:



The love scene is brought to a close by the rude blare of barbaric trumpets in this characteristic phrase:



The clash of arms between the Medes and Assyrians follows, and the music illustrates this is similar to that portraying the conspiracy, but is this time a semi-tone higher in pitch, thus rendering it more exciting.



Written for the Sunday Post-Dispatch.

WILLIS LEONARD CLANAHAN.

Bill Smith was just a common, every-day, slow-going wight, who had not much to say. Within his bosom never burned the fire of fierce ambition, nor the mad desire for health or fame. He never felt the thrill!

Which comes to those of boundless strength and will, who, beating back their friends and scorning foes.

Rush onward, while the serried columns close behind them, leaving in their wake a train of bleeding hearts. The cruel lust of gain Had never tinged the being of this poor, inactive mortal. He, content, secure in the possession of his daily mite, Lived on in careless ease, with heart as light As any child's. He envied not the right Of other men.

To book and pen, Nor taxed his slow mentality with aught That bore the least resemblance to a thought.

Yet high-born energies may be aroused In one whose simple brain has never housed The stern ambition which inspire his kind; And holy fire may strike the dull mind, And kindle there a bright heroic flame, That may stored for years of sloth and shame.

Twas Christmas Eve, and Bill, who never had known The tender bliss that comes of love alone, Was wracked with the loneliness that creeps Into the heart which close communion keeps With somber thoughts.

There was no gentle voice To bid him welcome. Why should he rejoice, Though Christ had come, though all the world was fair,

Since life to him was but a desert bare, In whose vast solitude there was no sound Familiar to his ear, no joy profound, To hush the echoes of a dying strain That beat relentlessly upon his brain?

Alone he walked into the darkness, There, While whizzing rockets rent the lurid air, And blinding snow made ghosts of giant trees, He wandered like a spirit, ill at ease,

And cursed his low condition and the fate That urged him on through regions desolate, While others smiled, with not a care to grieve, And praised the Christ who gave them Christmas Eve.

Poor, plain Bill Smith, fettered of heart and brain, Walked onward through the storm, which beat amain Upon his fevered temples.

Once in life He felt the sad heart-burning and the strife, The depression and the vague unrest Which tortures those by love's delights unblessed;

And wilder than the tempest was the fire That kindled in his being a desire For the companionship of noble men, And for the smiles of women, and the ken Of higher thoughts than ever yet had found A habitation on the barren ground Traversed by his ambition. All his soul Seemed forging onward to some mystic goal,

Unseen, unrecognized, and yet as fair As those inhabited by shapes of air Which poets feign, with inspiration caught From lights and shadows in the realm of Thought,

And bound in wreaths of beauty.

Through the snow, Gleaming blood-red, now bright, then soft and low, He saw a light, that struggled through the mist,

Like to a vagrant fairy, while it kissed The flying snow to crimson. On he fared, With eager feet, while on his vision flared That flaming symbol of a nameless joy, That harbinger of higher aims—buoy

Upon a sea his thoughts had never sailed. A spire, lost in the clouds of snow that railed Around its slender summit, pierced the sky;

And strains of music, with soft energy, Crept outward, like the disembodied form Of some departed master. With the storm They seemed to interweave, like molten notes When, through the gates of Morning, from the thicket,

Of angel choristers there pours a song. The organ paused; then, suddenly, a strong, Triumphant chorus swept through all the aisles, Like Nature's voice, as graciously she smiles Upon her handiwork, when genius rare Is born into the world.

The humble soul Who, waiting in the outer darkness there, Beheld the light and heard the music roll, Was blinded by the rush of hidden thought Which swept before his vision there and wrought In his dull brain a difference that seemed

Impossible, so little had he dreamt. Of better things that were in store for him. Of meek and lowly heart and trembling limb, With meek and lowly heart and trembling limb, He fell upon his face; and while the snow Beat faster, and the music breathed so low Beat faster, and the music breathed so low, "Twas heard but faintly, all his soul he poured In one loud wail of lamentation.

Roared The mighty tempest, like a stricken mind Bereft of reason's power, though unconfin'd By bolts and bars. On swept the pitiless wind, Like frenzied demon raging. One there was Who heeded not the tempest, sought no pause Of Nature's violence, nor asked the cause Of the wild perturbation of the sky.

A single tear was frozen in his eye. Through the red window of the chapel streamed A softened light, and on his face it beamed, Illuming with its crimson rays a brow

From the fan Of stagnant thought which had enwrapped his soul, The man that was came forth that night a whole And sentient being, and his soul a way Into the world, to master and control The latent faculties by thought aroused.

And so Bill Smith, the wight of yesterday, Emerging from the tempest's fury, housed A new ambition, and from thence became An honor and a glory and a name.

Lies away, and the "fire-music" continues until the eve."

## SOCIAL GATE

The dear, sweet boys are coming on  
To make their "debbys" in society.  
For joy the ladies all will shout,  
To view this masculine variety.  
Oh, there'll be pleasure to satiety,  
With soft curled darlings all about.  
Farewell, decorous, stern sobriety!

The dear, sweet boys are coming on!

**D**OAN BORUP is coming out. He is one of this season's society buds, and he made his debut in grandly imposing fashion at the reception given a short time ago by Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Delfield, to introduce their daughter, Miss Agnes Delfield. There has been such a very great deal said about the pretty girls who are being presented this season, that the "boys" are becoming jealous, and declare that the reason of their non-appearance at so many social functions is that they do not receive enough encouragement to come out. But may be that is not the case, for he has dethroned himself on more than one startling occasion. For instance, he has set the fashion among the "jeunesse dorée" of St. Louis society by appearing at a recent Dutch supper given by a young society matron of the West End, in a suit of solid black, with well-fitting bell-skirted frock coat. The coat was close-buttoned to Mr. Borup's firm, determined chin, so that to the casual observer, he would appear to be in deepest mourning. Mr. Borup has naturally a facial expression of haunting sadness—not to say solemnity—and this, in conjunction with his languid step and somber apparel, immediately impressed his hostess with the conviction that he had very recently lost some near and dear relatives. The sympathetic young matron much concerned, was about to ask for a word of quiet explanation, but, prefer her own silence, when young Borup had opened his flood gates. The explanation was never given, and the condolences were unuttered. Only young, unmarried ladies were invited.

Mrs. Stickney will give a third reception Monday afternoon to her friends in South St. Louis society. Mrs. Adolphus Busch will be the guest of honor.

## Miss Rumsey's Debut.

**A**MONG the most fashionable events of the past week was the big reception given Wednesday from 3 to 5 o'clock by Mrs. L. M. Rumsey to introduce her beautiful young daughter, Miss Evadne Rumsey. The house where Rumsey resides on the southeast corner of Morgan street and Grand avenue was elaborately decorated with pink carnations, roses, ferns and smilax. In the drawing-room masses of fragrant carnations, intermingled with maidenhair ferns, were banked about the fireplace and mantel, while smilax and pink ribbons were festooned in the doorways and about the chandeliers. In the center and at the four corners of the dining-room table were heavy clusters of pink carnations tied with quantities of rose-colored ribbon. In the library, Misses Louise Espenshied and Mimi Smith served punch from dainty little table garnished with ribbon and smilax. Misses Louise Filley and Lily Belle Pierce poured chocolate in the music-room.

Some of the guests on this occasion were: Misses—  
Edith Francisca,  
Anne Curry,  
Nell Bell,  
William Berthold,  
Clara Bain,  
May Lewis,  
Josephine Cobb,  
Alice Rodin,  
Nina Lucas,  
Mesdames—  
Edith Cooper,  
Fred Roach,  
Dumont Jones,  
Otto Vornet,  
Andrew Warren,  
Lucide Howard,  
Josephine Cobb,  
Henry Lewis,  
Conselman,  
Harry Ellit,  
John Hartigan,  
Seth Cobb.

## Miss Cobb's Luncheon.

**T**UESDAY afternoon at 2 o'clock Miss Josephine Cobb gave an elaborate luncheon at the West End Hotel to a circle of intimate friends. The table, laid with covers for fourteen guests, was artistically decorated in red and white. In the center stood a cluster of giant American beauty roses, while at each place was laid a flat bouquet of Carnot roses, tied with white ribbon. The guest cards were decorated with Gibson sketches and tied with red and white ribbon. Eleven courses were served. Among the young ladies present were Misses Mimi Berthold, Clara Bain, Irene Bond, Edith Francisca, Louise Espenshied, Jessie Wright, Irene Kelley, Felicia Judson and Miss Jamison. Mrs. Seth Cobb presided.

## Fun at Mary Institute.

**N**INETEEN-EIGHTY'S class, Mary Institute, is being feted and dined to a tremendous extent this year, and since the first suggestion of winter blew upon us there have been dinners, luncheons and teas galore, in honor of the pretty school girls. Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Sears will give an afternoon tea in the near future to them, and the class officers are preparing for a grand spread.

Yesterday (Saturday) afternoon Miss Alice Mary Lee gave a reception to her classmates and a large number of friends. The decorations were in the Mary Institute colors, white and gold, with roses, carnations and ribbon used in carrying out the color scheme.

The members of the class all wore knots of yellow and white ribbon, fastened by waves of raven hair.

Bondu Carton, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Carton, will return from Cornell University next Friday, in order to be present at his debut ball. He is a lovely blonde, whose sun-kissed hair frames a face of haunting sweetness.

Dr. Philip Skrakina, a brilliant young medico, who is reputed to be the most vigorously athletic man in the West End, has promised to give a grand debut ball in the near future. Dr. Skrakina is an indefatigable walker, talker, dancer and skater.

Louis Rumsey, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Rumsey, is one of the most patriotic boys in America. His delicate face, with its expression of infantile innocence, is surrounded by a halo of radiant hair. And he is strangely becoming to military apparel.

Dave O'Neill and John Terry are "twin cherries moulded on a single stem." They are alike witty, pretty and popular.

Bissell Ware, son of his father, is a graceful willowy figure, with superb shoulders, and a beautiful, classic head, created with a thatch of dusty poster-like hair. He is a great lover of foot ball and fatteries.

Lucas Turner is rapidly becoming the belle of the 400. He is in fact noted for his disposition to do things—or—rapidly. He wears a close-fitting cap of burnished copper hair and paints very prettily in water colors.

Albert Lambert, son of the head of the Lambert Pharmacal Company, was presented to St. Louis society this year, at the V. P. ball. He is blonde and clever—blonde enough to attract attention and clever enough to maintain a reputation for lofty tactfulness.

Among the other fascinating debutantes of 1897-98 are Horace Rumsey, Taylor Stickney, Harry Sprague, Charlie Noel, "Patsy" Morrison, Jo Kirkbride, Harry Farrar, Trabul Pittman, Lee Benolet, Dave Boyd, Jo Dickson, Eddie Butler, Capt. Corkery, Pierre Clauette, James Birge, Lee Lee, Selden Spencer, Ed Mallinckrodt, Lucien Carr and James Bryson.

**M**R. STICKNEY'S Two Receptions.

**A** DELIGHTFUL tea was given by Mrs. Stickney at her home of 335 Morgan street, Friday afternoon from 3 to 5 o'clock, to her friends in the West End of St. Louis. Only ladies in this part of the city were invited, and Mrs. Stickney was assisted in receiving her guests by Mrs. John E. Thompson, Mrs. L. M. Rumsey, Mrs. Charles Gauss, Mrs. N. G. Pierce, Mrs. Ed Pierce, Mrs. Arthur Gale, Mrs. O. H. Peckham and Mrs. Lewis Bierman. Misses Julia Moore and Grace Massey poured chocolate and Misses Florence Bierman and Evadne Rumsey served cafe frappe. The decorations were in pink and green tints, masses of bride-maid roses, day-break carnations and tropical plants being used in the drawing-rooms and library. The dining-room was illuminated by crimson-shaded electric lights and myriads of fairy lamps. Streamers of red satin ribbon with ropes of smilax were festooned from the ceiling.

S IN THE MISSOURI METROPOLIS.  
ACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN."

PHOTOGRAPH OF MARGARET WENDELL BAY,

SOPRANO SOLOIST ST. MARK'S CHURCH CHOIR.

**M**ARGARET WENDELL BAY was 10 years old last August. She is the daughter of Joseph L. Bay, accountant of the School Board. Her grandfather, Gen. Samuel Mansfield Bay, was Missouri's Attorney-General under two Governors successively. Her mother's father was Dr. W. A. Cantwell of Little Rock and was a lineal descendant of the Cantwell who, with twelve others, came over in the ship with Capt. John Smith and held his Virginia lands by a colonial grant of Charles I of England. Margaret's mother is a fine musician and the little girl is growing up in an atmosphere of culture and talent.

7. In what does Macbeth see the ghost of Banquo and not the ghost of Duncan?  
8. How do you explain Macbeth's hesitancy before the murder, and his resolute energy and audacity about everything afterwards? What is the cause of the great change in the will power of Macbeth?  
9. What is the difference between Lady Macbeth and the two sisters in "King Lear"?  
10. What breaks Macbeth down at last? Is it the failure of the prophet or something else? Find the passage illustrating it.

7. In what does Macbeth's punishment consist? What one word says it all?

8. Is there anything grand about Macbeth himself, which makes you admire him even when he is most in ruins?

9. Which is the most real character, Macbeth or Lady Macbeth? Which one has the most spirit and which one is nearer the brute?

10. Why does Lady Macbeth walk in her sleep, but not see ghosts, like Macbeth?

13. What really broke Lady Macbeth down at the end? Was it the same cause which broke down Macbeth himself?

14. What was the punishment meted out to Lady Macbeth? What is the same that came to Macbeth, the man?

15. Banquo: Was he, too, ambitious? What

how do you explain his bravery in battle; if he was not a coward, how do you explain his health and scruples?

12. Why does Lady Macbeth walk in her sleep, but not see ghosts, like Macbeth?

13. What really broke Lady Macbeth down at the end? Was it the same cause which broke down Macbeth himself?

14. What was the punishment meted out to Lady Macbeth? What is the same that came to Macbeth, the man?

15. Banquo: Was he, too, ambitious? What

## EVENTS OF THIS WEEK IN ST. LOUIS SOCIETY.

	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY AND SATURDAY.
Dances.....	Dance by the Misses Swifts at 2307 Washington avenue.	Ball by Mr. and Mrs. Knapp to their daughter, Miss Genevieve Knapp, at Maher's on Olive street.	Third dance by the "Stag Club" at Maher's on Olive street.	Friday.	First dance by the Friday Club at Jas. Maher's.
Receptions and Luncheons.....	Luncheon by Mrs. Dan Catlin to twelve young ladies.	Informal "at home" by Mrs. Henry Simek.	Reception by Mrs. Bryan, wife of Westmoreland place.	SATURDAY.	Informal dance by Mrs. J. C. Van Biarcom.
Clubs.....	Mrs. Chas. Elmers, ten, 23rd and Locust, to the Misses Chase.	Mrs. Wm. A. Stickney, reception to ladies of the South Side.	Luncheon by Mrs. Andrew Warren to Miss Evadne Rumsey and Miss Kelley of Minneapolis.	FRIDAY.	Tea by Mrs. Philip Crow at 4423 Forest Park.
	Chart Club, at home of Mrs. Geo. D. Barnard, 47 Vandeventer place, 11 a. m.	Chart Club at home of Mrs. George D. Barnard, 47 Vandeventer place, 11 a. m.	Chart Club at home of Mrs. George D. Barnard, 47 Vandeventer place, 11 a. m.	Young Ladies' Wrist Club, organized by Misses Barnes, 2 p. m.	Informal dance by Mrs. W. H. McAllister and Miss Amelia McAllister.
	Wrist party by members of Union Club, 8 p. m.	Wrist party by members of Union Club, 8 p. m.	Knights of Macabees concert at Music Hall, 8 p. m.	Meeting of Comus Euchre Club at home of Mrs. W. H. McAllister, 2 p. m.	Meeting of Comus Euchre Club at home of Mrs. W. H. McAllister, 2 p. m.
	P. Meeting of Comus Euchre Club at home of Mrs. Edgar Tilson, 8 p. m.	P. Meeting of Comus Euchre Club at home of Mrs. Edgar Tilson, 8 p. m.	Meeting of Common Euchre Club at home of Mrs. W. H. McAllister, 8 p. m.	Meeting of Comus Euchre Club at home of Mrs. W. H. McAllister, 8 p. m.	Meeting of Comus Euchre Club at home of Mrs. W. H. McAllister, 8 p. m.
	P. Knights of Macabees concert at Music Hall, 8 p. m.	P. Meeting of Comus Euchre Club at home of Mrs. Edgar Tilson, 8 p. m.	Meeting of Common Euchre Club at home of Mrs. W. H. McAllister, 8 p. m.	SATURDAY.	Meeting of Comus Euchre Club at home of Mrs. W. H. McAllister, 8 p. m.
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"I crawled swiftly and silently through the barberry bushes surrounding the summer-house—crawled like a snake. I pushed aside the delicate leaves of the hops, and then I listened."

**A**MONG numerous qualities of that fantastically heroic Pole, Henryk Sienkiewicz, there is an ability for describing dueling scenes. Those who are familiar and remember duels and fights described by the two foremost romantic writers—Walter Scott and Alexander Dumas—will agree that there is nothing like the duels described by Sienkiewicz in "The Deluge," "By Fire and Sword," and "Tartar." To-day we give to our readers a story taken from his volume, "Our Servant and Other Tales," and we affirm that the pages selected for our readers are absolutely the most beautiful ever written by Sienkiewicz. They are full of sublime beauty, of somber and vigorous pathos and admirable intensity of coloring:

It will add to the interest if we will tell that this story is taken from Sienkiewicz's own life. Sienkiewicz was born, not as erroneously is reported in Lithuania, but in the Podlasie district called Podlaskie, in 1846. Tartars settled as far back as the sixteenth century. They preserved their Mahometan religion. There are some very wealthy among them—previously they were Tartarian "muzas" or noblemen—princes. Among those Tartars in Podlaskie there was one very wealthy one called Mirza Davidowicz. His estate was situated near Sienkiewicz's father's estate. Selim, one of the heroes of the novel, is the son of that old Mirza Davidowicz. The other hero, Hania, is Sienkiewicz himself.

CRAWLED swiftly and silently through the barberry bushes surrounding the summer-house—crawled like a snake—and approached the wall. Then I could see and hear everything. I pushed aside the delicate leaves of the hops, and then I listened.

"Somebody is here," I heard in Hania's quiet voice.

"No! it is the rustling of the leaves," answered Selim. I looked at them through the green foliage. Selim sat beside her on a low bench. She was as pale as a sheet and her eyes were closed; her head rested on his shoulder. He clasped his arms about her waist and tenderly embraced her.

"I love, Hania! I love! love!" he repeated in a whisper, striving to kiss her. She retreated, but nevertheless their mouths met and remained thus joined, pressed together, for a long time; ah! it seemed to me that they told each other everything by those kisses. A kind of bashfulness closed their lips. They had courage enough to kiss, but not to converse.

I leaned against the wall of the summer-house—darkness covered my eyes, my head swam and the earth seemed slipping from beneath my feet into an infinite depth. But I wished to listen further, though it cost me my life, and by a supreme effort I regained command over myself, and, breathing in the air through fever-parched lips, I remained.

"I believe you, I believe you, Selim, but I am afraid of Henryk. I don't understand him. They want to send me away—they think he is in love with me. I don't know, but I feel that he will be an obstacle between you and me, and I"—And she finished in a whisper.

"I love you, very, very dearly!"

"Listen, Hania," said Selim, "there is no human power which could separate us. If Henryk forbids me to come here, I will write to you. I will come in the direction of the pond. Come to the garden every evening at dusk. If they wish to send you away I will not allow it, as there is a God in Heaven!"

He seized her hands and pressed them passionately to his lips. She sprang from the bench.

"I hear somebody coming!" she exclaimed in fear.

They went out, though nobody was coming. The rays of the setting sun threw a golden glare over them, and this glare seemed to me to be blood-red.

Before I could believe that I had lost Hania's heart I felt that I must have absolute power, and now that I had this proof a burden seemed to drop from my heart; now misfortune raised its helmet; and I gazed on its icy face—into its stony eyes—and then, in place of the feeling of uncertainty regarding my happiness, there arose in my heart a feeling a hundred times worse—the feeling of impotency, and of not knowing how to fight him.

My heart was full of bitterness and wrath. The voice of sacrifice which before had cried: "Give up Hania for the sake of her happiness!" was now silent. Some new actuating power, whose name was vengeance, awakened in my heart. I hated them both. I will stake my life—I thought: "I will stake everything in this world that one can value, but I will not permit them to be happy. I found a mission in life; the horizon grew brighter, and when I returned home I was almost entirely quiet and collected. In the drawing-room Hania and Selim were sitting with the rest of the company.

It was not true! I had not hated her! I was suddenly taken ill. The old servant Wenskowska was there crying.

# THE "DUE"

BY  
Henryk Sienkiewicz.

TRANSLATED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT FOR THE ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH.

"Where is Panienka?" I asked impatiently.

"Panienka went to the garden." I rushed into the garden.

"Hania! Hania! We must be going."

Silence.

"Hania! Hania!"

The only answer was the uneasy rustling of the leaves under the first breath of the storm. A few big drops of rain fell, and then silence again.

"Hania! Hania!"

For a moment it seemed to me that I heard an answer at the other end of the garden. I breathed again. "What an ass I am!" I thought, as I ran in the direction from which the voice came. I did not find anything or anybody.

On this side the garden was surrounded by a high fence, separating it from the field in which the shepherd watched the sheep. I called to him.

"Ignac."

Ignac doffed his cap and came to the fence.

"Have you seen Panienka?"

"I have seen her. Only a while ago Panienka went riding."

"What? Where did she ride?"

"Toward the forest, with the Panicz of Chorzel. Oh! they were driving as fast as the horses would go."

"Jesus! Mary! Hania has eloped with Selim!"

Everything grew black before my eyes, and suddenly a lightning flash seemed to dart through my brain. I remembered Hania's uneasiness—the letter I had seen

on the edge of the forest.

"What does this mean?"

"I will explain to you to-morrow. Do you understand? To-morrow at 6 o'clock."

The next day at 6 o'clock I was at the edge of the forest and found Selim ready waiting for me. Riding there I had promised myself solemnly that I would tell him.

"What do you wish to tell me?" asked Selim.

"I wish to tell you that I know everything. You love Hania and she loves you. Mirza, you behaved shamefully, taking Hania's heart in a snare."

Selim became pale; he was wild with anger. He drew so near to me that our horses touched each other.

"Why? Measure your words!"

"In the first place, because you are a Mohammedan, and she is a Christian—you can't marry her."

"I shall change my religion."

"Your father will not permit you to do so."

"Oh, he shall, and then!"

"Then there are other obstacles. Even though you were to change your religion, neither my father nor I will give Hania to you. Do you understand?"

"I will not ask you for her. Do you understand in your turn?"

I was still quiet, keeping for the last the news of Hania's departure.

"Not only she will not be yours," I said quietly, laying stress on every word, "but you shall never see her again. I know you will write her, but I will watch and your messenger shall be flogged. You shall not come to our home any more. I forbid you!"

"We shall see," he answered, panting with anger, "and now let me speak in my turn. It is not I but you who are acting shamefully. I asked you if you loved her, and you answered no. I wished to withdraw and you rejected my sacrifice. Who is guilty? You were lying when you said you did not love her. Out of foolishness and egotistical pride you were ashamed to own that you loved her. You loved her so well. I loved her openly. You poisoned her life; I tried to make her happy. Who is guilty?"

"I shall always love you," he said.

"Your father will not permit you to do so."

"Then there are other obstacles. Even though you were to change your religion, neither my father nor I will give Hania to you. Do you understand?"

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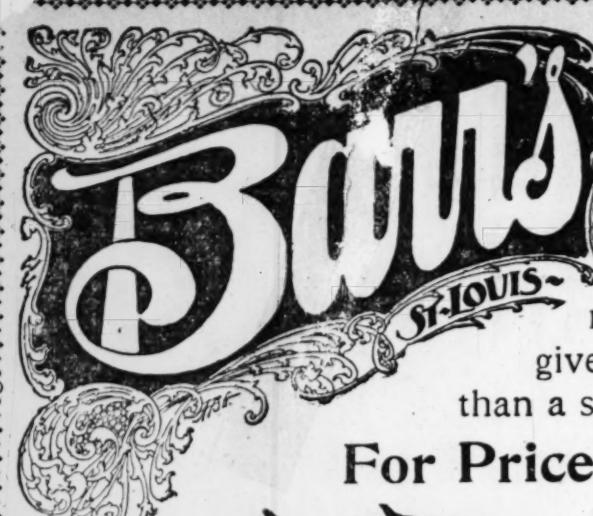
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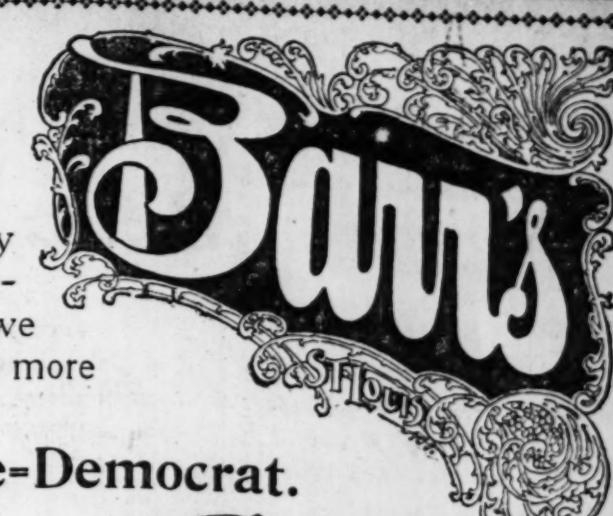




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Sale Begins To-Morrow in Cloth Department, Second Floor. There'll Be BARGAINS FOR EVERYBODY.

## S U I T S

**GROUND FLOOR.**

## ART GOODS.

### IN MILLINERY DEPARTMENT.

Every lady wants an Ostrich Boa for a Christmas present.

50 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$3.98.

50 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$3.98.

75 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$3.98.

95 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$3.98.

112 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, a bargain, \$7.98.

112 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$7.98.

130 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$9.25.

150 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$10.00.

170 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

180 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

190 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

200 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

210 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

220 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

230 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

240 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

250 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

260 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

270 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

280 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

290 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

300 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

310 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

320 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

330 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

340 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

350 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

360 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

370 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

380 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

390 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

400 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

410 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

420 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

430 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

440 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

450 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

460 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

470 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

480 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

490 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

500 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

510 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

520 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

530 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

540 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

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570 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

580 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

590 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

600 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

610 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

620 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

630 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

640 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

650 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

660 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

670 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

680 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

690 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

700 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

710 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

720 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

730 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

740 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

750 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

760 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

770 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

780 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

790 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

800 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

810 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

820 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

830 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

840 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

850 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

860 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

870 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

880 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

890 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

900 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

910 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

920 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

930 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

940 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

950 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

960 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

970 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

980 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

990 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

1000 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

1010 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

1020 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

1030 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

1040 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

1050 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

1060 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.50.

1070 Black Ostrich Boas, 1 yard long, \$12.

"Kortkamp's—Established 1849—Almost 50 years of honest trading—Your patronage our reward."

# PRINCELY GIFTS!

## Holiday Buyers



Genuine Diamond Rings, \$12.00.



Solid Gold Cameo Rings, \$5.00.



Solid Gold Rings, \$4.00.



Solid Gold Rings, Plain, \$3.75; Plain, Heavy, \$6.00; Six-Diamond, \$8.00.



Genuine Diamond Rings, \$7.00.

**E. H. KORTKAMP JEWELRY CO.**

612—N. BROADWAY—612

EVERYBODY WILL EAT.

THE PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION WILL OPEN ITS 1-CENT RESTAURANT NEXT WEEK.

CAN FEED 60 DAYS ON A \$5 BILL

One Young Man, Out of a Job, Did This Last Year With a Poorer Bill of Fare.

BLIND AND RHEUMATIC PUG.  
Mr. Hollister Wants to Find the Pug, So as to End Its Mystery.

If any resident of the West End finds a poor, blind, deaf, rheumatic and generally decrepit pug dog lurking about the back doors of his premises these cold days, he will confer a great favor upon the pug and also upon Mr. W. C. Hollister of 430 Delaware street by bringing the dog to its owner, Mrs. Hollister.

The pug, which was lost Wednesday, was a most unfortunate pet, and its cure of canine misery was filled when it strayed out of the back yard of the Hollister residence Wednesday to become the prey of bigger dogs, unfeeling boys and savage men. It was captured, however, by Mr. Hollister, who has been the pampered pet of the Hollister household since it was a puppy. Mr. Hollister was especially attached to it.

"I began possession of him," said Mr. Hollister, "I will end his days painlessly by a dose of morphine. He had, in a measure, become a nuisance to the family at home, because of his fits of awake at night by his barking, but when the boy who found him spot in my heart for him, and I hate to think of him being lost somewhere in this weather, I have decided to treat him well." That is my only desire for the return, to place him forever beyond the possibility of such a fate."

HE SENDS IT FREE  
Never Failing Remedy That Makes a Man Young Again.  
TRUE MANLINESS QUICKLY REPLACES THE WORN OUT NERVES AND VIGOR.

When a man's strength and vigor is shortly wanting away from nervous weakness, the mortal torments are ten times worse than the most severe pain. There is no let up to the mortal suffering day or night. For years the writer rolled and tossed the troubled sea of nervous debility, Emerson, Back and the various other troubles of Sex. Writing and reading, and the like, were the chief causes of the trouble. He had a question whether he had not better take a dose of poison and thus end all his troubles. But the prevailing aspiration came to his aid in the shape of a combination of remedies that completely restored his general health and enlarged his weak, emaciated parts to natural size and vigor, and he now declares that any man, young or old, who will take the trouble to send his name and address may have free full participation in this wonderful home treatment, which quickly restored me to full strength and vigor of youth. Now when I say free, mean absolutely with out cost, because I want every weakened man to get the benefit of my experience.

There are thousands of men suffering the mental tortures of weakened manhood who would be cured as soon as could they but get such a remedy as this one that cured me. Send for it, and learn that there are a few things on earth, although they cost nothing, that are worth a fortune to some of us.

Past experience has taught the association that patients must be required to pay in advance. They will keep the name and address of the ticket-seller at the door. He will then go to the manager at the table and give up his ticket for his name.

Dr. Finney wants it understood, too, that

We find our great stock a gorgeous array of all that is beautiful and brilliant. At no season of the year is it possible for us to please you as now.

## The Very Lowest Prices

Prevail throughout our store. You can purchase from us for much less than elsewhere.

## 1000 Beautiful Presents

Await your selection—something suitable for every member of the family.

## Amazing and Marvelous

IS OUR ASSORTMENT OF FINE JEWELRY.

### Silver and Gold Novelties.

### Diamonds and Watches.

### Clocks and Silverware.

### Umbrellas and Canes.

**SPECIAL—THIS WEEK ONLY.**

**SOLID SILVER** Handsome Teaspoons ..... \$3.50 set  
Handsomes Tablespoons ..... \$10.00 set

REMEMBER THE NAME, NUMBER AND PLACE.

OPEN EVENINGS TILL 9.

Make your selections now.  
We will lay them aside until Xmas.

ESTEY.....PIANOS.

DECKER BROTHERS' PIANOS.

## "Music Hath Charms"

And what could or would charm a lady more than a sweet-toned, handsome

## ESTEY PIANO

(THE STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE)

## FOR A HOLIDAY PRESENT?

WE WILL SELL YOU A

## PIANO

ON EASY TIME PAYMENTS.



....THE BEST...  
PIANO  
IN THE CITY FOR \$200.

## How Much More Happy and Joyful Christmas Will Be

If you present your family with a beautiful Piano—it will not embarrass your bank account at all, and our easy payment plan makes it an easy task and a pleasant purchase. Call and see us about it.

ESTEY.....PIANOS.

THE ESTEY CO.

916 OLIVE STREET.

OPEN EVENINGS TILL CHRISTMAS.

916 OLIVE STREET.

## USEFUL and ORNAMENTAL SCARRITT HOLIDAY GIFTS

Desks.

Easy Chairs.

Morris Chairs.

Tables.

Ladies' Desks.  
Chiffoniers.

Dressing Tables.

Cheval Mirrors.

Cabinets.

## PLAIN and FINE FURNITURE COMSTOCK

We Have the Newest and Prettiest Stock, and at Lowest Prices Ever Made.

FOURTH and LOCUST--6 Floors

by the children of the Sunday-school of the Mt. Cabanne Christian Church, at King's highway and West Morgan street.

Donations for the poor will be received at the Wagoner Place Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Christmas Eve.

Superintendent John H. Roth of the Sunday-school of the Biddle Market Mission, at Fifteenth and Carr streets, has arranged a unique programme for the celebration of Christmas.

A unique entertainment will take place at Rev. Frank G. Tyrrell's church, the Central Christian, at 3619 Finney avenue. The entire membership of the Sunday-school, young and old, will participate in a grand march, each bearing a gift for the children of the Christian Orphans' Home. Each class will bring gifts appropriate to the four seasons of the year. A class of boys will hold aloft at the ends of sticks huge pumpkins, hollowed out, with the class letters cut through the sides, and set off by the light of burning candles. Father Time, the little New Year and the Four Seasons will be personated in the march and a scene of angels, represented as in the heavens singing praises to God, will be arranged by Miss Ethel Allen. After this a Christmas cantata will be rendered, with Miss Ross as organist.

The Afternoon Sunday-school of the Centenary Methodist Episcopal Church, South will hold Christmas services on the evening of Dec. 28. A cantata, "Mother Goose and Santa Claus," will be the leading feature. There will be songs and recitations and a Christmas tree. Money and provisions will be collected for the poor and everybody has been requested to contribute.

The Morning Sunday-school of Centenary Church will celebrate Christmas on the evening of Dec. 28. There will be songs and recitations and presents will be distributed.

The children of the Christian Orphans' Home, on Aubert avenue, will be made hap-

following afternoon the children of the Sunday-school will entertain the children of the Baptist Orphans' Home and the Children's Hospital, with a program of all kinds.

Christmas eve will mark the celebration to be held by the Sunday-school of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, South, now Avenue and Dayton street. There will be songs and recitations, followed by a Christmas tree.

The Second Presbyterian Church, at Westminster place and Taylor avenue, will hold a song service Monday evening, December 27. Each of the 200 members of the Sunday-school will be asked to contribute for the benefit of the poor.

The Sunday-school of the Compton Heights Christian Church will celebrate Christmas with a cantata, "Santa Claus' Dream.

The Pilgrim Congregational Church, at Elwin and Washington avenues, will hold a Christmas service Sunday, Dec. 26. On the eve of the following Thursday there will be a Christmas tree at the church, and "Santa Claus Expected," a cantata, will be rendered.

Santa Claus will make his appearance Sunday evening, Dec. 26, at the Mount Calvary Episcopal Church, at Grand and Locust streets.

Santa Claus and presents will be the main features of the entertainment to be given

at the Niedringhaus Memorial Mission, at Seventh street and Cass avenue. The exercises will take place on Christmas Eve, for many of the children are so poor that they will have no other present to gladden their hearts but those they receive on that occasion. The primary department and members of the Junior Epworth League will give programs and sing.

The Second Presbyterian Church, at Westminster place and Taylor avenue, will hold a song service Monday evening, December 27. Each of the 200 members of the Sunday-school will be asked to contribute for the benefit of the poor.

The Sunday-school of the Compton Heights Christian Church will celebrate Christmas with a cantata, "Santa Claus' Dream.

Trinity Episcopal Church, at Channing and Franklin avenues, will celebrate Hopewell Sunday evening, Dec. 26. There will be a solemn procession of acolytes with torches, followed by a vesper service. After the carols are sung there will be a Christmas tree, and presents will be distributed in the choir room.

Rheumatism, Winter's Terror!

Cold, damp and disagreeable weather is dreaded by those subject to Rheumatism, for the slightest change in the atmosphere or temperature is sure to increase their suffering. A great many who experience little discomfort from Rheumatism during the summer are likely to believe themselves rid of the disease, but with the first cold, damp day, their aches and pains return, and soon they find themselves firmly in the grasp of their old enemy, who tortures them more than ever.

"Several years ago I was afflicted with what the doctors called Sciatic Rheumatism or Lumbago, suffering the most intense agony at times and being confined to my bed about a year,

although four of the best physicians of whom was my father) attended me during my illness. They could give me only temporary relief, and I think they tried about all of the remedies known to medical science,

dosing me with strong medicines until my stomach got in such a condition that I could digest nothing, and neither myself nor friends had any hope of my recovery. I was persuaded to S. S. S. and before finishing this fine bottle, I found that I had the right remedy.

"I continued to take it until it cured me perfectly. This was J. E. MASON, Murfreesboro, Tenn.

If you have Rheumatism, why not throw aside remedies which have done you no good, and take one that will cure you?

Disappointment never results from the use of Swift's Specific;

it always cures Rheumatism because it is a real blood remedy and goes down to the bottom of the trouble and forces it from the system.

Every claim made for S. S. S. is based upon what it has already done—cures actually made—for many who were

in bad condition as you, perhaps. S. S. S. is the only

blood remedy guaranteed purely vegetable; one thousand dollars will be paid to any chemist who can find in it a particle of po-

isonic, mercury or any other mineral or chemical ingredient.

Valuable books sent free by Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.



Great Reduction in Opera Glasses ..... \$4.50 UP

Big Assortment—All Styles.



Ladies' elegant and handsomely engraved Elegance Watch Jeweled with Gold or Diamonds. Never sold so low before—a regular Klondike find-only \$10.00

Opposite Grand-Leader, Next to Siegel-Hillman's



Ladies' Exquisite HK Gold-Filled, Jeweled Eighth or Watchman Watch, positively a gem of the jeweler's art—warranted for 20 years only \$12.00

Opposite Grand-Leader, Next to Siegel-Hillman's



Opposite Grand-Leader, Next to Siegel-Hillman's

## SHIPS AND GUNS; WAR OF CONQUEST.

These Are the Topics That  
Fill the Kaiser's Mind.

### PARLIAMENT SNEERED AT.

RICHTER DECLARES THAT THE  
BODY IS UTTERLY DEVOID  
OF INFLUENCE.

### TIMES LIKE THOSE OF 1815.

The German Schools and Scientific In-  
stitutions Starved That More  
Batteries May Be Added  
to the Artillery.

### SPECIAL CABLE TO THE POST-DISPATCH.

Copyright by the Press Publishing Company, 1897.  
BERLIN, Dec. 11.—"Where in the civil-  
ized world is there a Parliament so en-  
slaved, so devoid of influence, as the Ger-  
man?"

This was the bitter question hurled by Richter on the floor of the Reichstag in Berlin to a bunch full of Imperial officials. It was part of a vigorous speech directed against the proposal of the German Government to make a large increase in the navy. The state of things in political Germany is not encouraging to the friends of liberty because it is but too plain that the power on high is disposed to interfere. The Government controls so much patronage and so much of the press that when it chooses to sound the jingo bugle there is little power to oppose it. There is little doubt that the naval bill will pass because Liberal members of the Reichstag have assumed me that they could not afford to make an issue on a matter where patriotism might be involved.

The real constitutional struggle will be made on a question of strictly domestic interest where the Jingoes will not be able to secure the issue by talking of national prestige; for instance the fight may come over the judicial procedure in military cases. This would be of slight importance in our country but in Germany, where every man is more or less subject to military discipline it makes a powerful difference to him whether court-martial is to be with or without the protection of constitutional safeguards. At present these courts are somewhat secret and the accused is much limited in his right to examine witnesses.

The Government has promised a better law on the subject, but so far as I can see the new one is little better than the old. It appears to have been drafted in the barracks and to leave in the hands of the General Staff the question of determining the manner in which the trial shall be conducted. A political fight on an issue of this sort will be interesting and we need not wait long for it.

The state of Europe to-day is indeed very much as it was in 1815, after Napoleon had been defeated at St. Helena when a handful of divinely anointed sovereigns sat in a European trust, whose business it was to smother liberal sentiment wherever it might appear. In 1815 the European combination was violently disrupted by a series of revolutions in Paris, Berlin, Vienna and the other minor points. In that year French and German statesmen, so Germans and English. Since that time the gospel of hatred has dominated and universal mankind seems to have become an object of oppression little else of the men who first conceived it. Germany, which used to be regarded as the moral factor in the European balance, has had its adventure in the far East and talks of foreign war as lightly as did Imperial France.

More recently, in the Berlin Royal Library, a manuscript was discovered which appeared to be anything but fire-proof. The Librarian said sadly: "We petition the God of heaven to give us better quarters, but they need all the money for the army and cannot spare any for us."

The German schools and scientific institutions have been starved so that more batteries may be added to the artillery.

The last six months have been filled with most startling railway accidents in Germany, nearly all which have been traced to penurious treatment at the hands of the Government. Examples like these can be adduced to explain where the surprise is drawn from the fact that the ironclads and subsidize unprofitable colonies.

But the popular struggle that was smothered in 1815 and again in 1848 is breaking out afresh where least expected. Poland is still more than a political power. The Slavs, who have been so long in giving one another comfort, and we may soon hear that the Bohemians will do the same, are now making war upon their enemy, have made common cause with the Poles of Austria, Germany and Russia for the achievement of independence.

Hungary, by the exercise of remarkable sagacity and military bravery, has now come into the front rank in the Danube country, and it remains but a question of standing between the Slavs and the Magyars for Austria to disappear from Europe.

The burning questions, after all, are those involving the undoing of what was done by the so-called Holy Alliance of 1815.

POULTNEY BIGELOW,

GREAT CAESAR'S CLAY.

Might Stop a Hole to Keep the Wind  
Away.

Yes, or a great potter could make a gem in china that would outlive many Caesars. The modern home attains its greatest attractiveness when it becomes truly "The House Beautiful." In no way does its attractiveness surpass that of the expression of the individuality of the owner than in the wonderful creations of the potter. He has the opportunity of expressing more fully the individuality of the owner than in the wonderland of the imagination. When he has done so, however, he has the wide choice that is offered by the Merrell & Jackson Co., 101 Broadway, corner Locust, England, France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Denmark and Japan have come into the market with their famed potters to make a certain article before in St. Louis, M. I., possibly in America. The range of prices is great. Some dainty pieces cost but two dollars, so on up by easy steps, to the thousand mark. As most pieces have no duplicate, critical buyers should make early selection.

HE ASKS \$2,000 FOR DOG BITES.

Young Otto Houri Sues Anna Maria Kaenter for Damages.

Otto C. Houri, by his next friend, Mary Houri, filed suit yesterday in Clayton for \$2,000 damages against Anna Maria Kaenter.

The plaintiff in his petition states that on Oct. 29 he was employed by Lucy Lyles Bros., grocers at 51 Franklin avenue, and that in attempting to deliver some goods at the residence of Otto Houri on Big Bend road he was bitten in three places on the left leg by a vicious dog.

He declares that the injuries he received were so incapacitated him for work since that date.

## SENSIBLE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS!

### Choice Bric-a-Brac

From Every Country Under the Sun.

Royal Worcester!  
Royal Dresden!  
Royal Bonn!  
Royal Vienna!  
Royal Sevres!

Prices are marked in PLAIN FIGURES at  
LOWEST PRICES ever made! Many of these  
choice samples are marked at 75% less  
than they can be bought for now, on account  
of change in tariff.

### FOR HOME & FRIENDS

### Rich Cut Glass!

We do not confine ourselves  
to any one maker.

Every Pattern and Style  
desirable is shown by us, embrac-  
ing every article, big or  
little.

Prices to Suit Every Purse.



### Rare Specimens

Of Pottery, many samples of European  
manufactures never before shown.

Old Hungarian!  
Old Ginori Faience!  
Old Delft Ware!  
Old Denmark

### Porcelain!

Many of these could not be duplicated at  
any cost, the modelers and artists making  
but one of each. Just what all connoisseurs  
desire.



### Triple Cut Glass!

Not the ordinary kind, but the  
Satin Finish, Fire Polished  
and Brilliant Article.

Over \$25,000 worth now on  
display for your inspection.

Take Time by the Forelock

### Dinner Sets! Game Sets! Fish Sets! Soup Sets, Etc.

Two immense floors crowded  
with the latest and best in 1897  
styles and decorations

### English Dinner Sets

\$8.50, \$12.00, \$15.00,  
\$18.00 to \$35.00.

### American Dinner Sets

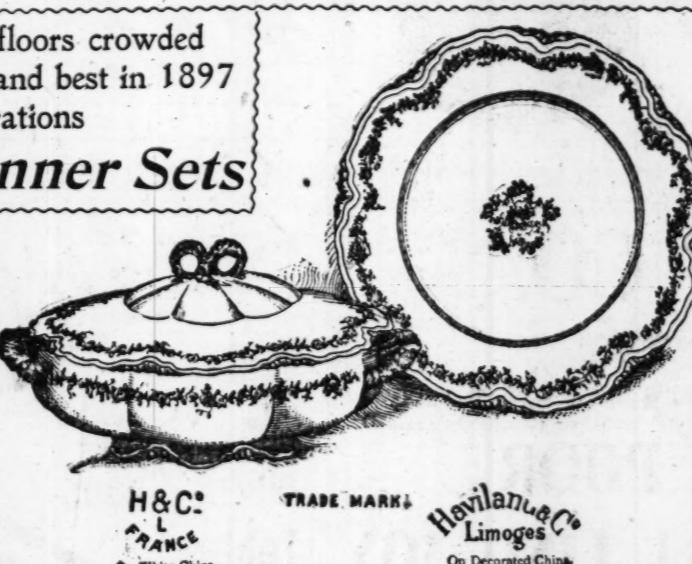
At Any Price Desired.

### German China

Dinner Sets,  
\$18.00, \$22.50, \$27.50,  
\$35.00 to \$100.00.

### French China

Dinner Sets,  
\$26.00, \$29.50, \$35.00,  
\$45.00 to \$500.00.



### For Holiday Presents!

Nothing is more acceptable  
than one of these

Fish Sets, 20 styles,  
Prices, \$9.00, \$12.50,  
\$16.50, \$25.00, \$35.00  
to \$200.00.

Game Sets, 15 styles,  
Prices, \$12.00, \$15.00,  
\$18.00 to \$175.00.

Soup Sets,  
\$6.50, \$9, \$15 to \$100.

Salad Sets,  
\$4, \$5, \$7.50 to \$35.

Ice Cream Sets,  
\$3, \$4.75, \$6 to \$75.

Asparagus Sets,  
A Great Variety.

## R. B. GRAY CHINA CO., 312 North Broadway.

### BRADY'S PLEA FAILS.

ADMISSION THAT HE AGREED  
TO DO SOMETHING ILLEGAL  
AVAILS HIM NAUGHT.

### MUST PAY BACK THE \$1,200.

Decision in Favor of the Sedalia Board  
of Trade Rendered by  
Judge Klein.

Judge Klein has overruled Hugh J. Brady's demur to the petition filed by the Sedalia Board of Trade, in the Circuit Court, and decided that Brady still has \$1,200 of the board's money for which he must account.

Brady is now an Election Commissioner  
of the city of St. Louis, appointed by Gov.

Lowell S. Smith. During the last campaign he was chairman of the Democratic Central Committee. In his capacity he was offered \$1,200 by J. H. Butwell and Senator Charles P. Yeater, representing the Missouri Central Railroad, and he agreed to contribute the sum to the voters a lot of literature advertising the merits of Sedalia in connection with the proposed constitutional amendment to prohibit the sale of distilled spirits capital Brady agreed to the proposition.

The Sedalians, somewhat suspicious,

referred it to Ed Butler to receive the money paid it by the chairman of the City Democratic Committee, Mr. Brady. Butler demurred for a time and then relented.

The sum was paid to him, who did the unusual thing of handing to Brady a personal check, now famous, beginning:

"Pay to the order of Hugh J. Brady, twelve thousand dollars."

The impression has been general that

under no circumstances could an action for

recovery of money or property be main-

tained in court under an agreement to

pay a sum of money.

On this point the Judge says:

"I should contract or agree with a per-

son to do a thing, and should not

receive money to be used in doing that;

and if, finding it to be unlawful, I should

neglect or fail to perform my part of the

agreement, and should keep the mon-

ey, it would certainly compel me to re-

fund what I received for the purpose stat-

ed." But the defense in question cannot

be said to have been contrary to public policy.

The defense, in reply, argued that

the agreement was made to pay the mon-

ey to the voters.

Judge Klein said before he ap-

pointed Brady that he had looked care-

fully into the transaction and that he saw

nothing in it.

Judge Klein's opinion, delivered orally,

### CENTRAL AMERICAN UNION.

Great Expectations of the Little Span-  
ish Republics.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 11.—Official information has been received here that the Greater Republics of Central America are about to extend their union so as to give it all the attributes of a sovereign nation. At the present time, however, the Central American Union—Nicaragua, Salvador, and Honduras have a Diet which conducts diplomatic relations with the outer world, while each member of the union is a sovereign state in its own right, and has its own government of internal affairs.

This creates a difficulty in sending ministers

from the United States to Central America.

In view of this, Sec. of State Longworth, representative in Washington of the Greater Republics, wrote to the Secretary of the Diet, asking for authority to state that the Diet, as far as possible, is in accordance with the Constitution of the United States.

Mr. Longworth's letter is as follows:

"Sir:—I have the honor to inform you

that the Central American Union

is a confederation of five states.

It is a confederation of states, not a

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## MISSING FOR SEVEN YEARS.

Court Asked to Declare Evan B. Day Dead.

LIVED AT BONNE TERRE, MO.

HE WAS ONCE PROMINENT IN THE SOUTHEAST AS A CATTLE BUYER.

MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED.

Left \$7,000 Life Insurance Which His Family Now Desires to Collect From Benefit Societies.

Mrs. Lucy Covington, of 207 Wyoming street, this city, will go into court, represented by Attorney James M. Rollins, and ask that her father, Evan B. Day, be declared dead. Dependent upon this legal declaration is life insurance to the amount of \$7,000.

Evan B. Day may be dead, or he may be living in some distant State or foreign country. His relatives believe him dead, but they have no positive proof. His case is a mystery.

For many years the strangely missing man, a wealthy resident of Bonne Terre, Mo., had bought live stock all over the country, and was an extensive shipper to St. Louis market. After the Civil War and among commission men he was as well known in the city as at his home.

In the fall of 1864 Mr. Day became unusually large stock deals pending. He made a shipment to St. Louis and carried away several thousand dollars. This fact was generally known throughout the country surrounding Bonne Terre. The day following his return from St. Louis he left his home early in the morning and traveled across the country on horseback carrying a large sum of money. His purpose was to buy stock en route, and he was not expected to return to his home for several days. A week elapsed and still the stockman was away. The ordinary uneasiness of his family developed into frantic anxiety. They feared he had been a victim of violence.

Search was instituted. The neighborhood was searched, houses were examined, the country for miles and miles around was carefully gone over. At last the searchers found a farm house where Day had gone to die. There early in the afternoon, the farmer said, without giving any information as to his next steps, placed several horses further up the ridge, by the missing stockman, who had been grazing in the woods. The saddle and bridle had been removed. In another part of the woods the saddle was found.

This much of a discovery lead the searchers to believe that Day had made his far distant "organized" town, and other relatives traced the rumor far enough to find that there was no foundation for it. So Attorney Rollins closed his office.

Day's body was found near a stream.

But Evan Day, his wife, and his children, at last gave up hope. They mourned the mis-



1897

## CHRISTMAS ....MENUS.

...MENU...

\$30.00 PER PLATE

...MENU...

30 CENTS PER PLATE

Schrewsbury's Oysters, \$2.00 per hundred.  
Oyster Crab, a Newburg, \$2.00 per quart.  
Russian Caviar, \$5.00 per pound.  
English Sole, a la Marguerite, \$2.00 per pound.  
Brook Trout, \$1.00 per pound.  
Pompano, 25¢ per pound.  
Cucumbers, \$1.00 per dozen.  
Fresh Mushrooms, \$1.00 per pound.  
Fillet of Beef, Larded, 60¢ per pound.  
Wisconsin Stuffed Geese, with Livers, \$4.00 to \$5.00 each.  
German Asparagus, 90¢ per can.  
California Tomatoes, 50¢ to 75¢ dozen.  
Chesapeake Canvas Back Ducks, \$3 each.  
Woodcock, \$9.00 per dozen.  
Individual Salads, "en Aspic," 50¢ per dozen.  
Lettuce—Chicoree—Celery, etc.  
Maraschino Cherries—Strawberries, 65¢ and \$1.25 per bottle.  
Camerembert Cheese—Gorgonzola Cheese, 40¢ per box.  
Faust Blend Coffee, 35¢ 1-3c per pound.  
1820 Fine Champagne Cognac, \$25.00 per gallon.  
Wines—Sherries and Champagnes to match.

## Faust's Fulton Markets,

610 Olive and Broadway and Elm.

Telephones 303-4206-4207.

ing one as dead. He had left insurance in the A. O. U. W. and other orders, amounting in the aggregate to \$1,000. But the officers at the head of the order said, and it may be that the claim will be disputed, that these orders entailed proof of death.

A few weeks ago a rumor became current that the mysteriously absent man had been seen in Texas. And the day following his return from St. Louis he left his home early in the morning and traveled across the country on horseback carrying a large sum of money. His purpose was to buy stock en route, and he was not expected to return to his home for several days. A week elapsed and still the stockman was away. The ordinary uneasiness of his family developed into frantic anxiety. They feared he had been a victim of violence.

Search was instituted. The neighborhood was searched, houses were examined, the country for miles and miles around was carefully gone over. At last the searchers found a farm house where Day had gone to die.

He left there early in the afternoon, the farmer said, without giving any information as to his next steps.

Several hours later, however, he was found in the woods near the missing stockman, who had been grazing in the woods. The saddle and bridle had been removed. In another part of the woods the saddle was found.

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The general belief is and around Bonne Terre that the Day was murdered for his money. But after all the searching for the facts relating to his mysterious disappearance no sufficient evidence was found to warrant arrests.

Mrs. Day, Mrs. Covington, her married son, John B. Day, sons and other relatives traced the rumor far enough to find that there was no foundation for it.

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## REAL ESTATE NEWS.

AGENTS ARE CLOSING UP A FAIRLY SUCCESSFUL YEAR.

## OUTLOOK FOR SPRING GOOD.

Large Insurance Booms on Local Realty—New Subdivisions to Be Reopened—Agents' Reports.

Real estate men are balancing up their books and closing their accounts just now on the year 1897. The year to them has not been as successful as many people suppose, and prosperity has not been taken into their calculations.

The most observants of the real estate dealers and agents expect a much more prosperous season during the coming year than that just closing, but the most optimistic of them do not look forward to real estate, or anything approaching it.

Most of the property will be satisfied in 1898 if they succeed in disposing of the property they have the agency for. They are what might be called overstocked with marketable real estate, and until this stock is turned out there is a general lull in dealing dealers to find new property in hand.

No man in the business keeps closer in touch with the market than the man and the conditions that go to make it up, and the present year is no exception. Mr. J. M. Donovan, briefly says the present year was a bad one, but he expects things to improve during the coming season.

"I do not think," he said, "that during the present year there will be much new real estate put on for sale, but I anticipate a general selling up of that now on the market, most of which is very desirable, and should be in good demand."

"In the northwestern part of town there is a great deal of vacant property, many subdivisions having been opened up. This property is not only accessible, but it is on sale at very low prices."

To the west of the city I think the property that will be most sought after is that living in the district between Easton and Hazelwood, which is well developed.

The demand will be for real estate of the medium class. This district embraces some very desirable property, and I don't expect to see any very great movement west of Forest Park during the coming season.

The real estate men coming into the southwestern part of the city are bringing that district more and more into prominence and into the favorably situated areas.

There are laboring factories. Formerly, where only the steam railroads cut through that part of town, it was impossible to get passes to the railroad yards, but now that they are open, it is easy to buy it.

There is a great deal of land available, and the lessees will erect a building same, covering the entire lot.

The area between Nostineh lot 60x100 feet on the south side of Franklin avenue, east of Union from J. M. Kerr, at 10 per cent interest, is a good buy.

Charles F. Vogel, of Nichols-Ritter Realty and Financial Company's transactions for the National campaign, has negotiated loans as follows:

Houses Nos. 3243 and 3245 Missouri ave., \$10,000; No. 3246, a two-story and mansard brick and cellar; No. 3248, a one-story and mansard brick residence containing five rooms, two bath, and a large rear porch, 10x12 feet, \$11,700. Sold for \$3,800 from William Winfield to August Vogel, who purchased it from A. Murphy, Port Royal, Mo., who purchased for a home.

Mr. Vogel also reports having ten houses on the market, all for \$14,000, three loans were made on improved city property at 5 per cent interest, one at 5½ per cent and the remainder at 6 per cent. All loans were made for three years in sums ranging from \$250 to \$10,000.

**Charles F. Vogel.**

Charles F. Vogel reports the following sales:

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**Fisher & Co.**

Fisher & Co.'s sales aggregate about \$10,000.

Dixyton street, South Side, between Elliot and Leffingwell avenues, two-story eight-room brick dwelling, with lot 2x115; house number 1227; property of Michael J. Sherick, son of John J. Sherick, for \$2,000; purchased for residence purposes.

Also Famous avenue, North Side, between Webster and Manchester avenues, two-story six-room frame house, with lot 2x115; property of Mrs. G. Ferguson; sold to Wm. T. Tester for \$2,000.

Also Von Vernon avenue, South Side, 300 feet east of Delmar avenue; vacant lot 50x100; property of James T. Byrnes; sold to Wm. Aiken for \$100 per front foot. Wm. Aiken will improve this lot with a \$3,000 residence.

**Schollmeyer-Leahy Co.**

Schollmeyer-Leahy Real Estate Company report the following sales: House No. 231, S. Kingshighway, 3-story brick dwelling, from Joseph Human to Mrs. Katie Lydick; consideration \$5,000. The purchase of this fair, Agents have been busy with matters that secured more promising results. The new sales of the fair were made by commission, auction, etc., etc.

The sale of the property of the late Judge Speck and a Fullerton-Westminster Place, perhaps receiving the greatest attention.

All the agents in the auction line look forward to decided improvement for 1898 and are all discussing plans for successful season.

**SOUTH END PROPERTY.**

Indications Point to a Lively Revival on It in the Spring.

There are some indications that a small-sized boom will be seen the coming season in South St. Louis and Carondelet real estate, especially that property on or adjacent to the street railroad lines.

Much unimproved real estate in that part of town has been disposed of during the past year, and new property is being thrown on the market.

Recently there has been a new South End subdivision, and others are expected to follow the market. The for sale signs have also been stuck up on some Stringtown road ground.

**FIVE MILLIONS IN LOANS.**

That is the Record of One Insurance Company in St. Louis Realty.

St. Louis, in solid, conservative business is generally admitted to have the advantage and to stand over every big city in the country. Her business men and enterprises are solid, and capital has no hesitations in seeking investment, with consequent profits, in this city.

In this city, however, like other large cities capital seeks usefulness and investment in real estate. This is shown by the history of the big East Coast life insurance companies, and this year Five Arts, Inc., had a resident agent here with some solicitors. All the money received for premiums went to the Eastern offices of the company.

Gambrell & McDowell report the following:

434 Page boulevard, a modern 9-room brick building, proposed by Howard Gambrell, sold to Eugene C. Williams, Vice-President of the Hamilton-Brown Stock Company. Consideration was \$6,000. Mr. Williams' firm of John S. Blakes & Bro. represented Mr. J. Madden, for \$6,000. Bought for an investment.

The investments proved profitable. The company gradually extended the scope of its business and acquired some desirable real estate. This was handled at a profit.

Gambrell & McDowell also report closing

and the volume of business was extended. Since then the insurance company has loaned \$5,000,000 on St. Louis real estate.

**Henry Hiemenz, Jr.**

Henry Hiemenz, Jr., made the following statement:

No. 262 South Seventh street, a two-story eight-room brick dwelling, with lot 2x115; property of one closet and finished attic arranged for one room, one bathroom, one brick stable, lot 2x125, owned by Mrs. E. Helmrichs, lot 2x125, owned by Mrs. Emma Brass for \$4,000. was sold to Mrs. Emma Brass for \$4,000.

McDonald avenue, south side, between Wyoming and Utah avenue, lot 2x125, owned by Louis C. Ranft, was sold to Henry and Gustine, Spring and Gustine avenues, lot 7x107.5, owned by Lorenz Schroeder, was sold to Mrs. Catherine Zivitz for \$500.

**Building Associations.**

The Parnell Building Association held its ninth regular meeting at office of L. J. Wees, 112 Chestnut, on Dec. 1, and made four loans on real property—one of \$1,800 to pay off a deed of trust on two-story brick houses on Marion street, and another of \$1,000 to pay off a deed of trust on a house on Cottage avenue; one of \$900 to pay one-half cost of a house on Locust street, and another of \$1,000 to pay off a deed of trust on a seven-room frame, with lot 6x125 on Arlington avenue, sum of \$1,650 was paid out as interest at 10 per cent on full payment.

The Irish-American Building Association held its regular meeting at 322 Chestnut street, Rice-Dwyer, Real Estate Co., president, and made a loan of \$1,000 to a client of the association, a man from New York, who had a house on Bell street, a brick dwelling, Michigan avenue, east side, between Wyoming and Utah street, lot 2x125, owned by John G. Zimmerer for \$500.

McDonald avenue, south side, between Wyoming and Utah avenue, lot 7x107.5, owned by Lorenz Schroeder, was sold to Henry and Gustine, Spring and Gustine avenues, lot 7x107.5, owned by Lorenz Schroeder, was sold to Mrs. Catherine Zivitz for \$500.

**Uhrig's Cave Improvement.**

Architect L. J. Wees has prepared plans for the improvement of the Uhrig's Cave property, corner of Jefferson and Washington avenues, that contemplate the expenditure of between \$5,000 and \$7,000.

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**Realty Persons.**

James Y. Player, for many years Secretary of the School Board, has connected himself with the Rutledge-Kilpatrick Realty Co. Mr. Player, while with the School Board, managed all of the real estate held by the school board, and the experience he gained will make him valuable in his new connection.

He has been appointed to his office last Monday, to his office at 112 Chestnut street, and the Toledo Market Report says: The exports of wheat to European markets from all exporting countries for the eleven weeks ending Dec. 4, as per weekly cable, were equal to 100,200,000 bu. English authorities state that the weekly requirements of Europe are 6,800,000 bu, which equals for the above period 74,800,000 bu, and shows an accumulation somewhere over there of 25,400,000 bu.

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# DOCTOR COPELAND TO THE PUBLIC.

He Announces the Absolute Withdrawal of the \$5 Rate Jan. 1.

And Gives General Notice That It Will Not Be Given Again in This Practice—The Necessity That Compelled the Extensions Given and the Reasons for Giving This Notice Usual Prominence and Emphasis.

The necessity for the extensions that Doctor Copeland has made of the opportunity under the \$5 Rate can only be appreciated by those who have seen the throngs of people crowding his offices during the concluding days of the two periods given. Only those who have witnessed with their own eyes the anxiety and the eagerness of these patients to obtain the benefits of the offer, who have perhaps themselves shared in the eagerness, who have seen rich and poor alike, those who have already given small fortunes for medical care and those whose doctors fees have been daily parted with from their humble earnings; dwellers in the city and dwellers out of the city, thronging the waiting rooms until it was plainly impossible for twenty physicians to care for even a small proportion of them; only those who have witnessed these things can at all appreciate the pressure brought to bear upon Doctor Copeland to make the extensions he has made.

This final extension to the end of the year was the result of such a pressure as this—only that the pressure was intensified tenfold by the crowd of people over anything that had preceded in the history of the practice. In making this final extension Doctor Copeland has taken a position upon giving telling emphasis to its condition, and that it is absolutely the final extension of the opportunity; that it carries with it a distinct notice that on the 1st of January the \$5 opportunity ceases; that under no circumstances or by no inducement would the rate be offered or held out to any patients after that date.

All new patients applying for treatment after that date will have no just reason to be disappointed or no just ground for criti-

cism on the score of partiality, for the notice and the warning has been abundant and emphatic. Doctor Copeland has insisted that this notice of the final opportunity be made to stand as a permanent feature of these announcements during this entire period; he has explained again and again that those who take advantage of the rate during that period will receive treatment until cured without any raise in price, and will be compelled to have all take advantage of the opportunity that wished, but has urged with all the directness of which he is capable that he does not want a repetition of the scenes of the last days of October.

In view of repeated extensions, Doctor Copeland desires that this notice be given unusual prominence and emphasis. The month of December is absolutely the last opportunity under the \$5 Rate. It will never be given again in this practice. It cannot be indefinitely extended without actual loss and it will be withdrawn except to those patients already under treatment on January 1st.

All patients applying for treatment and all patients renewing treatment before Jan. 1, 1898, will be treated UNTIL CURED at the uniform rate of \$5 a month, medicines included. This applies to all patients and all diseases.

## THE RINGING WORDS OF CURED PATIENTS.

"Whenever I Meet  
Any One Who Is Deaf."

She Had Catarrh  
Fifteen Years.

A. A. Simpson, 2101 S. Jefferson Avenue. "Doctor Copeland cured me of deafness four years ago and since then my hearing has been absolutely perfect. When I went to him I was suffering from deafness in both ears, which had been gradually getting worse for a long time. I had gathered a lot of ringing noises in the head which were very aggravating. In my business as a carpenter deafness

Hardly Dragged Myself About,

And it was almost impossible for me to attend to my housework. I also suffered from dizzy spells and sometimes for days together in moving about I had to hold to chairs or lean against the wall. I was just broke down entirely. I hardly ate anything and did not sleep well. I was not able to eat much little food I did manage to swallow. Only a woman who has suffered as I have can realize how terribly bad I did feel. I was advised to go to the Copeland Institute by

W. H. Randel, 1111 S. Newstead av. On the police force. He took the Copeland treatment for Catarrh two years ago and was much benefited. Besides this I read in the papers of the case of A. G. Lynn, 229 Chouteau avenue, whose cure is certainly most remarkable. These facts decided me to go to Copeland. The treatment I had has far beyond my expectations. I feel so well now that it is hard for me to realize that only a few months ago my health was not good enough to eat a hearty meal and in the morning I feel so well I am very happy indeed.

I interfered considerably and made it unpleasant for me all the time.

I am delighted that my hearing is restored and I never miss anyone who is deaf. I always recommend him to go to Doctor Copeland because I personally know what a great affliction deafness is and also know that he cured me perfectly and permanently."

A Lesson on the Time  
It Takes to Cure.

Mrs. Emma Fleming, 3505 Lindell Avenue. "For eight years I suffered with deafness, which gradually became worse and worse until I had to quit teaching school."

"I did not go on the street without some one accompanied me.

"It faithfully and conscientiously followed the course prescribed for months, and though the cure became a little more heartened yet I never gave up hope, and now my expectations are fully realized, for the Copeland physicians have treated me with the best of success."

"My restored hearing is a grand reward for the time and small expense I have given to the cure, and reflects the highest credit on the ability and skill of the Copeland physicians."

Deaf 25 Years,  
Hearing Restored.

Mrs. Jennie Wilson, 525 N. Spring av.: "For twenty-five years I had been deaf in my right ear and for the last twenty years the left ear also became deaf. Last winter my left ear also began to get deaf and became worse and worse, and I have no doubt the result would ultimately have been total deafness."

"I also suffered from constant noises in the head like the distant pounding of a hammer."

One of Doctor Copeland's Lectures upon the condition of impaired hearing relates solely to head noises (condition known by the doctors as Tinnitus Aurium). This paper will be mailed free to any address."

"I was so deaf that when I talked with people, though I could hear their voices, I could not understand them. I could not catch what was said. I couldn't hear the sermons at church and the music seemed far off in the distance. I was not only very deaf, but my deafness was rapidly getting worse."

"I read in the papers of the wonderful cure of Mrs. Newell, Burque, 1820 Olive Street, East St. Louis, Ill., by the Copeland Physicians, and her case was so much like mine that I determined to go to them for treatment. The result was that my hearing is perfectly restored."

"I attend St. John's Methodist Church, and now I can distinctly hear the sermons. My hearing is now perfectly restored. I have a small clock in my kitchen and before the cure I could not hear it when I was there by it, but now when I am upstairs I can hear the constant ticking of this little clock."



CONSULTATION FREE.  
Copeland Medical Institute

DR. W. H. COPELAND, Consulting Physician.  
Rooms 201, 202 and 203 Odd Fellows' Building,  
Olive Street, Opp. Post-Office.  
Second floor, directly over main entrance. Office hours—9 a. m. to 1 p. m.; 2 p. m. to 6 p. m.; 7 p. m. to 9 p. m.; Sunday, 10 a. m. to 2 p. m.

# USEFUL XMAS GIFTS!



Gold Eye Glasses  
And  
Gold Spectacles, \$5.00

Lenses Fitted for Those Bought for Presents

Free of Charge

After the Holidays by  
Expert Opticians.



Opera Glasses, \$2.50  
In Aluminum, Pearl and Leather...

Triple Plate Mirrors, Mounted in Silver.

Chatelaine Spectacle Cases, \$1.50 up, in Leather and Silver.

Graphoscopes, \$1.00 up, with Photos.

Make your selections early. Commence to-morrow.

We will cheerfully lay them aside for you until the eventful day.

YOU will find them in our store. Some are in the ornamental line—and they are exquisite—so much so that they are the observed of all observers in the Holiday line. Talking about Gifts, though—why don't you buy a KODAK for the Boys and Girls? A Kodak is both amusing and instructive—and keeps many a boy in good spirits and out of mischief.

## OUR LINE OF KODAKS UNSURPASSED.

We have them in all sizes, all styles,  
AT VERY LOWEST PRICES.

A Full Line of Photographic Supplies.



Kodaks, \$2.50 UP.

You Can Easily Find a Holiday Gift Here.

Lorgnettes, in Gold, Silver and Tortoise Shell, \$1.50 Up.

Picture Frames, 25c for Minnowette and Cabinet Photos.

Statuettes, Imported Figures, Exquisite line.

Toilet Sets, Comb, Brush and Mirror, Hand-painted, and Silver Hand-painted Powder Boxes.

Fancy Thermometers, 25c upwards. Artistic and useful in every household.

Bisque Figures, 25c upwards. Perfect gems—Imported quaint figures.

Paper Weights, 25c upwards. Fancy Novelties.

Make your selections early. Commence to-morrow.

We will cheerfully lay them aside for you until the eventful day.

## ERKER BROS. OPTICAL CO.

Open Evenings Till Xmas.

608 OLIVE STREET.

### AMUSEMENTS.

## HAVLIN'S

The Most Popular Theater in the City, and at Popular Prices.

25c MATINEES TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY.

THIS WEEK. MATINEE TO-DAY.

First Time at Havlin's Popular Prices.

## HOYT'S.... "A BLACK SHEEP."

Funniest and Best,

Coming Sunday Matinee, Dec. 19—"McFadden's Row of Flats."

AMUSEMENTS.

## CENTURY.

Al Hayman and Will J. Davis, Managers.

"DON'T CRY.

I'LL BE BACK FOR MORE."

TO-NIGHT AT.

You will laugh until you forget your number.

COURTED INTO COURT.

RICH & HARRIS' Splendid Comedy Production.

John J. McNally's BEST.

In Court of Law, No Blackstone Saw Search Scenes of Rev. etc.

As Nightly Grace The Rapid Pace

This Latest Comedy.

THE SPECIAL CAST ENVIRONS

MARIE DRESSLER, JOHN C. RICE

—AND—

20 Other Farcares.

INCLUDING

John G. Sparks, Jacques Kruger,

James F. Callahan, Oscar L. Figan,

Sally Cohen, May Duray,

Agnes Milton, Paula Everett,

John Frees, John C. Sorg,

Harry Ertheller, Damon Lyon,

Clare Palma, Blanche R. Verona,

Carrie Francis, Marion Brighton.

The Cyclopean Comedy

Conceit of the Century.

"And that's no Idle Jest."

MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.

Next Sunday—Wilson Lackey is "The Royal Secret."

PICKWICK THEATER.

Mr. Guy LINDLEY, Scenarist of "Home and Juliet," and "Much Too Good Nature," Tuesday evening, Dec. 21, at 8 o'clock. Admission 50c. Reserved seats, 75c. Box Office, Holloman Bros. Music Store, Eleventh and Olive streets.

HASHAGEN'S THEATER.

Amerson's Band and Harry Hashagen, Saturday evening, 8 o'clock. Admission 50c. Reception every Wednesday evening; big show every Saturday and Sunday night. Dancing at 10:30.

WARD & CURRAN, ST. LOUIS' POPULAR FAVORITES.

LAURENCE & HARRINGTON, Bowery Spielers.

LEAVITT & NEVELLO, Lighting Jugglers.

MARY WENTWORTH, Female Paderewski.

Next Sunday, December 19—"VISIONS OF ART."

W.C. COOK CO.

STANDARD MERRY MAIDEN BURLESQUE CO.

Direction JACOBS AND LOWRY.

In a Gorgeous Review of

CAY GIRLS IN PARIS.

And AN EARLY SUNRISE,

The Most Refined and Meritorious Burlesque Show on the Road.

A PREMIER BILL OF VAUDEVILLE NOVELTIES.

40-PERFORMERS-40

Next Week—HARRY MORRIS' 20TH CENTURY MAIDS.

### AMUSEMENTS.

FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE, FOURTEENTH AND LOCUST STREET.

Beginning To-Morrow (Monday Evening), DEC. 13, FOR ONE WEEK ONLY.

# MRS. FISKE

And Her Company, Presenting for the First Time in St. Louis

## TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES

A Play in Four Acts, by Lorimer Stoddard. From the Novel by Thomas Hardy. Copyrighted by Harper & Brothers.

### THE COMPANY:

FREDERICK DE BELLEVILLE, MARY SHAW, FORREST ROBINSON, MARY E. BARKER, SYDNEY COWELL, JOHN JACK, WILFRID NORTH, ANNA VAILLIRE, GEORGE TRADER, FRANK MCGORMACK, EDITH WRIGHT.

Mrs. Fiske Does Not Appear at Any Theaters Controlled by the Theatrical Trust. WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY MATINEES.

Next Week—"Sans-Gene," Miss Katherine Kidder.

## OLYMPIC=TO-NIGHT

Prices—\$1.00, 75c, 50c and 25c.

THE PEERLESS MAGICIAN,

**MEN'S AND BOYS' HATS.**

Men's Silk Plush Caps, worth \$1.50
Men's Fedora Hats, black and brown, all styles worn \$1.50
Men's Stiff Hats, silk trimmed, latest styles \$1.50
These are actually \$1.50 goods
Children's Boys' Winter Caps, all colors and materials of wool; they are 50¢ goods; in this case only \$1.50
Boys' and Men's Winter Caps, good serviceable material, very good are worth 25¢ and 35¢ only



Men's Silk Plush Caps, worth \$1.50  
Men's Fedora Hats, black and brown, all styles worn \$1.50  
Men's Stiff Hats, silk trimmed, latest styles \$1.50  
These are actually \$1.50 goods

Remember Our Double Guarantee.  
To keep all Clothing bought  
in repair, face of charge, and  
refund you money in even instance  
if you are not satisfied.

**SHOES**

Philadelphia Bankrupt Stock.

Frighten the Life Out of Other Sales.

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Rubbers... 9c

Infrants' Soft Shoes... 9c Men's Rubbers... 12.5c

Ladies' Overgaiters... 9c Men's Felt Boots... 29c

Ladies' warm lined Felt Slippers, leather soles... 35c

Child's patent tip Leather Shoes... 25c

Misses' and Children's patent tip Lace Shoes, 9 to 13... 79c

Ch't's all sold School Shoes... 75c

Ladies' plain-toe Rubber Shoes, small sizes, worth \$1.50 and \$5... 49c

Youths' all solid School Shoes, 12 to 2... 89c

Boys' and Youths' winter tan Lace Shoes, worth \$2... 1.19

Men's Lace and Congress Shoes, all sizes... 98c

Men's Calf Lace and Congress Shoes... 1.50

Men's hand-sewed Calf Lace Shoes, worth \$1... 1.95

Men's patent leather Lace Shoes, all sizes, worth \$1... 1.98

**FREE** Life-Size Crayon Portraits. **FREE**

Until WEDNESDAY,  
December 15th only.

With every purchase, no matter if you only buy one penny's worth, in any of Our Departments. Remember, you are not compelled to purchase a frame unless you wish to. If you want one, come quickly and bring your photo. No Crayon with country orders.

**WE CAUGHT THE BULL BY THE HORNS**

And as Usual THE GLOBE Knocked Them Out Again.  
**Schloss Bros. & Co.'s**

\$100,000 Stock of Baltimore Merchant Tailor-Made Suits and Overcoats Sale Crowded the Big Store to the Doors.

**WE TOLD YOU SO BEFORE****AN APOLOGY.**

Even with 100 extra Salesmen specially engaged, we were unable to handle the crowds. Monday we will be better prepared.

**OUR PRICES IN THIS SALE ON****Men's Suits and Overcoats**

Frighten the Life Out of Other Sales.

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Rubbers... 9c

Infrants' Soft Shoes... 9c Men's Rubbers... 12.5c

Ladies' Overgaiters... 9c Men's Felt Boots... 29c

Ladies' warm lined Felt Slippers, leather soles... 35c

Child's patent tip Leather Shoes... 25c

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Men's Lace and Congress Shoes, all sizes... 98c

Men's Calf Lace and Congress Shoes... 1.50

Men's hand-sewed Calf Lace Shoes, worth \$1... 1.95

Men's patent leather Lace Shoes, all sizes, worth \$1... 1.98

**Visit Our Tailoring Department.**

Men's Suits to order... \$10 and up

Men's Pants... \$2.50 and up

See Material, Style, Fit and Finish.

Not like little shops about town make, but like first-class tailors produce, with the Globe guarantee attached.

**Ladies' and Gents' Kid Gloves.**

French Kid Gloves, every pair perfect, assorted colors. Foster, horn or button... 75c

Our French Kid gloves are made to the hand; all colors, including the new green, blue, heliotrope and red, in clasp, button and hook... \$1.00

Our Yesterdays better, of French Kid, all colors... \$1.50

Adler's celebrated high-grade Dress Kid Gloves for Men, lined with fur, with or without kid lining, \$1.50... 50c

A choice line of Fur Gauntlets and Gloves, for Men and Boys at lowest possible prices.

**\$7.45**

**Our Sale Killer.**

Prices You Don't Hear About Every Year.

**MEN'S PANTS.**

EXTRA FOR THIS SALE—1,500 pairs Union Cassimere Pants

1,000 pairs extra in All-Wool Pants—

every pair of \$2.00, at

If you're looking for Pants in better grades, see the line we sell from \$2.45 up.

**MAIL ORDERS**

To receive prompt attention, must be accompanied by cash or money order.

In ordering, to avoid delay, please be explicit.

**FREE** A Ladies' Handsome Feather Boa or Muff given away with every purchase of \$5.00 and above in our Ladies' Cloak Department.

**Globe**

N. W. Cor. 7th and Franklin Av.

**Our Prices on Boys' Suits AND Overcoats**

Put Other Sales to Sleep.

75c for a Boy's Overcoat, 200 Boys' Overcoats, odds and ends, will... 75c

Good Strong Double-breasted Coat, size for Boys, up to 18 years, at... 79c

Boys' Serviceable Blue Chinchilla Reefs, handsomely trimmed, pearl buttons... \$1.28

A dandy line of Fine Chinchilla Reefs... \$1.69

Boys' Blue Chinchilla Reefs, handsomely trimmed, pearl buttons... \$1.28

We have beyond doubt the greatest line of Children's Suits and Overcoats—in Cheviots, Cashmere, Scotch Plaid, etc., the best known materials—elegantly trimmed, at

**\$2.45, \$2.95 and Up to \$4.95**

FOR THIS SALE ONLY—2,000 Boys' Heavy Knit Pants—just the kind you pay 30¢ for in other stores... 19c

Don't Pay a Tailor \$2.50—Here is a line of Men's Suits and Overcoats that will answer your purpose in every respect, made of the very best fabrics, and at prices that are good as any tailor can make them, and the price phonies really low. In this sale... 19c

Men's Suits to order... \$10 and up

Men's Pants... \$2.50 and up

See Material, Style, Fit and Finish.

Not like little shops about town make, but like first-class tailors produce, with the Globe guarantee attached.

**Ladies' and Gents' Umbrellas.**

Ladies' Full-size Silk Umbrellas, endless variety of handles, such as hand-painted, Dresden, Sterling, and other styles of Pearl, Fox, Horn, Celluloid and Natural Wood, etc., \$7.50, \$5.00, \$3.50, \$2.50, \$1.50, \$1.00

Our Umbrellas are made to the hand; all colors, including the new green, blue, heliotrope and red, in clasp, button and hook... \$1.00

Our Yesterdays better, of French Kid, all colors... \$1.50

Adler's celebrated high-grade Dress Kid Gloves for Men, lined with fur, with or without kid lining, \$1.50... 50c

French Kid, all colors... \$1.00

Our Yesterdays better, of French Kid, all colors... \$1.50

Adler's celebrated high-grade Dress Kid Gloves for Men, lined with fur, with or without kid lining, \$1.50... 50c

A choice line of Fur Gauntlets and Gloves, for Men and Boys at lowest possible prices.

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**FREE** A Ladies' Handsome Feather Boa or Muff given away with every purchase of \$5.00 and above in our Ladies' Cloak Department.

**Globe**

N. W. Cor. 7th and Franklin Av.

**AN APOLOGY.**

Even with 100 extra Salesmen specially engaged, we were unable to handle the crowds. Monday we will be better prepared.

**Our Advertisement Is Our Bond, Because We Have What We Advertise.****Christmas Presents for Gentlemen.**

Smoking Jackets, Velvets, Tricots, Japan Silk, \$12.00 down to... \$3.95
Fancy Bordered, also White, Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, Initial Japan Silk Handkerchief, \$1.00, down to... 25c
Finest Imported, Brocaded Silk Mufflers, white or fancy, from \$3.50, as low as... 50c
Handkerchiefs in hand-embroidered Silk and Satin, each with hand-glass and box, \$3.00, down to... 50c
Neckwear, finest Vienna and Persian Silk Novelties, \$1.50 down to... 25c
A handsome box free with every Necktie, from 50¢ and above.

**Christmas Presents for the Ladies.**

Japan Silk Embroidered Handkerchiefs, \$1.00, down to... 81c
Japan Silk, White Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, \$1.00, down to... 81c
Swiss Embroidered Handkerchiefs, also new lace effects, \$1.00, down to... 81c
Handkerchiefs, Fair of every description, os-trich, lace, satin, gold-painted, down to... 81c
Large Neckwear Collarlettes, \$1.00, down to... 50c
Silk Garters, with pretty buckles, \$1.50 down to... 10c

**Fancy Goods.**

There is nothing in the line of Fancy Goods we do not carry. Our stock consists of an endless variety of hand-painted Cellini Boxes, \$1.00 and up.
Large Handled Imported Green Moss.
Work Boxes, \$3.00 and as low as...
Oak Writing Desks, worth \$1.25, with double blackboard.
Toilet and Manicure Sets, \$1.00 and as low as...
Silver-Plated Comb, Brush and Mirror Sets: warranted not to tarnish, \$1.50 and as low as...
Gentle Collar and Cuff Boxes, \$1.00 and as low as...
Celuloid Necktie Boxes, hand-painted, \$2.00 and as low as...

**Alumont.**

With fancy Celuloid Leather or Plush Cover, \$6.00 and as low as...

Musical Albums, playing two pieces, as low as...

Pocketbooks and Purses, Chatelaines of finest leather, \$2.50, as low as...

Japan Silk Mantle Lampshades, and Scarf Head Rests and Pillows; we are closing them out at

EVERYTHING FOR THE HOME AT THE LOWEST PRICES EVER KNOWN.

## CHRISTMAS JOY FOR A THOUSAND HOMES

Here's a right royal welcome for Kris Kringle—the King of Hearts. A shower of rich remembrances gathered from the best markets of the world. We will leave it to you—was there ever such a treasure-stocked store in St. Louis? Was there ever such a splendid Yule-tide show? Was there ever a Christmas Carnival equal to this? We've done our best for you, and this week's whirlwind of unprecedented value-giving will stamp this as the Greatest of all Christmas happenings. We are going to exert all our energy and all our power to make you glad that the Broadway is in St. Louis, of St. Louis and for St. Louis. HERE'S A HOST OF HELPFUL HINTS:



This beautiful full size Wicker Rocker, always sold at \$6.00; our Holiday Price.....\$2.85



Handsome Solid Oak Dressers, made and finished in best English style, beech wood, and worth \$15; our Holiday Price.....\$8.68



Children's Elegant Antique English Rocking Chairs, like cut; solid wood, and worth \$1.75; our Holiday Price.....78c

### SPECIAL STOVE BARGAINS.

25 A 7-17 BAKEWELL Cook Stoves, sold regular at \$18.00; Our Holiday Price

**\$9.85**

50 First-Class Soft Coal Heating Stoves, sold regular at \$6.00; our Holiday Price

**\$4.25**



Beautiful Mahogany Finish Parlor Suite, upholstered in Silk brocade, handsome pieces, like ours, worth \$30. Our Holiday Price.....\$15.75

### SPECIAL IRON BEDS.

\$5.00 Iron Beds, best make. Holiday price

**\$2.45**

\$8.00 Iron Beds, nicely finished. Holiday price

**\$4.65**

\$10.00 Iron Beds, beautiful design, cut for the Holiday Sale to

**\$6.50**



To-morrow we place on sale this Great Christmas Bargain, 500 lbs. Oak Taffeta Cloth, like ours, finished and made in first-class style, always sold at \$1.00. Our Holiday Price.....\$29c



This beautiful Wrought Iron Umbrella stand, made in first-class style and worth all of \$8.40; our Holiday Price.....\$1.25



This fine Cobbler Seat Rocker, carved and highly polished; worth \$5.00; our Holiday Price.....\$2.75



Beautiful Oak or Mahogany Morris Chair, covered, full size, worth \$10.00; our Holiday Price.....\$5.75



This Oak Combination Carriage and High Chair, like cut, always sold at \$4.00; our Holiday Price.....\$1.98

Open Every Night Until Christmas!

THIS STORE WILL BE KEPT OPEN EVERY NIGHT UNTIL 9 O'CLOCK, and Saturday Until 10:30 to Accommodate Christmas Shoppers.

### CHRISTMAS GIFTS THAT HAVE A USE.

Book Cases.....\$4.88 up  
Sideboards.....\$6.00 up  
Dressing Tables.....\$6.50 up  
Wardrobes.....\$3.75 up  
Couches.....\$5.75 up



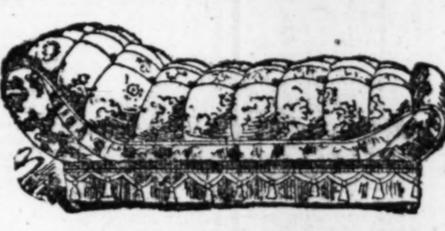
Brass Cupid Lamp, complete, with decorated globe; worth \$3.50; Holiday Price

**\$1.49**

### STEEL RANGES. 100 BEST CITY-MADE STEEL RANGES.

We guarantee these Ranges as to baking qualities and economy of fuel. They are absolutely the best and most reliable made and sold regularly at \$22.00, Our Holiday Price

**\$14.85**



This full-size Box Couch, upholstered in French Cretonne, finished in first-class style and guaranteed worth \$8.50. We reduce the price in this sale to.....

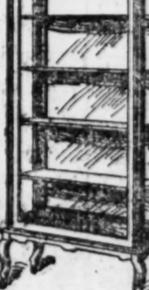
**\$5.15**

### Pictures.

We have a beautiful stock of Oil Paintings and Engravings suitable for Christmas. We'll guarantee to give you the greatest values ever offered in these goods. Buy quick, as the supply will not last long.

### SENSIBLE PRESENTS FOR HAPPY HOMES.

Toilet Sets.....\$1.65 up  
Dinner Sets.....\$5.85 up  
Tea Sets.....\$2.95 up  
Extension Tables.....\$1.85 up  
Center Tables.....50c



Quartered Oak China Closets, lined inside with bird's eye maple, French plate glass, sold at \$14.00. Our Holiday Price.....\$8.38

### YOUNG MARRIED COUPLES

Who are starting to house-keeping will find it to their advantage to look over the great stock, and we'll consider it a pleasure to extend liberal credit, if wanted.

### Cash or Credit.

## The Broadway.

FURNITURE & CARPET CO.

CORNER BROADWAY AND LOCUST.

### THE POULTRY SHOW.

A Great Exhibition Will Open Monday and Last a Week.

The great exhibition which commences Monday morning and continues until Saturday evening, will be a "bird." It will be several birds. St. Louis will be treated to an exhibition of fancy poultry, pigeons, turkeys, ducks, geese, peacocks, and other classes of domestic fowls, which bids fair to exceed anything in the line ever attempted in the West.

The St. Louis Fanciers' Association, under whose care these shows are held, says so itself. It was incorporated two years ago to advance the interest of high-bred poultry. It is composed of well-known men, new men, and few breeders from the city and country.

Masonic Hall, where the show will be held, is a spacious room for this class of exhibition that could be secured. It has high ceilings and extra large windows. The judging of specimens must be done in the open air.

The coops are all in position, and everything is in readiness for the feathered beauties to come.

Every variety of fowls known to fanciers will be on exhibition. The immense buff cocking and the tiny Pekin bantams will be there. There may be light Buffs weighing fifteen pounds, and the little snow white bantams weighing less than one pound.

Then there will be the handsome Polish with white chrysanthemum knot-tails, the stylish Leghorn of all the different colors, and American flocks.

There will be a large number of turkeys.

Those wishing to purchase for holidays will find handsome and useful gifts and a wide variety of articles at the sale which opens Monday evening, Dec. 13, at the corner of the Good Shepherd, Gravois and Bamberger avenues.

between local and outside exhibitors in this class promises to be very interesting.

The pigeon display will be the finest ever seen in the city. The various breeds of this class are very numerous and their sizes may range from high-class specimens.

The pigeons will be especially interesting, and as birds will be shown daily, the public will have a chance to see these valuable birds in action.

The dove show will admire the beautiful golden, silver and Amherst pheasants. These birds are the most beautiful and most ornate class. They are very tender and hard to raise, consequently their supply is limited.

Inbreeder and brooders will be in operation from three of the largest manufacturers of these contrivances, and little chicks will be plentiful.

The pigeons in the poultry department are H. A. Bridge, Colquitt, G. C. and Sirpe Butterfield of London, Ont., Robert Cox of Peoria, Ill., will score the pigeons. These are well known and their decisions are always considered.

Every detail has been attended to regarding the show. Society is expected to give it substantial patronage.

TWO IOWA BOYS MISSING.

It is feared they were murdered for Money in Chicago.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

WEBSTER CITY, Ia., Dec. 11.—About three weeks ago Henry Deacon of Woodburn shipped hogs to Chicago and got transportation for Jess Mortensen and Christopher Brown, who was left for the boys in the city and returned home yesterday having received a telegram for their transportation ticket. Oliver and Mortensen quit a sum of money on their persons, and their master, Mr. George Phoenix, of Chicago, who had been engaged in a trivial dispute while Mr. Mansfield was preparing to go on the stage.

### WILL NOT ANTICIPATE.

Gov. Tanner Urged to Pardon Two Men Now in Trouble.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Dec. 11.—A committee appeared before Gov. Tanner to-day, in behalf of Col. W. R. Brown and William P. Bruner, whose bank at Mount City failed in 1888. The men were arrested and put in jail, but the appeal is regarded as safe.

Gov. Tanner has been told that the trial of the bankers is remaining favor at the Vatican. Other signs of this are said to be the retirement of Mr. Schroeder, the banker, and the removal of his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Eisenbrenner under \$900, and the hearing on a criminal charge of assault and battery upon Metzger. To-day Metzger began a civil action to recover \$2,500 damages from the bankers.

The affidavit filed by Metzger alleges that Mansfield struck him with his clenched fist, and that he was in consequence of a trivial dispute while Mr. Mansfield was pre-

### RICHARD MANSFIELD SUED.

Metzger Wants \$2,500 Damages for Assault and Battery.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Dec. 11.—A sequel to the troubles between Richard Mansfield, the actor, and John Metzger, who has for the past seven years been Mansfield's dresser for the stage, developed to-day in a civil suit for damages brought by Metzger.

Metzger, who is the recently married son of the recently deceased Mrs. Mansfield, brought the suit against Mansfield and his dresser, John Metzger, for \$2,500 damages.

The custom is time-honored in Italy, where it is observed by all good Catholics.

Twelve men supported the jewel-decked image of the Holy Virgin, whose adornments this year were more elaborate than ever before, and were all dressed in suits.

The custom is time-honored in Italy, where it is observed by all good Catholics.

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**SITUATIONS WANTED—MALE**

20 words or less. \$c.  
ACCOUNTANT.—A first-class accountant will post up set of books several evenings during week for small compensation. Ad. B 630, Post-Dispatch.

ADVERTISER.—Situation wanted as traveling advertiser; will work for \$20 a month; good references; experienced. O. Dunham, Goodland, Ind.

BAKER.—Wanted, sit. by a first-class bread and cake baker; city or country. 4415 S. 9th st. Ad. L 653, Post-Dispatch.

BOY.—Of 17, would like work of some kind. Ad. L 653, Post-Dispatch.

BOY.—Situation wanted as office boy or grocer boy. Ad. H 630, Post-Dispatch.

BOY.—A good white boy wants a place to work for board while attending business college. Ad. E 637, Post-Dispatch.

BOY.—Of 18, wants position in office; good at figures; references good. Ad. N 633, Post-Dispatch.

BOY.—Right boy of 18 desires a position as office boy; understands bookkeeping and shorthand; good refs. Ad. D 634, Post-Dispatch.

BOY.—Wanted, situation of any kind by an intelligent boy of 18; writes a good hand. Ad. R 644, Post-Dispatch.

BOY.—Situation wanted by a boy of 18; can do arithmetic; good references; will work for reasonable salary. Ad. X 631, Post-Dispatch.

BOY.—Wanted, situation by boy of 18; Ad. G 641, Post-Dispatch.

BOY.—Colored boy wants situation in private fam. Hly. 1415 Pine st.

BOY.—Wanted, a situation of any kind by a strong boy of 17. Ad. 411 S. 15th st.

BOOKKEEPER.—First-class bookkeeper with No. 1 references; understanding good salary; 5 years' experience; wishes to make a change by Jan. 1. '98. Ad. G 630, Post-Dispatch.

BOOKKEEPER.—Wanted, position by expert bookkeeper and office man; 5 years' experience; Ad. references from present employer. Box 648, Baseline.

BOOKKEEPER.—Expert bookkeeper wants books to store up or balance, adjust partnership account, moderate charge. Ad. G 930, Post-Dispatch.

BOOKKEEPER.—Wanted, by a young man, a poet and city singer; wants to show factory experience; good hustles in the business. Ad. G 628, Post-Dispatch.

BOOKKEEPER.—With 4 years' experience, desires a position as bookkeeper or collector; good position; good references. Ad. N 633, Post-Dispatch.

BOOKKEEPER.—Wanted, wants position in store or office; good refs.; age 19 years. Ad. K 629, Post-Dispatch.

BOOKKEEPER.—Wanted, situation by young man; experience and references; can furnish bond. Ad. K 629, Post-Dispatch.

BOOKKEEPER.—Wanted, situation as bookkeeper and city singer; wants to show factory experience; good hustles in the business. Ad. G 628, Post-Dispatch.

CANDY MAKER.—Wanted, work by experienced candy maker; \$7 a week, wholesale or retail. Ad. A 630, Post-Dispatch.

CARPENTER.—Good carpenter and engineer wants job with wholesale house; other place best reference; will work cheap. Ad. O 640, Post-Dispatch.

CARPENTER.—Wanted, by carpenter, situation for \$1.50 per day; or will take work by job; send postal. Joseph, 1626 Carr st.

CARPENTER.—Experienced carpenter wants steady position in factory or hotel, in or out of city. Ad. R 641, Post-Dispatch.

CARPENTER.—Situation wanted by carpenter and will work on all kinds of shop, factory, machine and heating; can give best refs. Ad. H 636, Post-Dispatch.

CARPENTER.—Wanted, situation by experienced carpenter; would like to connect with some good furniture factory to close or open account. Ad. G 622, Post-Dispatch.

CARPENTER.—Wanted, work by experienced carpenter; reliable, wants home situation; care about house; good refs.; latest references. Ad. K 629, Post-Dispatch.

CARPENTER.—Wanted, steady situation; experienced with horses, cows, vehicles, gardens, flowers, furnaces, etc.; city references. Ad. K 629, Post-Dispatch.

CARPENTER.—Wants permanent situation; experienced with horses, cows, driving, all duties about garden and place; references. Ad. K 624, Post-Dispatch.

CARPENTER.—Wanted, by young man; good house or delivery driver; good refs. Ad. O. D. 508, S. 22d st.

CARPENTER.—Wanted, sit. of books to keep evenings by an experienced bookkeeper; as moderate salary. Ad. E 647, Post-Dispatch.

CARPENTER.—Wanted, position by young man as bookkeeper; 7 years' experience in wholesale business; Ad. M 646, Post-Dispatch.

CARPENTER.—Wanted, situation by experienced bookkeeper; would like to connect with some good furniture factory to close or open account. Ad. G 622, Post-Dispatch.

CARPENTER.—Wanted, work by experienced carpenter; reliable and industrious; city references. Ad. A 630, Post-Dispatch.

COACHMAN.—Sit. wanted by a colored man as coachman or janitor; Ad. 4004 Cottage av.

COACHMAN.—Situation wanted by young colored man as coachman; can give references. Ad. O 643, Post-Dispatch.

COACHMAN.—Colored man wants situation as coachman, or horseman or porter. 410 S. 15th st., upstairs.

COLLECTOR.—Young man of 17 wants situation as collector; references. Ad. E 645, Post-Dispatch.

COLLECTOR.—Situation wanted by a young man as collector on in wholesale house; references. Ad. W 647, Post-Dispatch.

COLLECTOR.—\$20 reward for collectorship or other position paying \$50 per month; highest references and bond; aged Ad. D 640, Post-Dispatch.

COPYHOLDER.—An experienced copyholder wants position; 5 years' experience; best references. Ad. M 631, Post-Dispatch.

COOK.—Wanted, situation by a meat and pastry cook; strictly meat and white meat; references first class; city or country. Ad. G 630, Post-Dispatch.

COOK.—Wanted, situation by first-class meat and pastry cook; city or country; 10 years' experience. Ad. H 630, Post-Dispatch.

COOK.—Wanted, situation as first-class French cook. Ad. B 640, Post-Dispatch.

COOK.—Wanted, situation by a cook; one who can take care of a first-class place. Ad. A. Barrett, 7340 S. 6th st.

COOK.—Wanted, situation by German cook; meat and pastry; special on soups, sauces; hotel or restaurant. Ad. W 647, Post-Dispatch.

COOKS.—Wanted, situations as first and second cooks by man and wife; will leave city; accept no less than \$150 per month. Ad. 2224 Eddie st., second floor.

COOK.—Wanted, situation by colored man; first-class cook; soup, meat, bread and pastry; all-around cook; best refs. 2832 Adams st.

COOK.—Situation wanted by steady first-class cook and baker; city or country. Ad. G 630, Post-Dispatch.

DETECTIVE.—A detective of 20 years' experience in police, beginning a strange in the city, is ready to render his services; charges reasonable. Ad. G 627, Post-Dispatch.

DRAIGHTSMAN.—A position as architectural draughtsman by a young man who has had 5 years' experience in Connecticut. Ad. Draughtsman, 607 City.

DRIVER.—Wanted, situation by good, sober young man to drive wagon; can furnish local news and want to get position. Call or address F. Myers, 1414 Washington av.

DRIVER.—Wanted, situation by reliable, industrious, sober man as express driver or delivery man for good house; city references. Ad. M 638, Post-Dispatch.

DRIVER.—Situation wanted by sober, honest, industrious man as driver for meat, produce or dry-goods house; good references. Ad. E 635, Post-Dispatch.

DRIVER.—Wanted, situation as city salesmen who is a good house; will warrant satisfaction. Ad. B 640, Post-Dispatch.

SALESMAN.—Wanted, situation by a first-class salesmen who is a good house; will warrant satisfaction. Ad. C 652, Post-Dispatch.

SALESMAN.—Jesse Woldin, the Iron Man and expert on steel; address 2224 Eddie st., second floor.

SALESMAN.—A first-class clothing salesman wishes a position; can give Ad. references; also well posted in furnishing goods. Ad. W 640, Post-Dispatch.

SHIPPING CLERK.—Situation wanted as shipping clerk; or any kind of office work; an experienced young man; speaks and writes French and German. H. Peters, 833 Walnut st., Clinton, I.O.

STENOGRAPHER.—Situation wanted by a strong man; 8 years' experience; speak French and English; age 25; single. P. F. Brady, Springfield, Kan.

STENOGRAPHER.—Situation wanted by drug clerk; 2 years' experience; speak in school of pharmacy. Address F. F. Brady, Springfield, Kan.

STENOGRAPHER.—Situation wanted by drug clerk; good references; speak French and English; age 25; single. P. F. Brady, Springfield, Kan.

STENOGRAPHER.—Situation wanted by drug clerk; good references; speak French and English; age 25; single. P. F. Brady, Springfield, Kan.

PHOTOGRAHPER.—Practical young man wished work in factory or in store. Ad. 1411 N. 11th st.

WAITER.—Experienced waiter and housemen will make a change; has own fig. Ad. N 640, Post-Dispatch.

DRUG CLERK.—Position wanted by a drug clerk; 2 years' experience; speak French and English; age 25; single. P. F. Brady, Springfield, Kan.

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DRUG CLERK.—Situation wanted by drug clerk; good references; speak French and English; age 25; single. P. F. Brady, Springfield, Kan.

DRUMMER.—Situation wanted by city drummer with 7 years' experience; desire to make a change; has own fig. Ad. N 640, Post-Dispatch.

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**ROOMS AND BOARD WANTED**

14 words or less 10c.  
BOARD AND ROOM—By young man, in pr. family, within 6 blocks of Folsom and T. Grove; state price and conveniences. Ad. D. Ward, 2507 Eugenia St.

BOARD—Wanted: young lady employed to cook and board; \$3 per week; private family; no neighborhood; West End; references exchanged. Ad. C. Goss, Post-Dispatch.

BOARD WANTED—Young man wishes to board with private family just west of Franklin. Ad. N. L. Williams, 1105 Chestnut; rent \$250. Best preferred. Address, with full particulars. 215 N. Saratoga.

BOARD WANTED—Cottage want heard near Union Station. Ad. A. G. 217, Post-Dispatch.

BOARD WANTED—In Presbyterian or Methodist house; must be quiet; good address; room of Garrison; board low; give address with answer. Ad. A. G. 642, Post-Dispatch.

BOARD WANTED—By two young men; with room; second floor front; southern exposure; state terms and conveniences. Ad. A. G. 643, Post-Dispatch.

BOARD WANTED—Room and board by young lady single; in quiet house; state terms and conveniences; reasonable terms. Ad. H. G. 644, Post-Dispatch.

LADY—Studious by young lady to sew for room and board. Call at 11 S. 16th st. Miss Martin.

ROOMS—Five furnished rooms in exchange for room and two adults with references. 3227 Olive st.

ROOM WANTED—Room and two meals per day; will pay reasonable. Ad. O. Goss, Post-Dispatch.

ROOM WANTED—Furnished front room and alcove or large front room, west of Grand av.; board for lady and child; private family and home cooking. Ad. T. D. 645, Post-Dispatch.

ROOM AND BOARD WANTED—Rooms and board in rooming house; with room; state terms; respectable gentleman; must be reasonable; state price. Ad. C. W. Sage, general delivery, East St. Louis.

ROOM AND BOARD WANTED—With private family; for a gentleman, between Vandeventer, Thayer and Hickory—Upper floor; 2 nice large rooms and kitchen. Ad. 112 Chestnut.

ROOM AND BOARD WANTED—Lady and boy; room and board with mother; state terms; ref. Ad. L. 642, Post-Dispatch.

ROOM AND BOARD WANTED—Gentleman and wife wish board and room with mother and daughter; east of Grand. Ad. M. 640, Post-Dispatch.

ROOM AND BOARD WANTED—In private family; for a gentleman; west of West End Hotel. Ad. D. 643, Post-Dispatch.

ROOM AND BOARD WANTED—Lady and boy; room and board in North End; state terms; ref. Ad. L. 642, Post-Dispatch.

ROOM AND BOARD WANTED—By two young men with their mother; central portion city; state terms. Ad. C. Goss, Post-Dispatch.

ROOM AND BOARD WANTED—By young lady, a nicely furnished room; board; redecorated; \$30; or inquire private or 618 Chestnut.

ROOM AND BOARD WANTED—A first-class piano teacher would like room and board for piano lessons. Ad. Music Teacher, 4505 Franklin av.

ROOM AND BOARD WANTED—By a young man; West End; private family; best rate. Ad. P. 638, Post-Dispatch.

WANTED—Dining-room and kitchen with boarders. Ad. C. Goss, Post-Dispatch.

**FURNISHED HOUSES FOR RENT.**  
14 words or less. 10c.

HOUSE—Furnished house, suitable for select boarding; Garrison and Washington. Ad. M. 643, Post-Dispatch.

**FURNISHED HOUSES WANTED.**  
14 words or less. 10c.

FURNISHED HOUSE WANTED—Mother and daughter would like furnished house of 8 or 10 rooms; will board parties if agreeable. Ad. O. Goss, Post-Dispatch.

FURNISHED HOUSE WANTED—For the winter; a small furnished house; ten rooms; in West End district. Ad. O. Goss, Post-Dispatch.

HOUSE—Modern furnished house; about 10 rooms; first-class neighborhood; between Taylor and Grand av. Ad. O. Goss, Post-Dispatch.

**DWELLINGS FOR RENT.**  
14 words or less. 10c.

BLAINE AV., 3676—New 10-room dwelling; reception hall and all modern improvements; \$35.

CAROLINE ST., 3013-3017—2 nice detached brick cottages of 4 rooms; hall, bath; rent only \$10; water paid. Open.

CHESTER ST., 1821-1822—Nice 8-room Queen Anne house; all modern improvements; large yard and houses of all kinds near; 2 car lines, churches and schools. For particulars apply at 810 Lucas st.

COTÉ BRILLIANTE AV., 2806—6-room house; large yard, all modern improvements; \$35.

COTTAGE ST.—Nice 6-room cottage to small family; well located; between 3 and 15; partly board owner for rent; some furniture. Call Sunday at 4238 Farlin av. Write 710 Commercial Ridge.

HERNIETTA ST., 3123A—Near Compton—3 room flat; in perfect order; water and laundry; Lindell or Cass av; rent \$16.

GRIER AV., 4414—First floor; 4-room flat; hall, bath, w. c. hot and cold water, laundry; Lindell or Cass av; rent \$16.

HEWITT ST., 1810A—4 rooms; bath; all conveniences; \$12. Keys next door.

DELMAR AV., 4241—Rooms; modern in every respect; all conveniences; \$12. Keys next door.

DOLMAN ST., 1205—6-room house, newly papered and painted; \$20 per month.

EVING AV., 1441—8 rooms; hall, bath, \$20. Keys next door.

FIFTEENTH ST., 405—8-room house. Keesey & Co., 1113 Chestnut.

KENSINGTON AV., 6010A—Elegant 6-room flat; water and furnace; elegant hardware man.

LACLEDE AV., 4558—7-room flat; bargain. Inquire at the flat.

LACLEDE AV., 4558—New seven-room flat; furnace, bath, laundry; hot water; two porches.

LAFAYETTE AV., 2732A-2733B—8 and 6-room flats; modern; \$12. Keys to 11 N. 9th st.

LAWRENCE AV., 2008—Furnished rooms; all conveniences; \$12. Keys to 11 N. 9th st.

LEONARD AV., 2202—3-room flat; all conveniences; \$12. Keys to 11 N. 9th st.

JEFFERSON AV., 2008—8—3 rooms, with finished basement and laundry.

JEFFERSON AV., 1107 N.—Nice flat; 8 rooms; lat. and close; \$12. Keys to 11 N. 9th st.

JULIAN AV., 5735—8-room flat; upstairs; rent free to Jan. 1.

KENNSINGTON AV., 6010A—Elegant 6-room flat; water and furnace; elegant hardware man.

LACLEDE AV., 4558—Furnished rooms or a flat; 8 rooms; southern exposure; rent reasonable.

LA SALLE ST., 2314—6-room upper flat; Koehl & Co., 1113 Chestnut.

LINDELL ST., 2305—6-room flat; \$25; another, \$13.50; no children. Inquire H. Stone.

MONTGOMERY ST., 2924—5 rooms; furnished or unfurnished; \$25; heat and junior.

MORGAN ST., 2924—5 rooms; all conveniences; clean; open Sunday.

NEBRASKA AV., 2514A—Six-room upper flat; Koehl & Co., 1113 Chestnut.

NEWSTEAD AV., 2324 AND 2326—New flat and store.

NORTH MARKET ST., 3612—4 room flat; bath.

OLIVE ST., 2000—5-room flat; bath.

OLIVE ST., 2711—Flat of 6 rooms; bath, laundry, 2 porches; janitor; steam heat; hot water. Evans.

OREGON AV., 2141—6-room flat; with bath; \$15. Keys to 11 N. 9th st.

PEASANT ST., 4017—8 room; hall, bath, \$20. Keys next door.

PARK AV., 2008—8 room; laundry, bath, and cold water; near Lafayette Park; rent reduced to \$25. Great Realty Co., 902 Chestnut st.

PEASANT ST., 4017—2 room; cottage; rent \$14.

PENNY ST., 2008—Furnished rooms; all conveniences; \$12. Keys to 11 N. 9th st.

REEDER AV., 2814—6-room house; cheap in good order. Inquire at 2811 Washington st.

THOMAS ST., 1808—Stone-front; 6 rooms; bath, gas fixtures and heater. Apply 2220.

TWELFTH ST., 1805—8—6 room house; modern stone front; water and gas; modern; \$120. Keys next door.

VERNON AV., 8708—9 rooms; reception hall, furnace; all conveniences; a house was intended to rent for \$120 per month; for winter will rent for 1 year for \$125 per month. Mathews Real Estate Co., 802 Chestnut st.

WEST BELLE TERRACE, 4001—Corner West Belle and Marcus (Suburban cars)—Nine room house; new; every modern convenience; except hotel wash; \$30. Inquire 901 Walton, one block west.

WEST CHESTNUT ST., 2738—10 rooms; modern; very low rent. See Noons.

WEST CHESTNUT ST., 3036—7 room house; nicely arranged; rent low; furnace. M. A. Wolf & Co.

**FOR LEASE.**

14 words or less. 10c.

HARMONIE HALL, 18th and Olive sts.—Phone 1001; for conventions; festivals; balls; theatricals; the stage; perfect floor and central heat.

**FLATS FOR RENT.**

14 words or less. 10c.

ALFION PL., 2820—6 rooms, 2d floor; well lighted; all conveniences; low rent.

ANN AV., 2618—8 rooms, with bath, hot and cold water, and all conveniences.

ARMAND ST., 2706 (1 block north of Shenandoah)—Beautiful new 4-room flat; bath, etc.; rent reasonable to small family.

BATES ST., 607—Nice, new 3-room flats; \$7 and \$8.

BAYARD AV., 270—3 room flat; bath, store-room, cellar; made street; car lines. 4553 Morgan st.

BELL AV., 882—4 rooms, bath and laundry; water license paid; open Sunday; rent reduced to \$12.50.

BOARD WANTED—Young man wishes to board with private family just west of Franklin. Ad. Bell. Water license paid; open Sunday; rent \$12.50. Best preferred. Address, with full particulars. 215 N. Saratoga.

BOARD WANTED—Cottage want heard near Union Station. Ad. A. G. 217, Post-Dispatch.

BOARD WANTED—In Presbyterian or Methodist house; must be quiet; good address; room of Garrison; board low; give address with answer. Ad. A. G. 642, Post-Dispatch.

BOARD WANTED—By two young men; with room; second floor front; southern exposure; state terms and conveniences. Ad. A. G. 643, Post-Dispatch.

BOARD WANTED—Room and board by young lady single; in quiet house; state terms and conveniences; reasonable terms. Ad. H. G. 644, Post-Dispatch.

LADY—Studious by young lady to sew for room and board. Call at 11 S. 16th st. Miss Martin.

BOARDS—Five furnished rooms in exchange for room and two adults with references. 3227 Olive st.

ROOM WANTED—Room and two meals per day; will pay reasonable. Ad. O. Goss, Post-Dispatch.

ROOM WANTED—Furnished front room and alcove or large front room, west of Grand av.; board for lady and child; private family and home cooking. Ad. T. D. 645, Post-Dispatch.

ROOM AND BOARD WANTED—Rooms and board in rooming house; with room; state terms and conveniences. Ad. C. W. Sage, general delivery, East St. Louis.

ROOM AND BOARD WANTED—With private family; for a gentleman, between Vandeventer, Thayer and Hickory—Upper floor; 2 nice large rooms and kitchen. Ad. 112 Chestnut.

ROOM AND BOARD WANTED—Lady and boy; room and board with mother; state terms; ref. Ad. L. 642, Post-Dispatch.

ROOM AND BOARD WANTED—By two young men with their mother; central portion city; state terms. Ad. C. Goss, Post-Dispatch.

ROOM AND BOARD WANTED—By a young man; West End; private family; best rate. Ad. P. 638, Post-Dispatch.

WANTED—Dining-room and kitchen with boarders. Ad. C. Goss, Post-Dispatch.

**FURNISHED HOUSES FOR RENT.**  
14 words or less. 10c.

HOUSE—Furnished house, suitable for select boarding; Garrison and Washington. Ad. M. 643, Post-Dispatch.

**FURNISHED HOUSES WANTED.**  
14 words or less. 10c.

FURNISHED HOUSE WANTED—For the winter; a small furnished house; ten rooms; in West End district. Ad. O. Goss, Post-Dispatch.

FURNISHED HOUSE WANTED—By two young men; with room; second floor front; southern exposure; state terms and conveniences. Ad. H. G. 644, Post-Dispatch.

FURNISHED HOUSE WANTED—By a young lady single; in quiet house; state terms and conveniences. Ad. H. G. 645, Post-Dispatch.

FURNISHED HOUSE WANTED—By a young lady single; in quiet house; state terms and conveniences. Ad. H. G. 646, Post-Dispatch.

FURNISHED HOUSE WANTED—By a young lady single; in quiet house; state terms and conveniences. Ad. H. G. 647, Post-Dispatch.

FURNISHED HOUSE WANTED—By a young lady single; in quiet house; state terms and conveniences. Ad. H. G. 648, Post-Dispatch.

FURNISHED HOUSE WANTED—By a young lady single; in quiet house; state terms and conveniences. Ad. H. G. 649, Post-Dispatch.

FURNISHED HOUSE WANTED—By a young lady single; in quiet house; state terms and conveniences. Ad. H. G. 650, Post-Dispatch.

FURNISHED HOUSE WANTED—By a young lady single; in quiet house; state terms and conveniences. Ad. H. G. 651, Post-Dispatch.

FURNISHED HOUSE WANTED—By a young lady single; in quiet house; state terms and conveniences. Ad. H. G. 652, Post-Dispatch.

FURNISHED HOUSE WANTED—By a young lady single; in quiet house; state terms and conveniences. Ad. H. G. 653, Post-Dispatch.

FURNISHED HOUSE WANTED—By a young lady single; in quiet house; state terms and conveniences. Ad. H. G. 654, Post-Dispatch.

FURNISHED HOUSE WANTED—By a young lady single; in quiet house; state terms and conveniences. Ad. H. G. 655, Post-Dispatch.

FURNISHED HOUSE WANTED—By a young lady single; in quiet house; state terms and conveniences. Ad. H. G. 656, Post-Dispatch.

FURNISHED HOUSE WANTED—By a young lady single; in quiet house;





## WAS NOT A RINGER.

OWNERS OF ROYAL STANDARD  
GET AFTER MR. GARRARD.

## A VERY SCORCHING LETTER.

They Disclaim All Charges of Connivance and Demand Payment of the Prize Money.

CLAREMONT, Ont., Dec. 11.—Messrs. Graham Bros., the owners of the horse Royal Standard, replying to the claim recently set up by Secretary Garrard of the Illinois State Board of Agriculture that he was a "ringer," have written a letter to Mr. Garrard, in which they make the following statements:

"Now, Royal Standard is not only no 'ringer,' but was entered in your classes at your show in good faith, and with a complete understanding of what you requirements. Some time after the date set for the show, Mr. Galbraith, an accredited agent of ours, called upon Robert Graham with a request that he would make some entries. He pointed out that according to the understanding of our parties, the standard was not eligible. He answered that the English certificate which he possessed would be accepted. Accordingly, an entry was made, and he has been credited with the most satisfactory results. When Mr. Graham returned home from New York, two weeks ago, he showed a short telegram with a dispatch in which you stigmatized Royal Standard as a 'ringer,' and also charge us with connivance with the exhibitors of horses in committing a fraud. Not only has a great injustice been done our horse, but a serious asperion has been made upon our integrity. We demand its discharge, and the return of all money won; thirdly, that you, sir, immediately retract your statement regarding ourselves and our horse."

AT CRESCENT CITY.

Results of the Day's Racing at the Winter Track.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 11.—The weather showed marked improvement to-day, and the track was very heavy. Some and French drivers were the leading favorites. Tole Simmons stumbled and threw Aker, his rider, just after the start in the second race. First race, selling thirteen-sixteenths of a mile—Tolé (C. Combs), 4 to 5, won; Steve Clinton 95 (H. Wilson), 20 to 1, second; Cochise 103 (J. Hicks), 30 to 1, third. Time, 1:34.

Second race, six furlongs—French Gray 105 (T. Burns), 2 to 5, won; Caddie C. 108 (Nunes), 1 to 1, second; Steve Clinton 105 (T. Powers), 8 to 3, third. Time, 1:32½.

Third race, selling, miles and a sixteenth—Pete Kitchen, 100, 2 to 1, won; 5 to 2, second; Melville 94 (Southard), 20 to 1, third. Time, 2:38.

Fourth race, six furlongs—Balk Line, 102 (Aker), 2 to 1, won; Laureate 109 (Whitlie, even, second; Eaton Jacket 101 (Thompson), 2 to 3, third. Time, 1:25.

Fifth race, selling, fifteen-sixteenths of a mile—Weststreet 100 (Peterman), 8 to 1, won; Vanessa 97 (C. Clay), 8 to 1, second; Plug 104 (Dunn), 2 to 1, third. Time, 1:31½.

At San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Dec. 11.—Weather cloudy; track sloppy. The sixth race, Owners' Handicap, was declared off and the second race, selling, seven furlongs—Rufus 98 (H. Brown), 8 to 1, won; Jack Martin, 103 (Stevens), 8 to 1, second; Can't Dance, 106 (Figgott), 7 to 6, third. Time, 1:32.

Second race purse, five furlongs—San Venetia (McGowen), 10 to 1, won; Hertha, 17 (Gray), 8 to 1, second; D. Marks, 9 (G. Woods), 8 to 1, third. Time, 1:04½.

Third race, selling, seven furlongs—Argentina, 103 (Lamb), 12 to 1, won; Don Alvarado, 113 (Figgott), 5 to 2, second; Perseus, 101 (H. Martin), 6 to 5, third. Time, 1:30.

Fourth race hurdle, handicap, one mile—Snowdown, 150 (T. Murphy), 7 to 6, won; Veragua, 150 (M. Cochran), 3 to 1, second; Hyman, 133 (F. Wilson), 30 to 1, third. Time, 1:25.

Fifth race, mile and a quarter, the Hobart Stakes, Pfeur de Lys, 104 (H. Martin), 10 to 1, won; Argentina, 120, 8 to 1, second; Persona, 104 (Conley), 7 to 5, third. Time, 2:11.

Sixth race, five furlongs—Odds On, 108 (Thorpe), 7 to 10, won; Highland Ball, 118 (MacKinnon), 10 to 1, second; Al Koran, 108 (MacKinnon), 10 to 1, third. Time, 1:04.

HOW TO GROW RIGHT.

Dr. Starkoff on Physical Culture for Young Persons.

At the opening of the Business Men's Gymnasium this week Dr. Max C. Starkoff was the orator of the evening, and he spoke of the benefit of gymnastic exercises, calisthenics and that sort of thing. Among other things on this subject, Dr. Starkoff said:

"Two-thirds of the period of youth are spent in the process of education. In proportion to the care and thought expended by teachers and parents, will growth and development be in the highest expression. I have no hesitation in saying that the care is bestowed on the young human being. The profoundest of parents and teachers are the parents can now see the highest development of mind and body. The result is dependent upon a proper training in youth."

"In order to secure the highest physical growth, it is necessary that an approximate estimate be made of each child's condition. This can be done by the most careful forethought and dredging who are delicate and sickly. We should strive to create a vigorous manhood or womanhood in the young human being, and that the vestibule to his attainment is healthy childhood. The greatest endowments parents can bestow on their children is good health, and after that a sound education."

"The teacher should be the hands of an intelligent instructor of gymnastic, whose aim will be a systematic and thorough development of the muscles of the body, to the sacrifice of no exercise in youth is excellent, games are invaluable. The physical education of the young man as well as the young woman, as far as possible, is the result of the highest development of mind and body. The result is dependent upon a proper training in youth."

"Physical exercises should be encouraged. Games and sports should be encouraged, to call of duty, evenness of disposition, good humor, and try every circumstance, love of justice and fair play, etc. Confidence in comrades and desire to excel, quick judgment, aptness to act with others, the good of the whole, and the public difficulties, self-control, and last, but not least, to check morbid desires by the exercises of various energy, which insures purity of life."

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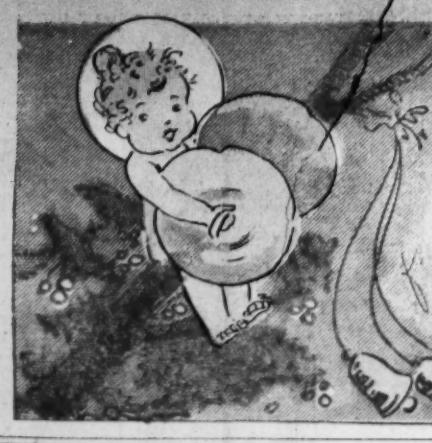
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SUNDAY

# ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH.

CHRISTMAS

COMIC WEEKLY.

NUMBER.



PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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PRICE FIVE CENT



MR. SANTA CLAUS, OF COONVILLE.

# CHRISTMAS REFSANRIES

## THE BURGLAR.

TOLD AFTER CHRISTMAS, SHOWING THE DAY BROUGHT A MARVEL-CHANGE IN THE LIFE OF A MAN EVER TO UNLAWFUL PRACTICES, AND ILLUSTRATING, MOREOVER, THE GOOD AS WELL AS THE EVIL THAT CAN FOLLOW FROM THE POSSESSION OF A PI-ANO LAMP.

before the morning hour assigned to the of Christmas stockings hanging by the heavy parlor window, which the hired squalid, had neglected to fasten, slid noiselessly, and the burglar crawled in, followed a blast of northwest wind.

"Ie," whispered the burglar to himself, it around among the Christmas presents sionally smote his unshod feet against the 'ere wot I call a go," and he laughed 'But hist!" he added. "Methinks some roacheth. I must dissemble."

so. the nervous tread of the man of the family downstairs in the dark to see who had window open, and accompanying himself language as seemed fitted to the occasion, burglar, with a sad heart and some mutterings, backed through the window. Igerred if I'll be utterly foiled. He hissed and closed upon a collection of metallic with the exercise of Herculean strength, heough the window some mysterious but ect, slid noiselessly to the ground, and, heavy object on his shoulder, slipped away.

the first gray streaks of dawn struggled the eastern sky the burglar saw that he in his shoulder a piano lamp. Ya frame richly polished brass, inclosing two beau-ariaged onyx shelves; the globe was y wrought of metal, and a dainty silk luted over it all.

shed 179 pounds.

have you there?" asked a laboring man to his tool.

"a piano lamp," returned the burglar, to tell a lie.

you play on it?" asked the laboring man, burglar, shifting his burden to the other walked quickly on.

ly he on its crooked legs into the neck room where a cozily sleeping against whom who had closed doors. What have we here?" cried the policeman, and recognizing his assailant.

piano lamp for my little orphan son," burglar. "Last night he hung up his sweet in the childish faith that Santa would reward him. Prithess detain me not, and morn is standing tiptoe in the east, and could get home before breakfast."

know you, Bill Shikes," said the policeman sly; "but I have a tender heart on Christmas day, so I will let you move on." And he let

burglar put the piano lamp down in the room and rang the bell for breakfast. His romped gayly down the stairs. see what Santa Claus has guy me!" he dancing joyously about the piano lamp,

then catching his toe upon one of its legs and dashing his head madly into a corner of an almost new cooking stove. "Don't be doing that!" shrieked his mother, rushing into the room and smearing some court plaster over the front of her boy's countenance, whereas he howled dismally.

"Why, what have we now?" she said as a tone of glad surprise burst from her features.

"It's a piano lamp for Tiny Tim," explained the burglar, tone aside.

"But there is no oil in it," said his wife coldly as the family cat rubbed, purring, against the legs of the lamp and tipped it over on the 5 o'clock P. M. tea table.

"There was oil in it," retorted the burglar as he restored the lamp to its feet, "but in bearing it further the oil has percolated down the back of my garments."

"Then do not venture too near the fire," warned his wife, with a peremptory gesture. Whereupon she fetched the oil can; but while she was yet engaged in filling the lamp she stepped upon one of its feet, and behold! it fell prone upon her window plants, and the oil ran out upon a Turkish rug that had once been made in Turkey.

And no sooner was the piano lamp stood erect again than the family dog ran in with morning greetings in his tail, and smiting the huge brass aggregation he brought it down upon himself, an onyx shelf catching him in the spinal column, next to reading matter, one insertion, and ruining him for life. And then they set it up afresh, and lighted it and stood near the breakfast table; and Tiny Tim, in his sweet, boyish voice, scarce had called for his seventh state of existence, and cakes are the lamp, losing its mind again, tottered its length across the table, trailing its lace-trimmed top into a dish of sausage gravy, shattering its glass chimney amid the apple sauce emptying its fragrant contents into the syrup-jug, and with a shriek of drunken mirth catching the burglar on the side of his head with one of its pointed legs and leaving an ear all a-dangle.

Just then, pealing upon the frosty air, the burglar caught the notes of the Christmas bells. A sense of his wickedness suddenly surged over him. Once before, when a boy, he had heard the bells peal forth as now, long, long ere he had known what it meant to go forth after dark and burgle the houses of strangers.

Burst into tears.

The large, moist globules fell into the butter with a sound like rain.

The burglar sprang from his chair, seized the piano lamp, and, bearing it swiftly through the streets, rang at the door of the house he had escaped from in the morning.

The door was opened by the hired girl.

"Ere is yer piano lamp," said the burglar, humbly, as he set it down and backed away.

"Tell yer master as 'ow I am met with a change of art and wishes 'im a Merry Christmas."

And before the hired girl could reply the piano lamp, launching itself forward, crashed through the glass door with a monogram on it, and, encircling the heir, who had innocently followed the hired girl to the door, knocked a large quantity of brains out of that interesting young member of society.

W. O. FULLER, JR.

## THOSE XMAS PRESENTS.

Mrs. Smith, accompanied by her little boy, called on Mrs. Jones a day or two after Christmas, and while the Smith and the Jones boys sat on the floor to play the two ladies sat down on the sofa to tell each other about the Christmas presents they had received.

"One of my presents," began Mrs. Smith, proudly, "is the most magnificent diamond ring

you ever laid eyes on. I forget now just how many carats it weighs, and unfortunately have mislaid it, or I'd show it to you."

"Oh, how lovely," replied Mrs. Jones, without

him pourin' the whip to 'em with both hands. He was so agitated that he never knew when he lost off a couple of the mailbags on the way an' ran over a buckboard with two tourists in it, an'

rotter be hard-hearted an' strict, but I'm durned if I'd keep even a dawg shut up on Crismas."

"About what time will ye let us out,

Tom?" asked one of the delighted prisoners, while the others danced around excitedly.

"About 6 o'clock in the mornin', I reckon. Yaas, I'll hev the sees an' axes all ready by that time an'"

"Saws an' axes?" he was interrupted with.

"Saws an' axes?"

"Yaas, saws and axes. I'm a-goin' to let ye fellers come up to my house on Crismas an' cut about six cords o' wood for me. It'll be a big change fur ye all to git out o' yere an' sniff the fresh air again, but ye kin repay me fur my kindness by workin' fast an'"

But he was interrupted again by every man trying to tell him at once that they'd be hanged if they wanted to go out for that purpose, and when the Sheriff, realized that his offer had been refused he got up with a red face and thundered, as he turned to go:

"Wall, of all the durned idjits! Yere I come down an' offer to gin ye a change jest to make it a merry Crismas fur ye, an' you don't know 'nuf to take me up! Wall, jest go to blazes, the hull pack o' ye, an' the fust prisoner I har grumblin' tomorrow will git thrown out o' this jail an' never be allowed to come back again!" A. B. LEWIS.

## A BRIGHT YOUNG MAN

"If I am not in error, Miss Daisy Peachbow said earnestly, compressing her lips in an ominous manner at each pause; "if I am not wandering about the wayside mentally, you stated a moment ago that Reginald Sapley was a bright fellow."

"Well—er—I think I did make some such good-natured remark," admitted Myra Hapgood. "Why, isn't he a bright fellow?"

"Well," said Miss Daisy, "he is either a fool or a knave, and I'm quite sure he isn't a knave."

"Then he must be a fool. There's only the fool left. Aren't you rather severe, Daisy, dear?"

"Judge for yourself. He was here all Christmas eve, you know?"

"Yes, he remained until 12 o'clock, I believe you said."

"That's true—four long and weary hours until midnight, and, as you can see, I have this bit of mistletoe hanging from the chandelier in the middle of the room."

"Of course. Well?"

"Well, it was here last night, and during the long and weary four hours I naturally happened to drift under it a few times and he—"

"Tried to kiss you, did he? Ha! ha!"

"Tried to kiss me!" cried the indignant Daisy. "what, that bright fellow try to kiss me? Listen! Every single time I happened under the chandelier he jumped up and down, waved his arms in the air like a crazy man and shrieked: 'Look out, Mith Daithy! Look out! You're right square under the mistletoe, Mith Daithy! Bright fellow! Pool-f-o-o-o!'"

EARLE HOOKER EATON.

## THE SOVEREIGN REMEDY

Mrs. Cobwigger—Oh, my! I feel more dead than alive. There is altogether too much asked of me. I was never used to housework, and it's killing me inch by inch. The first thing you know I'll be down with nervous prostration.

Cobwigger—Shall I call in the doctor, my dear?

Mrs. Cobwigger—What use would that be? He would only advise what I've been telling you needed all along—complete rest.

Cobwigger—By the way, did you sew on the button?

Mrs. Cobwigger—Oh, Henry, how can you be so brutal! Any one but you could see that I am completely used up.

Cobwigger—So you're too tired to take a couple of stitches?

Mrs. Cobwigger—Yes; I can hardly raise my head.

Cobwigger—if it's really as bad as that, my dear, something has got to be done for you at once. Take this twenty dollars and go out and do some Christmas shopping.

JAMES JAY O'CONNELL.

## SHE OF THE COOKING SCHOOL.

He tried her mince to please the maid;

She begged him, "Have some more, Matt?"

But he declined, he was afraid,

It tasted like a door-mat.

A SLY OLD SMUGGLER.

"This is where," said Santa Claus as he gilded over the Canadian boundary line with a sleigh load of dutiable goods, "I give the Dingley law the dinky dink."

## CHRISTMAS IN THE DIME MUSEUM.



"What's the troublin' now?" asked the manager of the dime museum as the freaks broke out into a perfect storm.

"I'll explain it to you, sir," replied the living skeleton as he stepped forward. "There is a general opinion among the public that hanging up the stocking should be employed in distributing gifts on Christmas Day. Consider, please, the immense disadvantage I labor under in comparison with the mountain of flesh yonder."

The manager glanced at the living skeleton's shanks and then at the fat lady, and said he would be the matter under consideration.



the least bit of enthusiasm. "But just let me tell you what one of my presents was—a pair of the most beautiful diamond ear-rings one could wish for. I meant to wear them over here to-day, but stupidly forgot to do so."

"You fortunate woman," remarked Mrs. Smith in tones as cold as Klondike weather and a jealous look on her face. "The stone in my ring, I want to tell you, is fully the size of a pea, and an."

"Oh, my diamonds," interrupted the other with a toss of her head, "are both fully as large as a hickory nut."

"Well, I'm glad mine is not that size. Too showy, don't you know. Say, but my magnificent little ring sparkles!"

"And as for sparkling," put in Mrs. Jones, "why, the stones in my ear-rings shine like the headlight on an engine."

"Indeed!" and Mrs. Smith gave a tantalizing little laugh. "If that's the case, then you won't need to light the gas in your house, will you?"

"Mayday, I think I'm exaggerating," and Mrs. Jones' jaws set.

"Why, of course not, my dear—of course not! Knowing you as I do, that would be impossible, you know. Oh, how your eyes would open if you could see my ring!"

"And how yours would open if they could see my ear-ring?" Why, I know!"

But at this juncture she was interrupted by the Jones boy, who was calling to the Smith boy:

"Say, Bill, what did yer ma git for Crismas?"

"She git a ring, Tommy, but it had such a tiny piece of gold in it that she up and threw it in the stove. What did your ma git?"

"A pair of ear-rings, but they wasn't any good. Pa say my was dimins, but ma said they were pretty, and you'd have to take a spyglass to see 'em at that, and she flung 'em away."

Then the ladies hemmed and hawed a full minute and finally changed the subject and began to tell how Mr. Green, across the way, always exaggerated everything she said. A. B. LEWIS.

## CAUSE FOR THANKS.

"How is Rawhide Jim, the stage-driver, getting along?" inquired the editor of the Clarion on Christmas Day. "I understand that he went through a very painful experience yesterday."

"Yes," replied Alkali Ike. "He had three grass widows in the stage when he started out from Rocket City, an' he thought they acted like they were tired of their single-blessedness an' had designs on him. Accordin', he drove all the way with the four mules layin' right out straight an'

## PRISONER'S PRESENT.

"Boys," began the Sheriff as he went among his prisoners in the county jail on Christmas eve, and sat down with them in a friendly way—"boys. I'm shore ye's apprechuate it if I did?"

"Ye bet we would!" was the hearty reply as they began to pay some attention to his remarks now.

"Wall, I believe ye would, boys. It's a blamed shame to keep ye penned up yere on Crismas, an' I'm goin' to let ye all out fur the day. How does it strike ye?"

"First class—first class!" they exclaimed, crowding around him and shaking his hand with great vigor.

"I'm mighty glad it pleases ye, boys," continued the Sheriff, seeming as happy over the matter as they were. "A man in my posision, ye know, has



## HORRIBLE BLUNDER.

The sound of human voice raised in loud, bitter, violent denunciation rang through the building.

There was a noise as of some heavy body falling, accompanied by the breaking of glass, and a wild-eyed man came tumbling down the stairs and out through the door. His hat was gone, his collar was flying, his clothes were torn, and his nose was bleeding, but the rest of his face was pale with terror.

"Who's he and what has he been doing?" inquired a bystander.

"He's one of the sub-editors," was the reply of an awe-stricken employee. "He made the mistake this week of publishing a stolen American joke less than four years old. They've been disciplining him for it."

It was the office of the London Tit-Bits.

## WHY HE LAUGHED.

Ben Thompson, the celebrated Texas desperado, who was killed some years ago in San Antonio, was a great hand at telling jokes, and whenever he was introduced to anybody he made it a point to tell them stories. A theatrical troupe visited Austin, where he lived, and several of the actors called on him, and one of them seemed especially smitten at his stories.

"Tom," said one of them after they had left Thompson, "you liked that fellow particularly, didn't you?" "Naw, not particularly," replied the interrogated party. "But you laughed outrageously at all his jokes." "Laugh? Well, I should rather say I did," replied the first, solemnly, "and you would have laughed, too, if you'd knew the man who was telling the jokes. That feller Thompson has killed ten or twelve men, and I just made up my mind when he started in to amuse us that I, for one, would be amused."

## PLAYING FOR EVEN.

Said a St. Louis woman to a lady friend: "You should make your husband quit chewing tobacco. If you tell him to quit he'll give it up, won't he?"

"Yes, he will give it up if I ask him, but I am not going to ask him to quit chewing tobacco."

"But when he kisses you don't the taste of the tobacco make you sick?"

"Yes, a little, but I want him to keep on chewing. He is kissing three or four other women besides me, and the tobacco makes them sicker than it does me, for I am sorter used to it, and they ain't—as yet."

## WHERE HE WAS.

"What sort of work are you doing now?" inquired the Warden.

"I am in the life class," answered the art student who was doing time at Sing Sing for manslaughter.

## BETWEEN THE LINES.

My dear Miss Bonds, your eyes pray lift  
(If this don't win her I am lost)  
And deign to view my humble gift;  
(I hate to think about its cost!)  
May it find favor in your sight,  
(And bring about the end I seek!)  
Although its value is but slight,  
(I'll have to fast at least a week!)  
JAMES BARRETT KIRK.

## BOBBIE AND GEORGE'S FATHER.

Bobbie was no longer a baby except in his fond mother's imagination, but his long golden curls, his short girlish dresses and the Santa Claus story were still in evidence in the nursery.

Many mothers dislike to lose their babies by growth almost as much as they do by death, and Bobbie's mother was one of the many. Other boys of his age were strutting about in knickerbockers with real pockets, but Bobbie still clung to the "serfdom of skirts" because mamma decreed it.

In pursuance of the same general plan of perpetual babyhood, the Santa Claus story was retold in all its fascinating details each Christmas and had any visitor become openly sceptical before Bobbie concerning the reality, the chimney gymnastics and the polar bear factor, immediately he would have found himself a sufferer from the arctic frigidity of the fond mother's displeasure.

One night shortly before Christmas Bobbie's father was retelling the Santa Claus tale for the hundredth time, when Bobbie, who had also been told about George Washington and the cherry

tree, inquired if Washington's father had told George about Santa Claus when George was a baby.

"Of course he did," said papa.

"And he told George all about the reindeer and the sleigh?" asked Bobbie.

"Certainly."

"And he told little George about Santa Claus coming down the chimney?"

"Chimney, my boy. Of course he did."

For a moment Bobbie seemed oceans deep in curly-headed thought.

"Isn't that funny," he said at last. "George's father wasn't at all like George, was he, papa?"

"George's father wasn't like George? What do you mean?" Bobbie's papa asked in surprise.

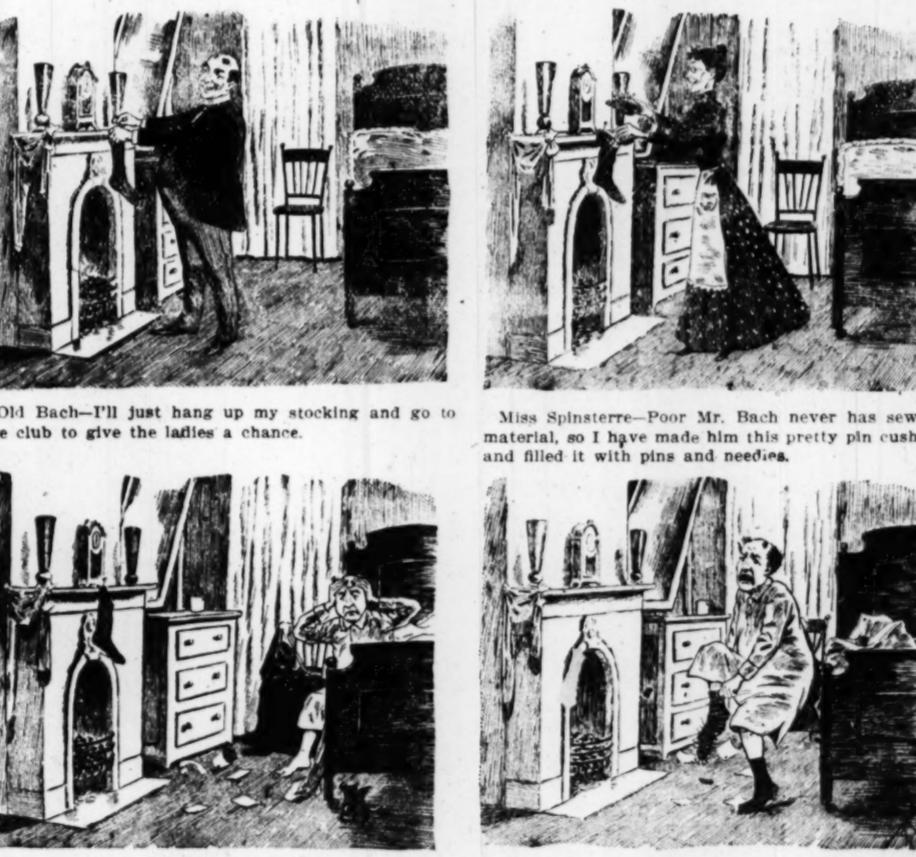
"Why, papa," said Bobbie, with a wise shake of his head, "didn't you tell me that little George cried: 'Father, I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my little hatchet?'"

EARLE HOOKER EATON.

## SANTA CLAUS OF THE HARLEM FLAT.



CHRISTMAS IN A BOARDING-HOUSE.



(Also a foot) Wow!

Old Bach—I'll just hang up my stocking and go to the club to give the ladies a chance.

Miss Spinster—Poor Mr. Bach never has sewing material, so I have made him this pretty pin cushion and filled it with pins and needles.

Old Bach (on waking up Christmas morning discovers that he has "a head")—Nothing in it, eh?

## HIS VIEW OF CHRISTMAS.

The minister's little boy did not look at all pleased as he came down from his father's study the day after Christmas. Something had gone wrong about the rectory, his name had been mentioned almost too prominently in regard to the matter, and he had but moments before submitted to an interview in the awe-inspiring room where his father composed the sermons of the week.

"I don't like Christmas," the little boy muttered as he gazed out upon the snow in the rectory yard and wiped the last straggling member of a procession of tears from his cheek.

"No," he continued, "this Christmas business isn't what some people say it is—not by a long shot. Everybody seems to think it's a great thing for the little boys of the country, but I can tell 'em that it's anything but great for a minister's son."

He doesn't have any show at all. He isn't in it. "Why, say," he said, as he cautiously settled himself in a chair with a soft cushion, "would you like Christmas if you were a minister's little boy? Would you be pining for it and lying awake nights waiting for it to get here? I don't think! Just think of all the big, hard-soled slippers a minister gets on every Christmas tree!"

## DIDN'T CARE TO SMOKE

After Jim Hogg had been elected Governor of Texas he started for Austin, the capital, and part of the trip was made in a stagecoach. They stopped at a tavern on the way and the Governor asked the driver to go in and buy him a cigar. The Governor did not ask him to light it, but he came out of the tavern with the cigar in his mouth, puffing and holding a match to the other end. After he got the cigar going he took it from his mouth and handed it to the Governor, who turned away with a deprecating gesture and the remark: "I reckon not I might have done it before the election, but I can't do it now."

## UNDESIRABLE KNOWLEDGE

"Do you know sardines from herrings?" suddenly asked the proprietor of the sardine cannery factory of an applicant for a job.

"Bet yer boots I do. Tell 'em apart with my eyes shut," glibly responded the applicant.

"In that case I shan't want you! Please pass on and make room for the next man," remarked the owner of the factory, coldly, and then the suddenly enlightened applicant wished he hadn't been quite so positive.

## MUTUAL SURPRISE

Mr. McGinnis, who is a middle-aged widower, said to his daughter:

"Birdie, dear, do you know that our housekeeper is going to get married?"

"No, papa, dear, I had heard it, but I'm awful glad," exclaimed Birdie. "Now we will get that old beast out of the house. I hated the very sight of her. Who is the man who is big enough fool to be roped in by that hyena?"

"Me, Birdie."

## MATTER OF MONEY

Mr. Johnnie Few sends and Claude Popinjay are talking, and the former said:

"I'm in quandary. There are three girls in love with me, and I don't know which one I am going to marry."

"Which one has the most money?"

"Great heavens! Do you suppose that I knew that I'd not know which one of them would be my bride?"

## TOOK NO CHANCES

Dr. Blister, a St. Louis physician, has been swindled so much by ungrateful patients that he now demands pay in advance. A doubtful paying patient said to him:

"I have a pain in my stomach every morning. Do you think, doctor, that it amounts to anything?"

"Yes, \$2," replied the doctor, holding out his hand for his fee.

## IN THE MENAGERIE

Jones—How thin and starved that poor lion looks!

Smith—The manager of the circus told me that the meat for him costs \$30 a week.

Jones—Well, I don't know; perhaps the keeper takes the lion's share of it.

## A CHRISTMAS VICTIM

Wife—said by husband of the lady who once

tried to trim your Christmas tree in the manner which

you so ably described in your recent article which

you said could be done for one dollar?"

Daughter—replied she coolly—"I save

only \$8.57 left with which to pay for the decorations."



## THE SANTA CLAUS PARTY OF THE POSEY COUNTY "YAPS."



A QUEEN'S FREAK.



THE FIRST ATTEMPT.

The parson gaily mounted his bike, And immediately fell on his head; His sense of humor it seemed to strike, "Here ends the first lesson," he said.

AN HONEST OPINION.

Writicus—Well, what do you think of the last book I shall ever write?  
Criticus—My dear fellow, you should not have made that book your last.

Writicus (flattered)—You really mean it?  
Criticus—I do, indeed. Such an honor you should have accorded to the one before it.

SAFE.

"I've been thinking seriously of getting married."  
"Oh, well, you are safe, then."  
"What do you mean?"  
"Why, if a sensible fellow like you thinks really seriously about it he'll decide not to."

PERHAPS SO.

"I've been thinking seriously of getting married."  
"Oh, well, you are safe, then."  
"What do you mean?"  
"Why, if a sensible fellow like you thinks really seriously about it he'll decide not to."

AN OBVIOUS OBJECTION.



WHAT HE NOTICED.

"It's funny," soliloquized the successful young author, "ever since I wrote 'The Red Badge of Courage' I've handled nothing but Green Backs of Currency."

A REBUFF.

Stranger—Excuse me, sir, but I am a poet, and—Kilduff (interrupting)—I'm sorry, but I haven't a dollar to spare just now.

QUITE APPARENT.

Mr. Coldwater—Of course I don't care anything about holding office.  
Friend—Of course you don't. Aren't you running on the Prohibition ticket?

per—The gentleman who just went out is the remarkable man I know of.

ns—How so?

er—Why, he doesn't think he is the hardest town to shave!

COUGHT HE MEANT BEEFSTEAK.

—Walter, bring me some fried sole,  
—Yes, sir. Sirloin or porterhouse, sir?

FRUSTRATED.

bbler—I am certain of making at least \$400 worth.

ler—Sorry, old chap; but I'm broke myself.

WITHIN THE LIMIT.



"Your washerwoman treats you with great respect," said Jigg. "She must think you are wealthy."

"I guess she does," said Jugg. "At any rate she thinks that I have clothes to burn."

KLONDIKE.

"Quick! The treasure!" It was a woman's intuition to the rescue. Thrusting the doughnut into her bosom, she turned to confront the desperado as he entered. "Folded!" hissed Klondike Alt, for there was nothing to be seen but nuggets.

THEIR ADVANTAGE.

Miss Nue—Men are sadly degenerating. Those of the old school always took off their hats to women, which is more than can be said of this generation.

Pruyn—That may be true, but, you see, the old-school gentleman had one great advantage—he could always tell a woman when he met one.

PA SUBSIDED.

"said young Mr. Seads to the poor and handsome maiden who had refused his offer; "perhaps it is my fortune which stands for, 'If it is, I'"

"I'd interrupted the girl, who was not in to the wealth of the young man, "I would you if you had a million dollars."

The Mother (pensively)—Yes, I never knew a woman to catch a husband yet without using those accessories.

The Son—Pa, how do they catch fools? The Father (glancing significantly at his bitter half)—With bows and ribbons and hats and dresses, my son.

The Mother (pensively)—Yes, I never knew a woman to catch a husband yet without using those accessories.

"Are you some of the best citizens of the community?" asked the lynchee doubtfully.

"We are," replied the man who was adjusting the noose.

"Then I am content to die; but it would ride me unmercifully if I was the fellow to break all precedent by being lynched by a lot of toughs."



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CHRISTMAS NUMBER  
OF THE COMIC WEEKLY.  
SECOND SECTION.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 12<sup>TH</sup> 1897.



THE SPIRIT OF SANTA CLAUS

## RA CORNCRUSHER'S CHRISTMAS.

"Author of 'Shot in the Woodshead; or, Turned the Tables on the Tramp.'"

CHAP. 1.

The wigwam of the mighty chief  
Was filled with anxious squaws,  
All eager to o'ertake the thief.  
Who stole their Santa Claus.

ward W. Bok's "Sixteenth Eloquence of Sitting  
I am too old to hang up my stocking this

the thought Clara Corncrusher shuddered,  
caused cold chills to creep over her.

Harcourt Hashhopper did not stir, although he  
do so. The truth was—the 307 pounds

### A TRADE SECRET.

"I saw you in Central Park about a month ago," said the photographer to the woman who wanted her picture taken with her baby.

"Oh, did you?"

"Yes, you were accompanied by your nurse, with the baby. Please lower your curtain.

"Indeed, did you see us?"

"Yes, and a friend who was with me—look little here to the right—that's it. Oh yes, my friend called my attention to the baby. He said it was the handsomest baby ever he saw. Don't move! There, it's over."

And the other photographers cannot imagine how he manages to get such a pleasant expression on such a people he photographs.



"Found him with his bejeweled garbage hook poking over the frosted contents of the ash receptacle."

face wearing the fury of a wounded rattlesnake, she hissed:

"But I will hang up my stocking, even if I have to hang it in the area-way!"

CHAP. 2.

With the mildest of my wife did chat;  
Her words my heart did thrill;

"Send him," she said, "your sweetest hat,  
And send to me the bill!" —Mr. Lease.

It was Christmas Eve, thirty-seven years after her birth, that Clara Corncrusher spoke as above. But the time did not seem so long to her, as it had been so divided, and subsequently took to bloomers. More recently she had become a new woman, and at the present time was seriously thinking of becoming a baller girl. All things seemed to conspire to turn the tide of relentless time.

"But, I say, you are not too old; as long as there is life there is hope."

Harcourt Hashhopper meant to comfort the girl, but there was something in his tones that caused the tears to flow afresh. Mopping her face with a Turkish ring she made answer:

"I will hang my stocking in the area-way, as I said, and I will marry what I find in it in the morning."

For eighteen minutes Harcourt Hashhopper sat



"William, the English man servant, kicks him to the sidewalk on the opposite side of the street."

chewing the fringe of his mustache in deep meditation. "Can she mean that as a direct hint at me," he thought; "or has she my hated rival, Giuseppe Gonzales, in mind?" Without leaving the house he determined to win the girl, although the mercury stood at zero.

Richard Croker. Giuseppe Gonzales, the highborn mendicant, had taken his Christmas breakfast at Corncrusher's ash barrel from time immemorial. In this way he had become acquainted with Clara Corncrusher, and they had grown to love one another.

Yet he had never asked her to be his wife, for he knew that she would answer yes, and that he would then have to fight Harcourt Hashhopper, who was a splendid swordsman, it was said by those who had seen him eat.

But Giuseppe had determined that he would thwart his opponent in some other way, and awaited the opportunity.

It was Christmas morning again, and the golden streaks that shot down the street like messenger

### AMPLE CAUSE.

Said Sam Handwich to his friend Jim Neversay:

"So you have moved again?"

"Yes, had several good reasons for moving. The people above kept up a racket all night, and alongside of me was a woman who banged a piano, and the place was infested with mice, and the landlord served a dispossess notice on me because I

boys found him with his bejeweled garbage hook poking over the frosted contents of the ash receptacle," was his wont.

But hist! Why does he start and draw back? Ha! the form of a giant stocking containing a great mass of something meets his gaze. He stretches his throat and draws nearer. Then he lays his hands upon it. It seems very rigid. Still examining it in the dim light, he recognizes the sloping forehead of Harcourt Hashhopper, for his sense of touch was very keen, he having once been disappointed in journalism.

He would have thrust the form of his enemy through and left his perforated form to attract passing dogs had he not just then remembered something that he had forgotten.

"No," he muttered in guttural tones, "I am an Italian, and I always marry the girl I love."

CHAP. 4.  
The parson has a gouty toe,  
The sexton has a cough.

Right here it might not be out of place to state that Harcourt Hashhopper was frozen stiff and could not speak; however, he was conscious of all that was going on.

Without saying a word, Baron Basante drew a roll of bills from his pocket, and, counting off \$75.53, placed the sum in Giuseppe's hand. Then he hurried on, while the Italian hurried away to get his hair cut and buy a suit of clothes.

He had but one thought in the world—that Harcourt Hashhopper might live to wait upon his children.

The deacon who got up the show  
Burnt all his whiskers off.

—C. Kidd's "Memories of a Christmas Tree."

"Rags an' borts, rags an' borts! any rags an' borts!"

Giuseppe Gonzales held his hand to his ear and peered down the frosty street.

"Ha!" he coughed, "it is none other than Baron

Basante, the 'Rag and Bottle Prince.' What, ho!

my lord, draw on."

As the rag man had checked his horses Giuseppe struggled from beneath the stoop and flung the scales.

"Ab!" he said, as the indicator pointed to 107.

Right here it might not be out of place to state that Harcourt Hashhopper was frozen stiff and could not speak; however, he was conscious of all that was going on.

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children.

CHAP. 5.

I knew a man—he lived out West;  
His praise I've often sung,  
Who gave old Santa little rest—  
His name was Brigham Young.

—Dr. Mary Walker.

It was long after daylight that Clara Corncrusher awoke and sprang from her downy cot.

"Ah!" she thought. "Another Christmas morning sees me unmarried." Then she tiptoed barefooted down the cold stairway to see what Santa had left in her stocking.

But why does she rave like an elephant that has mistook a chew of tobacco for a peanut? Ah, her stocking has been stolen.

Struggling back to her boudoir she refuses food or clothing, and rapidly begins to grow thin. By 10 o'clock she has lost 100 pounds. Then the street door rings and the servant announces Giuseppe Gonzales.

"I have come to ask for your hand," he says, as the glad girl throws herself down three flights of stairs into his outstretched arms. (She slept on the fourth floor).

"I love only you," she answered. And then, after weeping with joy for several hours, she continued:

"But why did you not ask me twenty years ago?"

"You were too fat," he replied. He would have said more had not the girl's father just then rushed in to bestow the paternal blessing upon them.

But hist! Who is the man dashing up the front stoop with Clara Corncrusher's stocking over his arm? Ha! it is Harcourt Hashhopper, now thawed out and angry. But before he can enter the house and explain the villainy of Giuseppe Gonzales, William, the English man servant, kicks him to the sidewalk on the opposite side of the street. And he crawls away like a centipede. Seeing this the happy lovers kiss and start for the dominie's.

It is upon their way out that Clara beholds her stocking lying in the gutter. But Giuseppe does not tell her the part he played in the drama.

He is too happy to even confess the truth.

GEORGE A. BECKENBAUGH.

## PARSON PREACHEM'S CHRISTMAS.

"Has any one sent in anything yet?"

Parson Preachem had just returned from a round of wearisome parish calls, and he had known before he went away that his larder was almost as bare as old Mother Hubbard's, and the next day would be Christmas.

"Sister Sharper has sent in a jar of rhubarb, but I think that it is working, and Sister Wealthy has sent her card wishing us a happy Christmas."

"Is that all?"

"Brother Meek has sent us a fowl, but I'm afraid to use it."

"Why?"

"Well, I heard Sister Weekly say at the Dorcas Society the other day that their chickens were all dying with cholera, and—"

"Oh, throw the foul fowl away! Anything else?"

"The Smalls sent in half a pint of maple syrup and a dozen eggs, but only three of the eggs were good, as I found out when I tried to make a cake with them. Sister Pyous sent in some speckled apples and Brother Rourer called a little while ago with what he called some Christmas cheer, in the shape of some spongy turnips and a frost-bitten squash. Brother Whines sent in a pound of broken candy."

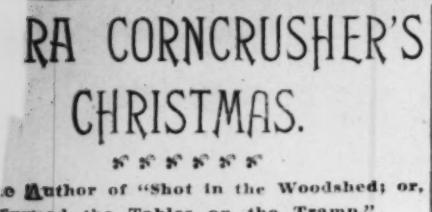
"And he is the richest man in the parish!" groaned the parson. "And that is all?"

"Sister Brass told me at the Dorcas Society that she intended sending me a jar of gooseberry preserves that none of her family would touch, so we might as well have it as not, and Sister Gall chimed in and said that her mincemeat had begun to spoil and I could have some of it if I wanted it."

"That all?"

"Not quite. Old Susan Goode, the humblest, kindest and almost the poorest woman in the parish, has just been in overflowing with happiness because some friends of hers in the country have sent her a big turkey and everything else needed for a complete Christmas dinner, and she wants us to come and dine with her and bring all the children. She simply wouldn't take no for an answer, and she almost cried for joy when I finally accepted the kind old soul's invitation."

"Heaven bless her!" said the parson. "And as for the others, may they not be rewarded according to their deeds!"



"I HE LOOKED IN VAIN."

"I don't seem to see what I'm looking for," said Mr. Cawker to the clerk who came up to see if he had any what on Christmas.

"Perhaps I can show it to you, sir," replied the salesman.

"Want a folding Christmas tree, suitable for a Harlem flat?"

weight was too much for his weak knees. Clara Corncrusher was a tall, wide girl. But she danced, because she was a tight lacer. Surfed as she was by all the luxuries that wealth procured, she cared for but two things—her juice and matrimony. Of these it might be that she found most joy in the former and happiness in the latter.

"Santa Claus will be disappointed," said Harcourt Hashhopper, with a sigh. "I why do you think he will?" demanded the tramp like a locomotive and lighting up, cause he has been coming here for so long."

"True, too true," she sobbed in tones of rare. Then turning upon her tormentor, her

SHE SHOULD.

"Mrs. Small never minces matters," said the star boarder to the new acquisition.

"Not even when she is preparing the pies for the Christmas dinner?" asked the latter.

HIS THANKFULNESS.

Akuna—What makes you look so cheerful, Lanks?

Lanks (who boards)—Why, three of my fellow-boarders were here suddenly while eating the Christmas dinner—one with a case of paralysis, another with heart disease, and the third with a fit.

"What Scott? What cause for rejoicing is there in that?"

"Why, don't you see? I ate their shares of the dinner, along with my own, and so managed to fully satisfy my appetite."

CLAIM

"Well," said one Klondike miner to another. "I think that sky pilot at the gospel shop preached an anti-slavery sermon."

"What did he dwell on particularly?" asked the other.

"The sin of gluttony."

ENTIRELY UNNECESSARY.

"Well," said one Klondike miner to another. "I think that sky pilot at the gospel shop preached an anti-slavery sermon."

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"The sin of gluttony."

A.N.B. Boyd.

## THE POSTMASTER'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

There was great excitement in Dog Creek on Christmas morning when Bill McGhee, the new postmaster of the town, rode his bronco up and down the streets and fired off his revolver and uttered blood-curdling whoops. Everybody kept out of the way, but finally, when he had shot about a dozen dogs and put holes in half the windowpanes in town, he got tired out and was surrounded by a crowd and asked for an explanation of the matter.

"What am I mad at?" he shouted in reply, as he glared around ferociously and gritted his teeth. "Why, I felt jest like whipin' this town off'n the face of the earth!"

"But what for, Bill?" somebody asked.

"What fur? What fur? Why, blame ye! What's my Chrimas present?"

"Was—was ye expectin' one, Bill?" put in the County Sheriff mildly.

"Was I expectin' one?" yelled the postmaster with great vehemence. "Why, in course I wuz, an' I'd like ter know what kind o' critters ye be to furtit me!"

"We never thought o' it, Bill," spoke up the Sheriff again as he got on the outside of the crowd and looked the other way.

"Wall, then, yer orter be shot fur bein' so durned furtiful! Ye allus remembered the other postmaster yere, I'm a-bettin' now. What I want ter know ar' why I, the United States Postmaster o' Dog Creek, didn't git a Chrimas present from yo' to-day, an' if ye can't gin me a decent answer I'll begin a-chawin' on this town again!"

Everybody in the crowd began racking his brains for an answer to give him, and they were hard at it when old Judge Bangs suddenly appeared on the scene, dragging along behind him a dead dog, and there was the fiercest kind of a look on his face as he waved a revolver and demanded:

"What's the cankerkerous cross-eyed critter who shot my fightin' dawg?"

"Whe're he I saw?"

"Is—is that yer dawg, J—Judge?" stammered the postmaster, as he hung to his saddle for support and turned pale.

"Sartinly it ar!" roared the Judge. "He cost me \$25 only a month ago, too, an' could run any dawg around yere, but some durned ga—



loot has shot him! Jest sho me the varwmit an' I'll make his ha' riz three feet!"

"I reckon it was me, J—Judge," faltered the man who had been threatening to soon begin a-chawin' on the town, "but, ye see, I wuz mad clar through when the folks didn't gin me a Chrimas present."

"So ye ar' the critter, eh? An' ye did it kase ye didn't git a Chrimas present."

"Y—Yes, J—Judge, an' I didn't know, in course, I was shootin' at yer dawg. Ye see, I orter got suthin', an'—"

"That's what ya orter!" interrupted the Judge, as he grabbed him by the collar and jerked him from the bronco. "It's jerk a (another) jerk) durned (a slam) shame! Yaaa, that's what it ar, an' to make up for it I'll git ye a little Chrimas present myself which'll be thirty days in jail an' \$25 fine! Take him away, Sheriff, an' if that's any more critters in this town a-feelin' mad kase they didn't git a present, jest send 'em over to my shanty!"

## HIS INDEFINITE STATUS.

~~~~~

"Aaron Ball told me in town this afternoon," said Farmer Hornbeak, reaching behind the kitchen door for the boot-jack, "that his second cousin, Julia Ann, was married last week to a professor."

"What kind of a professor?" inquired Mrs. Hornbeak.

"I declare, I don't know. At the time I spose of course that a schoolmaster was meant, an' didn't ask any further; but, come to think about it, for all I know, she may have married a corn-doctor, a piano-tuner, a sleight-of-hand performer, a dancing master, a balloon ascensionist, a horse physician, a card-sharper, a boxer, a glass-eater, a rope-walker, a fiddler, a shabby-genteel man with no visible means of support, or any one of a dozen other kinds of professors."

~~~~~

## NOTHING FOR JACOB.

~~~~~

"Sir," he began, as the floorwalker in the toy store came forward to greet him, "my object is to find a Santa Claus present for one I love."

"Of course. We keep all sorts of Christmas gifts here. Is it for a little boy or a little girl?"

"Neither one, sir. The one I love is a brother of mine, and he is forty years old. Can I find among your large and varied assortment something which will cheer and encourage him to keep on in the way he has begun?"

"You wouldn't want a toy for him, would you?" queried the floorwalker as he looked at the man with a puzzled expression.

"Perhaps so—I cannot tell. I shouldn't want a toy, however, which would make my brother reckless and desperate and drive him into evil ways. You have jewsharps, I presume?"

"Over in the third aisle, sir."

"Not knowing my dear brother, but taking my word for it that he is pure of heart, would you

## SAMMY TO SANTA.

~~~~~

"Oh, Santa, dear old Santa,  
As this is Christmas eve,  
Of you what rosy fancies  
Beside the hearth I weave.

Oh, now I know you're skimming  
Across the drifts of snow,  
The whirlwinds madly kindling  
Your nose into a glow.

But when beside the gateway  
You tell the deer to stop,  
And swiftly down the chimney  
Into my room you drop.

I wish you'd stack my playthings  
Upon the table near,  
With all the shining candy,  
To me so very dear.

Not in this swinging stocking  
Are pretty playthings put—  
The mother's and a "biker,"  
That hasn't got a foot.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

## IT WON HER.

~~~~~

"Boss," said the colored hotel waiter after he had placed my breakfast before me, "kin yo' help me out in sunthin'?"

"What is it?" I asked.

"Why, it's erbout a Chrimas present fur a gal Ize in lub wid," he continued earnestly. "I doan jes know what would be disproprieate fur de

thought. "If you can spare the money, a diamond ring would certainly please her above anything else."

"But she's got six of 'em now, boss. Yaaa, I biew in over fo' dollars on dimun rings fur her not a month ago, an' it wouldn't do to gib her any

skin sacque?" I suggested, with a broad smile. "Dat's jes de thing, boss!" he exclaimed, with a chuckle. "Golly, but why didn't I dun think of it! Huh, but dat head waiter hain't gwine to be in it wid me now! I s'pose yo' kin git dem sacks fur erbout two or three dollars, can't yo', boss?"

"Well, hardly. Not a genuine one, anyway. No, a sealskin sacque will cost you at least two hundred dollars."

"Two hundred dollars, boss!" gasped the waiter as his eyes bulged out and his jaw fell. "Golly, but dat settles dat! It might be disproprieate fur fur her, but not fur dis coon! No, boss, we got to think of sunthin' cheaper."

I suggested a score of other things, but nothing seemed to strike him until I mentioned face powder, and he settled on that immediately after finding it was cheap. I didn't see him again until after the holidays, when he chuckled as I took a seat at his table.

"Boss, dat powder won de day an' frowed down de head waiter like a house. Doan yo' see how black he's lookin'?"

"Then she liked the present, eh?" I queried.

"Liked it! Why, boss, I gib her fo' boxes of it

## HARD-LUCK HANKIN: CHRISTMAS TIME

"Speakin' of Christmas trees," said C. Murphy as he snuffed a candle on the twig of the Keno Gulch Sunday-school tree trusty six-shooter, and then nipped a strand in the bud by getting the drop Sunday-school superintendent, "reminds me galoot named Hard-Luck Hankin, who lives on Tenderfoot Ridge, and who was the kicker that ever kicked. This yere Hard Hankins lived in a cabin on top of the Ridge except one, and that tree was a mighty handsome pine that stood right in front of Hard-Luck Hankins' shanty. Hankins would growl every time Christmas come around, 'but, dern her ole hide, Santy Claws don't never hangin' on her me.'"

The only thing Keno Gulch ever really knew him to be doin' was puttin' up a powerful kick about one thing er another. He allers had some hard-luck story to tell, and that was why folks called him Hard-Luck Hankin.

"There wasn't a decent lookin' tree on top of the hill Ridge except one, and that tree was a mighty handsome pine that stood right in front of Hard-Luck Hankins' shanty. Hankins would growl every time Christmas come around, 'but, dern her ole hide, Santy Claws don't never hangin' on her me.'

"That was jes' Hard Luck's peaky and enery way—allers kickin' about somethin'—and that handsome tree never havin' anything hangin' on it fer him seemed to rile him 'specilly every year. What's the use havin' a blame Christmas tree that never don't have nothin' hangin' onto it? he'd growl. 'Have a darn good notion to cut down!'

"This went on year after year, and the b'kep a wonderin' and a wonderin' how Ha. Luck got a livin'. One Christmas eve they found out, and it put an end to Hard Luck's quar with his big pine Christ tree.

"For the very first Chri mas since Hard Luck been livin' in Keno he was somethin' hangin' his Christmas tree."

"What was it?" repeated Cyclops Murphy as he unrolled another candle. "It was old Hard-Luck Hankins himself, and he was kickin'—es—usual, and k'in' with both feet."

## A VERY QUIET XMAS

~~~~~

Cherokee Bill, of Gulchville, called off Kit, of Rocky Bend, shortly after the hol. inquired of the latter how he had spentmas Day.

"Oh, I never seed sich a durned quiet Chrimas wuz yere!" exclaimed Kit in t disgust.

"Nothin' goin' on 'tall, eh?" continued E. Wall, nothin' to speak of—nothin' to s'pose ye heard 'bout the hangings we on Chrimas, didn't ye?"

"No; I hadn't heard of 'em."

"Yaaa, we hung a few hoss thieves s breakfast. Did anybody tell ye 'bout t fights yere on Chrimas?"

"No—not yet."

"Wall, thar wuz seven as terrible fights wish to see, an' I won clus to a hundred on em. I might hev won more, but ab' thar' wuz a big riot over at the county k 'Big riot, eh?"

"Yaaa, the prisoners kicked up a rip-fuss fur some reason, an' it took ten of us to quiet 'em with our guns. Arted that got on fire, but ye've heard o' that, in co."

"Yaaa—heard a word o' two 'bou damage done?"

"Wall, yaaa. Fourteen or fifteen pi up a dozen or so people injured. That out we heard the stage had bin l we helped the Sheriff chase the robber. 'Ketch 'em'" queried Cherokee Bill longing sigh.

"Yaaa, we got 'em arter a fifteen-mil after three or four on both sides had bin l. Say, did ye h'ar' bout the big poker gam yere on Chrimas night?"

"No."

"Wall, that wuz the biggest game ye. Why, it cost a man twenty dollars to a smallest pot. A fass up at the Prair though, busted it up at midnight."

"What wuz the trouble over that?"

"Oh, a shootin' scrape, in course, an' took a hand in it. I reckon twenty-few wuz hurt, an' the saloon was totally

Where that wuz settled thar wuz another

another dawg-fight an' the post-office won."

"And—and wuz that all that happened Chrimas?" asked Cherokee Bill with a sigh.

"Yaaa, blame it, that's all!" squealed Kit. "As I said afore, I never did durned quiet Chrimas as it wuz in the kin bet yer gun that next yar I'll be place whar' thar'll be 'nuff goin' on to teller from fallin' ter sleep!"

The candles burn on the Christmas tree—

They burn with a ruddy flame,  
And Tommikoff Smithy looks with glee  
Upon picture book and game.

He dances in ecstasies of delight.

And he claps his hands for joy.

And then climbs into the branches bright  
Where jingles the rosie toy.

Then with an expression of peace supreme,

And a twinkle of heart-felt fun.

The candles he plucks in a lotos dream  
And gobble them one by one.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

## PLEASING THE CHILDREN.

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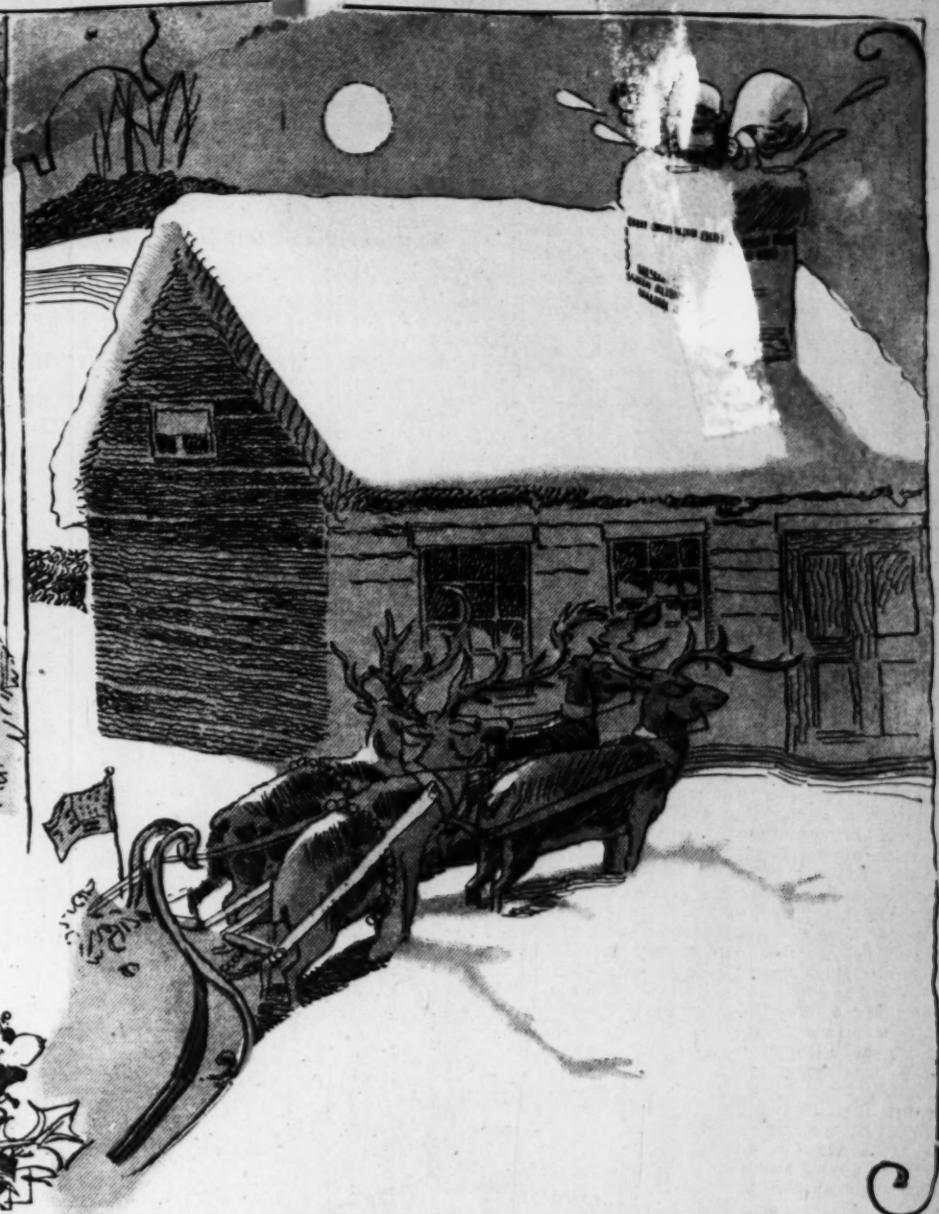
He changed countenance rapidly.

Slipping on his face the Santa Claus mask he made a triumphant entry into the parlor with the bundle of toys.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1897.

<◊> HOW THE GLENEBROKE FAMILY HAD THEIR CHRISTMAS DINNER ON ONE OF SAN

REINDEER <◊>



WIE COMMIT MURDER MOST FOWL.—BY PERCY WINTERBOTTOM, INVENTOR OF THE NEW ART.



THESE ROOSTER falls victim of a villainous ploot, which is found out after his death. ON KRISMAS EVE the Dominie who has been acting strangely, falls illness. Wie call inn a FISHION Who says he has APPENDISEETUS, and MUST have Chickin Broth to save his life. Thee Rooster will be seen under his bed inn thee furste pictture. Also the HOOG and the rest of us will be seen. Next COMES THEE notorious murder. Wie appointed thee COLERD man for thee crime, because thee Rooster was always supishus of hymn. But hee wears a mask. The Dominie will be scene in this seen two. Thee last pictture shows the konsummashun of the Dominie's PLOOT. He has a foul fore his Krismas dinner. Confound HYMN. Owing too thee KRIME WIE had to postpone our FITE with Pittsimmonz fore a WEAK.

PERCY WINTERBOTTOM.

"CHRISTMAS  
COMES - BUT  
ONCE  
A YEAR"

# THE WOMAN'S WORLD CHRISTMAS NUMBER

SUPPLEMENT TO THE POST-DISPATCH, ST. LOUIS, MO.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1897.—COPYRIGHTED BY THE PRESS PUBLISHING CO., 1897.

ON EARTH  
PEACE  
Goodwill  
TOWARD  
MEN—



THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1897.

## "So Now Is Come Our Joyfulst Feast. Let Every Man Be Jolly."

THE MERRY YULE TIDE IS THE

SEASON OF THE HOLY KISS



THE FIRST KISS

THE ENTHUSIASM OF 18

THE LESS CONVENTIONAL VARIETY

MEMORIES

### CHRISTMAS DANCE BEFORE THE SUNDAY WORLD'S CAMERA BY LAPETITE



mas dinner-table would make it inex-  
pressibly colorless and depressing.  
The unusually heavy dinner should be  
lightened so far as possible by a brill-  
iant arrangement of flowers. In the  
decorative scheme shown in the draw-  
ing the flowers used are orchids and  
roses, but for many homes where  
these costly flowers will be out of the  
question carnations or any bright  
blossoms may be substituted. Avoid  
white flowers.

Arrange the orchids in long ropes,  
reaching from a point above the cen-  
tre of the table to its four corners,  
where they are caught by pink roses  
and lilac-colored ribbons. Smilax or



THE CHRISTMAS GIRL OF 1797.

some ferns should be liberally intertwined with the  
blossoms, and the ribbons, as an important decorative  
element, should not be overlooked. In the cen-  
tre of the table a mound of pink roses is surround-  
ed by a border of orchids. The result is very ef-



THE CHRISTMAS GIRL OF 1897.

fective if electric lights can be so arranged under-  
neath the roses that the blossoms are illuminated,  
though this, also, is somewhat too elaborate for the

AN ARTISTIC DECORATION FOR THE CHRISTMAS TABLE.

far the prettiest form of  
lighting. Two candelabra  
are the least that should be  
used, and four are not too  
many. If the decorations  
are completed by placing a  
long-stemmed pink rose at  
each plate the Christmas dinner can hardly  
fail to be a success.

#### TWO CHRISTMAS DANCES.

HERE could scarcely be a clearer indica-  
tion of the change in the manners of  
dancing which have taken place during the  
past hundred years than that afforded by the  
photographs for which La Petite Adelaide  
posed for the Sunday World. Just what the  
spectators of Christmas, 1897, will enjoy La  
Petite Adelaide knows quite as well as any



one else and has shown in one of the groups of photo-  
graphs. It is a very lively and a very pronounced style  
of dance, and it necessitates quite as much agility as  
grace. The Christmas dance of to-day is a muscular  
feat rather than a study in motion. As a contrast the

#### DECORATING THE CHRISTMAS TABLE.

WITH the idea of considering  
Christmas as, among other things,  
a feast day, the necessity of making  
the Christmas dinner-table the most  
gayly decorated of any in the year has  
become imperative. Just how the  
Christmas dinner-table of 1897 should look  
is indicated in the illustration on this  
page. As far as regards the ordinary  
appurtenances of china, silver and so  
on, the Christmas dinner-table should,  
of course, have all that is perfect that no one thinks of it,  
and the good things that are provided to  
eat should be varied and harmonious.  
But perhaps the most important point  
of all is the decoration.

An absence of flowers from the Christ-



clever little dancer has illustrated the  
Christmas dance of 100 years ago. High  
stepping was not so much in favor then,  
and a dance was not approved of which  
was not characterized by a certain se-  
dateness and dignity. The minuet,  
with its slow, rhythmic grace, its elab-  
orate detail and its suggestions of in-  
finite leisure, was the ideal of dancing  
then, and its spirit is most cleverly re-  
produced in La Petite Adelaide's poses.

In both styles of dancing, however,  
the important thing is the spirit of en-  
joyment and good cheer which should  
characterize every Christmas celebra-  
tion. The spectators of dances like  
those of 100 years ago, will first of all  
require of their Christmas dance that  
it shall contribute largely to the gen-  
eral merriment.

It should be added that either dance  
may be learned by any one who wishes  
to contribute to a quiet home enter-  
tainment and who is able to give the  
effort a little of her time and pa-  
tience.



SUNDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1897.

# JOY OF HEAVEN. TO EARTH COME DOWN.

TOPLOGY.

## ONE DAY IN THE LIFE OF A XMAS SHOPPER

From Photographs Taken Especially For

THE SUNDAY WORLD.



### THE CHRISTMAS SHOPPER'S DAY.

THE unlearned who declare that all shopping is alike, an unvarying burden and bore, merely show their ignorance by the contention. The practice of ordinary shopping so nearly resembles an art that most women are, as is well known, infatuated with it, and delight in more or less serenely triumphing over its difficulties. Christmas shopping, on the other hand, is a tumult and a conundrum, a mystery and a torment, a problem and a snare. All this to the buyer and giver of gifts. To the recipient it is much the same thing.

Any woman who has ever been out on the day's Christmas shopping, with its ten-hour strain on nerve, muscle, hand and brain, its wear of one's winter suit and its exhaustion of one's physical being, will heave a sigh of sympathy at beholding the photographs which follow. They represent the Christmas shopper in varying degrees of endurance of her lot. They are as convincing as the actual experience, and they will recall many such.

The Christmas shopper who is pictured here had done none of this sort of shopping for an entire year. She had forgotten all its unpleasantness, and she started out from Suburbanville, N. J., at 8 in the morning, with the same glad expectation that she had cherished many times before, of making \$10 buy a hundred gifts. So she is reasonably cheerful at first and

she could not afford to buy, her hat battered, her gown ruined, her temper upset, and a large, comfortable-looking man disporting himself in the seat she is aching for, it is then that she realizes to her sorrow what Christmas shopping really means.

### MIDNIGHT IN THE CONVENT.

In the world at large Christmas begins with dawn. In the convent it begins at midnight. For the nun, whose observance of the day is, of course, wholly a religious one, the first announcement that Christmas is come is the bell calling her to midnight mass. The accompanying photograph shows a nun in the attitude in which you would see her if you could look in upon the midnight mass. She wears the dress of one of the least pretentious orders and carries the well-worn rosary which has helped her say her prayers for years. Her face has all the strength and sweetness and unworldliness of a convent recluse. She has told her beads so often and so long that the time, be it night or day, matters little to her. And it is perhaps quite natural that to the nun the most cheerful and acceptable way in which Christmas Day could be begun is by the hour of midnight prayer on her knees in the cold convent chapel.



FUR-TRIMMED SLEIGHING BONNET FOR HOLIDAY WEAR.  
(From a sketch by a Sunday World artist.)

she remains so until after luncheon, the sort of luncheon that women eat at long counters, and where the confusion between their own bundles and their neighbors' elbows is so great as to counteract any possible benefit which they might receive from the indifferently prepared food.

An afternoon at the bargain counter banishes all remnant of cheer, and when the tired shopper rides home to Suburbanville at night, her arms full of things she does not want and



CHRISTMAS NIGHT IN THE CONVENT—MIDNIGHT MASS.  
(From a photograph taken especially for the Sunday World.)

### SIX FASHIONABLE HOLIDAY COIFFURES.

Holiday fashions in hairdressing are chiefly remarkable for their diversity. There are at least a half dozen different ways in which a woman can do her hair and still be in the fashion, a fact for which all women should be profoundly grateful. According to the shape of her head, it is permissible to wear her hair in a high knot or a low coil, to friz it front, or to draw it back with severe plainness. In fact, if she makes sure that her hair is becoming, there is small danger of her being censured. For the guidance, however, of those women who wish to have reliable authority before venturing on a mode of coiffure, the six styles pictured here have been accurately sketched.

### THE CHRISTMAS BODICE—TRIMMED WITH HOLLY.

(From a sketch by a Sunday World artist.)

### FOR CHRISTMAS SEASON WEAR.

Two illustrations on this page show the young woman of fashion how to prepare for the holidays. For the indoor festivity there must be the Christmas bodice, which is one of the prettiest and most becoming novelties of the season. It is of brilliant scarlet poplin, cut decollete and with short sleeves. The trimming consists entirely of mistletoe and holly, with the addition of bows of scarlet ribbon. The bonnet of ostrich feathers is the latest for sleighing parties.

### SIX COIFFURES DESIGNED ESPECIALLY TO ACCOMPANY CHRISTMAS COSTUMES.

(From sketches made especially for the Sunday World.)



NEW LOOP FOR THICK HAIR

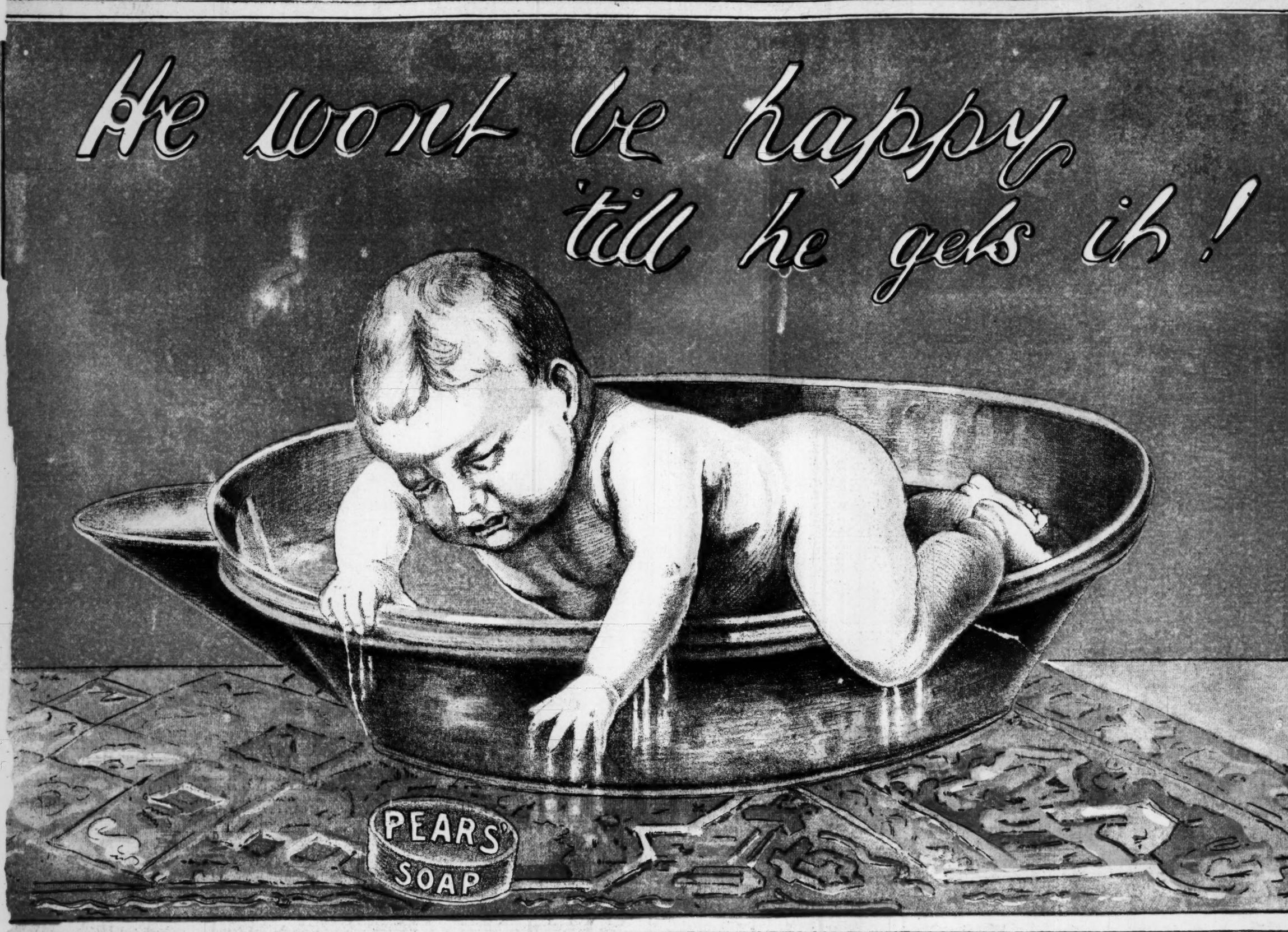
SUGGESTED BY THE MERODE.

A CURLY COIFFURE.

COPIED FROM GRANDMOTHER.

ONE OF MRS. POTTER'S IDEAS.

A GRECIAN STYLE.



## BABY-SKIN.

No fine lady or grown-up girl has a skin like a baby's—not quite.

All toilet soaps but Pears' have alkali in them, probably.

Babies get washed with these soaps; their tender skins are made rough and red and sore, and yet the force of nature resists; there is no skin like the velvety baby-skin.

Haven't you seen a girl or woman catch sight of a dainty baby and break into smiles all over her face? And, if publicity does not forbid, you have seen her rush to the little stranger, seize his hands and toes, and go into raptures over the pink and softness.

That's the charm of baby-skin, not of the baby—nobody goes for a pimply baby.

Every woman whose place in the world permits, and every man (though men are not supposed to tell of it) wants, in proper measure, a baby-skin. Even the college athlete is not exempt.

Let them use Pears' Soap, which is nothing but soap, pure soap, which is nothing but Pears'.

We all have a baby-skin, unless it is eaten away by alkali. Soap will find it. Nothing but soap will find it. It may be well disguised—Pears' Soap will find it.

Pears' Soap, not only for toilet and bath, but for shaving. Pears was the inventor of having stock soap.

Many an ill  
called by some long name  
has at last been cured by

## Beecham's Pills.

Keep your stomach, bowels and liver right  
and you'll have little cause to spend money on  
doctors. Millions have been cured by Beecham's Pills.

SO CAN YOU BE CURED.

ANNUAL SALES OVER 6,000,000 BOXES.

BEECHAM'S  
PILLS

## FOR BILIOUS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS

such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fulness and Swelling after meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Costiveness, Blotches on the Skin, Cold Chills, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations. The first dose will give relief in twenty minutes. Every sufferer will acknowledge them to be a wonderful medicine. For a Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion. Disordered Liver, THEY ARE WITHOUT A RIVAL.

## Beecham's Pills,

taken as directed, will quickly restore Females to complete health. They promptly remove obstructions or irregularities of the system.

25 cents box at all druggists.

THE  
SOUVENIR  
OF  
SCOTLAND

(Plain Label) is a Whiskey from the same distillery as The Bonnie Briar Bush, and differs from that Whiskey in age only.

PRICE \$1.25 PER BOTTLE.

FOR MORE THAN  
A QUARTER OF A CENTURY  
WE HAVE TAKEN  
EVERY BARREL OF  
OLD CROW RYE

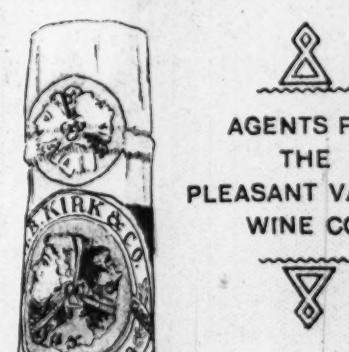
made. It is the best brand produced in America, the distillers receiving a larger price than for any other brand.

No other house can bottle it.  
Buy only of reliable houses.

## THE BONNIE BRIAR BUSH

## SCOTCH WHISKEY.

We have taken three years to find the oldest and finest Scotch Whiskey in Great Britain. We have positively the choicest article that money will buy. It is matured in Sherry Casks, NOT vatted or blended, and is reliable in every respect. We have compared it with the highest grades shaped here, none of which are finer. Try it, it will not disappoint you. PRICE \$1.75 per bottle.



FULL  
DISCOUNT  
TO  
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PLEASANT VALLEY  
WINE CO.



H. B. KIRK & CO., 69 Fulton St.,

ALSO  
BROADWAY AND 27TH STREET.



# WOMAN'S CHRISTMAS AD.



# WORLD NUMBER 1897



SUPPLEMENT TO THE POST-DISPATCH, ST. LOUIS, MO.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1897.—COPYRIGHTED BY THE PRESS PUBLISHING CO. 1897.



THE MODERN RIVAL OF SANTA CLAUS.

A CHRISTMAS STORY THE  
WRITTEN SPECIALLY

I.  
A DENSE winter fog covered New York when I turned down the side street toward the stage door, as lonely a man, I dare say, as the town held.

The mysterious weather. The damp air was chilly if one loitered, oppressive if he hurried. The thick reek hid the outlook and turned the street lights into soft disks of glowing yellow, frayed at the edges by the gloom. Spectres and goblins peopled it, and huge, uncanny shadows were cast upward against it by the low-hung carriage lamps. One mysterious blur of light leaped out at me from a cross street, and above it towered the great figures of two crouching giants. Then they shrank into hardy wheelmen pedalling a tandem, and I was aware of a disproportionate resentment against childish folk who could go pleasureing in such a world, and the happy Christmas faces that I saw renewed the sense of injury.

The smell of the painted scenery heartened me when I reached the theatre. I could have sniffed also the odor of escaping gas I might have been almost happy, for it would have minded me of days before the electricians, when I "grinned" for Booth and McCullough and had a mother.

Besides, Miss Ford's face soon made me forget my grumpy mood. Before she covered the tell-tale traces with dabs of powder on her nose and chin and eyes and smooches of red on her cheeks, I saw that she had been crying, and I had the grace to be ashamed of having sulked for no reason.

"Come, Miss Ford," I said, as she leaned for a moment against the wind machine, "look a little brighter, child. Christmas is coming."

"Not for me," she said, gulping down a big sob.

She was a quiet thing, Miss Ford, who marched as a drummer boy—not from love of tinsel or greed of roses, but because of some such stress of necessity as stageland knows.

When the call came it was as if a bevy of butterflies in white and pink and orange and black and gauze and gilt had fluttered out on the stage to preen their freed wings and celebrate their escape from the net. But my eyes were fixed by one tiny figure that marched through the maze as if in a dream, clutching the drumsticks in a tiny pair of fists, a face that was set like a painted mask of sorrow.

Not that I had much time for star-gazing. It is busy work behind the scenes of a ballet, with the wind machine whizzing and the buckshot rain rattling in its tray, the electricians launching Jove's lightnings, and the suave stage manager, with the inevitable red rose at his lapel, pulling the cord that frees his cannonball thunder.

I have known the time when six weary men would try to strike a scene, the audience laughing and stamping beyond the curtain at their nervous hammer strokes. Now I keep thirty-five "grids" at work, and all the heavier scenes are so arranged to roll on casters

# THE WOOWING OF THE GRID

FOR THE SUNDAY WORLD BY JOHN LANGDON HEATON

For the illustrations of this story members of the "Faust" ballet posed, by kind permission of Messrs. Koster & Bial, under direction of Mr. Arthur Rankin, stage manager.



"A FACE THAT WAS SET LIKE A PAINTED MASK OF SORROW."

(From a photograph taken for the Sunday World by Eddowes Bros.)

"I HAVE SOMETHING FOR YOU, EDNA AND GERTIE."

(From a photograph taken for the Sunday World by Eddowes Bros.)

that in twenty seconds on a darkened stage battlemented castles glide away and new slides take their places, while flies and borders drop like magic, and the lights flash up once more.

It is like magic. There again shines the stage in its new splendors, and beyond it the great audience, so gleaming in silk, sparkling with jewels and bubbling over with applause that one would say, to look at it, there could not be darkness or sorrow or suffering anywhere.

Pretty soon I spoke to Miss Ford again, watching my opportunity.

"What is the matter, child?" I said, for I am well past thirty and a veteran of twenty years "behind."

"My mother—this telegram," and she handed me a slip of yellow paper, dated somewhere in Michigan, which read: "Very low; crisis at hand; will wire at once."

"I'll just before coming here to-night," she said; "and now I long so for another, and yet I dread it. She's dying away out there, and I"—She looked down at her gay attire with despair in her aspect.

"Why didn't you get a few days off? It isn't as in the old times, when stage managers swore at the men, cuffed the boys and insulted the women. Martin would have given you leave."

"I know he would, but then—"

"Of course," I said hastily, for she seemed on the point of breaking down. "I understand. Doctor and nurse and all that, and you must work for more money. But let me tell you—you are new to the stage yet and shy—there are generous people all about you. They have had their troubles, too. Keep your counsel if you like. But when you want help let me know. Will you?"

She nodded, smiling up at me bravely from eyes brimful of tears that did not fall.

"That's good. And about the telegram—why, no news is the very best news. The longer it's delayed the better it's sure to be. Maybe you'll get good news for a Christmas gift tomorrow. If anything had gone wrong you'd know."

II.  
Miss Orme, the kind-hearted ballet-mistress, stood in the left front watching her cohorts perform upon the stage. Behind her back she held concealed two big dolls.

"I'm going to show them to the girls now. It's so near Christmas I can't wait," she said, taking up a morsel.

As she stood there issuing her commands, inaudible "in front" to her gleaming hosts, two tiny girls marched past, pages of the big, stately Amazonian general. One with flaxen wig was all in pale blue, and one in pink had locks like night, and such a pretty pair as they were!

"I have something for you, Edna and Gertie," called Miss Orme. "Not quite so quick. Miss Lindgren, mind your interval—something for each of you. Wouldn't you like to know what it is? Maybe it's a funny pig cut out of potato—quicker, quicker, quicker! one, two, three, four—further back. Miss Kemp—you are hiding the Fairy Prince. Well, now, it's for Christmas, and I'll show it to you if you'll be good. Who put that rug out so far? Kick it back ten inches, Mr. Vose. Want to see it? Well—look!"

And up at arm's length went the two dolls—one flaxen-haired and one such a beautiful brunette, both travelled Parisians and very big.



"HERE," SAID I, "I'LL CARRY HER UP."

(From a photograph taken for the Sunday World by Eddowes Bros.)

Miss Orme's face shone with pleasure. Over her shoulder peeped a red Mephisto, nodding and beckoning to the two girls.

The pretty pages numbered with all their little mother hearts for the beautiful babies. Edna stood like a veteran. Gertie took one impulsive step forward, then faltered back again, and to the right of the scene both the little ones intimated their professional decorum with faces that somehow cont'd to look brighter than before.

Not so Edna Ford. Her look grew more anxious as the evening went on.

"I hope she won't break down," said Miss Orme, professional instinct reinforcing her friendly feeling as she watched the girl critically from the wings.

The sight of that face, drawn in the agony of suspense, made me think of all the others I had known in the stern bondage of the stage, hiding sorrow under the guise of gay-

ety. It taught me in a flash the real meaning of the ballet. All the work of clever men: the spelling of lumber and canvas to make sham palaces; the women posturing and grimacing in the senseless gestures that mean hate, love, hope, despair or supplication to the dance teacher and to the audience meant nothing at all; the kicks and the pirouettes of the soldiers and Amazons; the imps and the devils, gnashing their teeth in impotent subjection to the angels poised on the stairway I had built; the electricians bathing the paper roses, wired wings and canvas masonry with waves of radiance, red and blue and yellow and golden—in all this pranking of the painted host that brave little drummer boy, marching and countermarching, advancing and retreating, light-footed, with her heart of lead, taught me to see a labor of pure love.

The strain of watching was too great. I rushed out into the open air for a moment. The fog had deepened. I never saw anything more beautiful than the way it turned the humdrum, familiar street into a fairytale vaster and more wonderful than the stage, all peopled by good gnomes running up and down unceasingly beneath the fuzzy blobs of light in the lamps, all busy preparing the earth for the day of the coming of the Christ.

III.

Back again to the smell of paint and the heat and the confusion, where nothing is confused, just in time to catch a phrase or two before the glittering host again stormed the plain.

"What? Another girl fainted? Little Ford, wasn't it? She's looked fagged all evening."

"Yes. She had to go back on, too, dead or alive. There was no substitute little enough to take her place."

I do not know how I got through the last scene. It was lucky it was a busy one for me, with much shifting of heavy settings. Once in a while I caught a glimpse of that set countenance in the midst of the riot of color and the flaming lights and the painted palaces of delight and wished for the end.

Hardly had the curtain touched the stage at the end of the show before the distraught girl, without waiting for its inevitable relifting, bolted from her place and staggered toward the wings.

Her eyes may have been blinded by sudden tears, or she may have fainted. At any rate she ran unheeding plump against a balcony railing and fell in a pathetic little heap on the floor.



"A MERRY CHRISTMAS, ELLICE!"

(From a photograph taken for the Sunday World by Eddowes Bros.)

One of the wardrobe women had spread a blanket near by to bundle up the quick-change garments, and then I stepped around the limp figure. A hundred others came pouring off the stage in a moment, the curtain having fallen for the last time.

"Here," said I, "I'll carry her up. Look after her, some of you, and I'll get a carriage and take her home. I know the family."

This was a shocking lie, of course, but there was no one to dispute me.

Just as I ran down the stairs again I caught a telegram from the call boy's hand, saw it was for Miss Ford and without hesitation opened it. It read:

Grand Rapids, Mich., Dec. 24.  
WARREN.

"Much better; will recover. Send love and Christmas greetings." Just then Edna and Gertie danced along the passage with their big dolls hugged tight in their arms.

"Oh, Mr. Grattan," cried Edna, while Gertie's eyes shone with delight; aren't they beauties? Thank you ever and ever so much!"

"What! Has Miss Orme told you I did it? She's a wicked woman. Here, suppose you take this telegram up to Miss Ford and say, 'Good news,' before you show it to her. Be very careful now to say 'Good news, Miss Ford,' quite loud before you let her see the telegram."

IV.

Good news is good medicine. Presently Ellice came down the stairs with tears of joy shining in her eyes and clutching the telegram. I was waiting at the foot.

"Miss Ford's carriage stops the way," I said with the grand bow of the stage lackey.

"What! a carriage?" she cried, a little smile of returning spirit dimpling her cheek. "I just won't ride in it. I am going to walk home."

"I know," very humbly I said, "that a carriage is a frightful extravagance, but Christmas comes only once a year. Sure you're strong enough? All right, I'll walk with you."

"Miss Ford's carriage stops the way," I said with the grand bow of the stage lackey.

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"What! a carriage?" she cried, a little smile of returning spirit dimpling her cheek. "I just won't



SANTA CLAUS—GOOD GRACIOUS, I MEET THESE CHAPS EVERYWHERE!

## THE BOY WHO DISCOVERED SANTA CLAUS

"And while papa is 'scovering the North Pole, can I try to 'scovet Santa Claus?" Bobbie Dobbs cried eagerly one day.

"Yes," said his mamma.

"Goody, goody, good!" cried Bobbie. "And when I am 'scovet him," he added, getting his words mixed in his excitement, "can I see the reindeer Prancer and Dancer and Donder and Blitzen and the sleigh and all the toys Santa makes for good little girls and boys?"



"Of course you can if you discover him."

It all seemed too good to be true, but Bobbie's father was an explorer, and he was actually going to take his wife and his little boy with him away up near where Santa Claus lives and keep them in a queer house built of cakes of ice while he hunted around to see if he could find the pole.

In a short time the great ship sailed north with the party, and as she sighted the first iceberg Bobbie cried: "Here we come, Mr. Santa Claus! Please be good and let me 'scovet you!"

Then, turning to his papa, he said: "You can 'scovet the North Pole if you want to, but Santa Claus is mine. I'm goin' to 'scovet him so I can tell all the little boys and girls how he looks at home."

A few days before Christmas, while Bobbie was playing in front of their queer-looking house of ice away up near the Pole, he suddenly remembered that he hadn't found Santa Claus yet.

"I'll just 'scovet him now before I am forgotten again," he cried, walking away through the snow. He had not gone far before he saw an odd-looking red wagon coming toward him. In the wagon was a little, fat, red-faced man dressed all in furs. There were no reindeer, horses or even dogs hitched

to the wagon, but it fairly flew over the snow until it reached Bobbie. Then it stopped suddenly.

"Here I am, Bobbie," cried the little fat man. "Now come and 'scovet me!"

"No," said Bobbie, "I don't want you. I'm trying to 'scovet Santa Claus."

"Then I'm your huckleberry!" cried the little fat man, puffing at his stump of a pipe until a great ball of smoke hung over the wagon. This ball at once exploded like a soap-bubble, and from it dropped a hobby-horse that struck lightly in the rear of the wagon and began rocking violently before Bobbie's astonished eyes.

"But—but where's your sleigh and where are the reindeer?" cried Bobbie.

"Sleigh? Reindeer?" laughed the little fat man, puffing another smoke-ball that exploded, dropping a bicycle into the wagon. "They're away out of date now. Too slow, you know. I use a motor carriage. This is it; isn't she a beauty? Jump in and I'll show you my toy factory."



The moment Bobbie was seated in the wagon Santa Claus grasped that wonderful pipe by the stem and held it above his head. It immediately shot up into the air, lengthening, lengthening, lengthening away from Santa's hand until the bowl disappeared. Then the stem suddenly shut together again like a telescope, and caught under the bowl was a wire.

Rising from the seat of the wagon was a short pole resembling a trolley-car pole, with a little wheel at the end. Catching this wheel upon the wire, Santa Claus pressed an electric button on the seat and the wagon rose in the air like a bird, following the wire, which stretched away toward the sky until Bobbie could see it no longer.

A moment later, exactly like a cash-

carrier in a department store, the red wagon crashed into a peculiar rubber-lined framework, which caught the wagon and held it fast while Santa Claus and the frightened Bobbie stepped out upon a broad platform.

"This is the North Pole," said Santa, pointing to an immense round building that sat on the snow like a huge cheese. "My toy factory is inside. These," he added, pointing to a multitude of wires running from the Pole in every direction, "are my toy distributing lines. Each one runs over the houses of ten thousand boys and girls."

For an hour Bobbie viewed the wonders of the great toy factory. Then Santa took him home.

"I've 'scoveted Santa Claus!" Bobbie cried as he rushed into the house.

"Where have you been?" gasped his father and mother.

"To the North Pole, with Santa Claus!" cried Bobbie.

But his father couldn't believe it then, and he has not believed it since, because—well, because, in spite of years of hard work, he hasn't discovered the North Pole yet himself.

EARLE HOOKER EATON.

### QUEER ANIMALS.

A lemon can be turned into a pig by giving him legs of matches stuck in where the legs of a pig ought to go. A tiny slit of the lemon skin is shaved off to form a tail. Tacks are stuck into the proper places for eyes, and a little slit across the pointed end makes the pig's mouth to open in a most life-like manner.

Oddly shaped potatoes often suggest various animals. By the addition of legs, head and tail in their proper places, queer-looking creatures can be constructed. A potato which had a grotesque resemblance to a horse shows what can be done in this line. This potato horse had a cork head fastened on to its body by a match neck. A bob-tail was cut from the

HEADQUARTERS  
SANTA CLAUS TOY CO.



potato skin and made to stand out in a striking way. This object, which had matches for legs, made one think of a horse, it must be confessed.



When the Christmas surprise, impelled by a neighboring blast, came down through the shanty roof, little Danny Murphy was nearly scared out of a year's growth.

"Howly saints!" he cried, falling out of his chair; "it's S-S-S-Santy Claus!"

But it wasn't. It was just a plain, everyday Harlem goat with whiskers, and it came through the old and decayed shanty roof like a hod of bricks, struck head first in a big clothes-basket full of linen that was ready for ironing, rolled over on the floor with the force of its fall and sat up against the wall with a jar that must have loosened its back teeth.

If it had stroked its long whiskers and cried "Merry Christmas!" the Murphy family would not have been any more astonished.

"Get on to the goat, will yez!" gasped the elder Murphy as he picked up the fragments of the clay pipe that had fallen from his mouth. "There, Danny," he continued an instant later, "yer ould father never goes back on his worrud. He tolta yez yez would receive a Christmas prisin' the day, and there yez are, Danny —there yez are!"

"Bad cess to it!" cried Mrs. Murphy, angrily seizing the broom. "Will yez look at the hole in the roof? And me clothes! It's the wash I must do over agin."

"Give over!" cried Danny, rushing to the goat's rescue. "Don't hate him. He's my Christmas prisin'."

"And the only wan yez'll get, too, with me doin' no worruk for wakes back."

said the elder Murphy. "Shure, where did the baste drop from the clouds?"

"Twor a blast," said Mrs. Murphy. "I heard it just before the goat kem."

"A blast, is it?" repeated Murphy, his anger rising. "Shure, can't a mon be afther smok'n' his Christmas pipe in pace wid-out bein' bombarded wid goats?"

Seizing a blackthorn he had brought from Ireland he ran out to investigate the outrage.

While this conversation was going on the goat slowly and painfully scrambled to his feet, shuddered several times as if he were getting him-

"If the boy will let you," replied the father. "Shure; jump in wid yez," Danny replied. Then up and down the walk they went for half an hour, two of the happiest boys and one of the weariest goats in the Greater New York, and when Fauntleroy at last tired of the sport his father put something in Danny's hand and went away.

When Danny looked at this something his eyes fairly bulged out with surprise. It was a big, shining silver dollar! Danny had never owned one before.

As fast as he could Danny speeded the goat back to the shanty.

"Here, mother!" he cried; "here's a dollar the man is afther givin' me fer his boy's ride behind the goat. Keep it fer me, mother."

"A dol—a dollar, is it?" gasped his mother. "The goat, eh? Phat'll the baste be doin' next?" She dropped the coin on the stove to see if it was good, and a smile appeared on her tired face as she glanced up at the hole in the roof.

A moment later the elder Murphy came in, smiling and smoking a good cigar. His smile grew broader as he heard about the goat and the dollar.

"The goat, is it? he said. "Did yez ever hear the loike? The contractor'll put a new roof on the shanty and give over shootin' anny more goats this way. We had made av a new roof anyway, and we'll get it free of charge. What's more, bedad! when I run out because of the goat I stumbled agin a man on the street, and who was it, d'yez think? Me brother Pat, away this tin years and just back from the Klondike wid a washtubful av gold dust. And here's twenty dollars he lilt me, and he has worruk fer me diggin' the cellar av his new house and"—

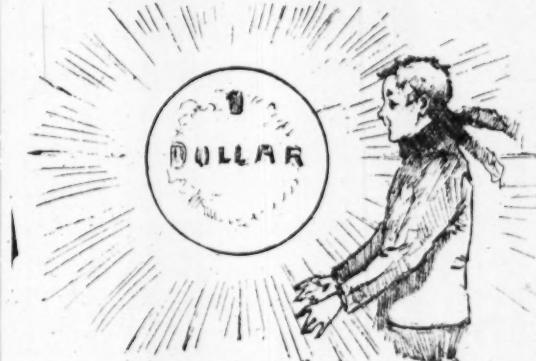


self together again, and then began to chew an old shoe that lay on the floor.

Danny was the only happy member of the family. Broken roofs and soiled linen did not bother him in the least. He had wanted a goat, and it had come at Christmas time—through the roof. The goat's meal of shoe leather, consequently, was soon cut short by Danny, who led his new pet outdoors, harnessed him with rope to a little wagon he had made of a soap box and a pair of old wheels, and was soon riding up and down the snowless street as happy as a lark, with the Dooly boys hanging over their back fence emerald green with envy. Despite his recent adventure with the blast, the goat seemed to be in good working order, and to Danny's delighted eyes he got over the ground almost as rapidly as he came through the roof.

Danny had been speeding him up and down the street but a few minutes when he met a Little Lord Fauntleroy lad.

"Oh, see the goat!" cried Fauntleroy. "Can't I have a ride, papa?"



"Are yez goin' to bate the goat, father?" Danny asked anxiously.

"Bate the goat!" cried Murphy. "W'dout him shootin' the shoots we'd have no new roof, no dollar, no Klondike, no gold."

THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS BOOK.

4

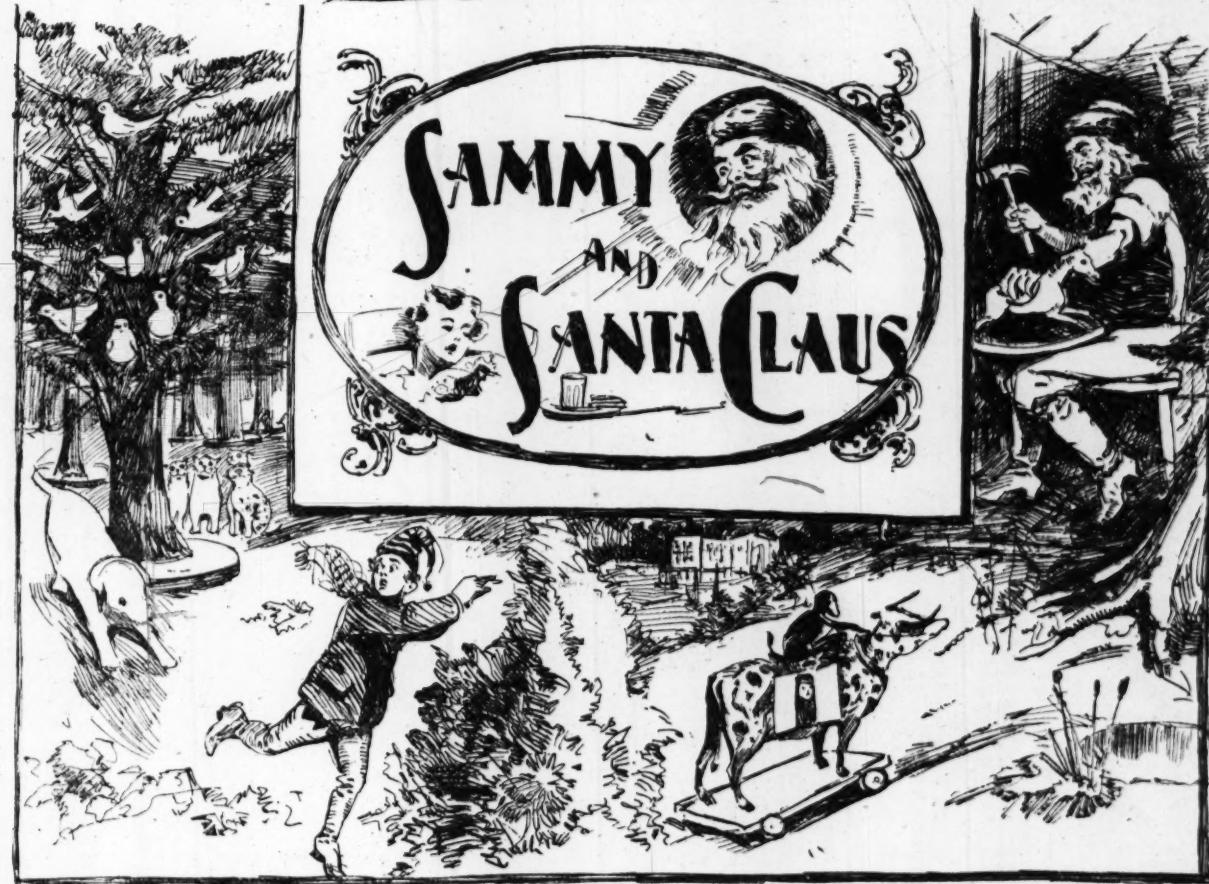


CHRISTMAS WITH MOTHER GOOSE AND HER FAMILY.

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97



CHRISTMAS IN GAY GAZOOZALAND.



"I am not glad that you are sick," said Cameron to his little sister Muriel, "but it will be a good chance to tell you a story of Santa-clausland. Would you like to hear it?"

"Certainly, I would," replied little Muriel, clapping her hands with delight. "Hurry up and tell it."

"Well," he said, "it is a story about myself—about something that happened to me in Santaclausland. I suddenly found myself in a funny sort of an orchard, and I couldn't tell how I got there. I sat down under a great, spreading tree which was full of birds, and the birds were growing on the tree like fruit, and they were all made of wood and papier-mache, and they had whistles in their stomachs, so that when the wind shook the tree they would all squeak the queerest songs you ever heard.

"I thought I would like to have one of those birds to break open and see what kind of works it had inside of it, but just as I attempted to climb the tree a great, big yellow candy dog came barking at my heels, and I ran as hard as I could. He was made of lemon candy. I could tell that by the way his barking flavored the air. Just then I saw a great spotted cow rolling along the field. It stood on a platform with wheels on it, and the cow glided along with no more expression than a locomotive. Sometimes it would go fast and sometimes so slow that it would almost stand still.

"Jump in, jump in, if you don't want to be devoured by the lemon-candy hound that guards the bird tree to keep the pasteboard cats from devouring them while they squeak upon the bough." I looked up and saw that a toy monkey was riding the cow, and he steered her over to me and called upon me again to jump in. Suddenly the cow came up, and two great doors opened in her side, and I jumped in and found, after the doors had closed, that the cow was full of caramels and chocolate cream drops. As the cow glided over the uneven earth I felt as if I was becoming seasick, and I climbed up her neck and looked out through her eyes to see where we were going. You see this cow was made like the toy animals that come full of candies, and as I was feeling hungry I ate some caramels and then shouted to the monkey: 'Suppose it should rain, wouldn't the water melt the pasteboard cow into a mass of pulp and spoil all this lovely candy?'

"No, no," replied the monkey; "this is a waterproof cow; we feed her on the leaves of the rubber tree, which not only makes her waterproof, but adds to her general elasticity. We are now gliding over to the cornucopia house to fill the horn of plenty with candy for the regular Christmas tour. You know this is Santaclausland!"

"Where is Santa Claus?" I asked.

"Just then we came upon old Santa Claus, who was nailing the manes and tails upon the

rocking-horses. Usually he would hit the nail upon the head, but once he hit the nail upon his thumb, and I tell you he danced around just as lively as an ordinary man—and he said a lot of things that I can't remember while he was dancing around in this manner.

"And when the door of the car flew open I stepped out and said: 'Good Mr. Santa Claus, I meant no disrespect, and I hope you will not forget me when it comes to filling my stocking.'

"'Filling your stocking,' replied Santa Claus; 'filling your stocking, eh? I'll give you all the stocking you want.' And then he whistled a whistle that was like the cold Christmas wind, and in an instant a lot of manikins and lead soldiers ran out after me and chased me down into a field whose sward was a heavy jujube paste into which my feet sank so deep that I could only run in a walk. I tell you it feels funny to run and walk at the same time. Each manikin and lead soldier held in his hand a stocking, in the toe of which was an orange or a baseball, and every time they would fetch me a crack on the head it would make my teeth rattle. I tried to escape, but as I did so we all fell in a rolling mass and kept on rolling down the hill, and I could feel my breath leaving me. I opened my eyes, and the dentist said:

"'Cameron, where's your tooth now?'  
"And I jumped out of the chair and ran home to tell you all about my laughing-gas experience with Santa Claus in Santaclausland."

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

## SIMPLE CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

I heard lately of a lady who always began to collect Christmas presents in good time. The day after Christmas she cleared out a closet which she kept in readiness to hold Christmas gifts. These she began forthwith to collect.

Whenever she saw a pretty bit of China, a choice handkerchief, or some useful article, pop it went into her Christmas closet, and she had a goodly number of dainty articles to select from by the time the holidays came around.

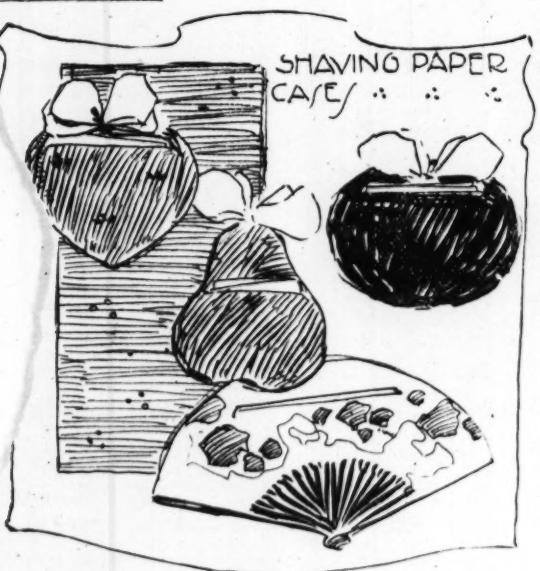
And for the children who can only spend small sums of money for Christmas presents, or only spend a little at a time, it is well to arrange their gifts some time ahead, finish the articles and lay them away until needed. Many pretty trifles can be made in odd moments if we begin to plan in time, have the little gifts made, folded up and laid away to be ready for Christmas.

If papa shaves himself a pretty case for shaving papers to hang beside his dressing-table is a useful present. Two pieces of bronzed or pretty colored leather form the cover. These should be about 6 by 8 inches. Draw upon them and cut carefully the shape your case is to be—a heart shape or the shape of a pear, or even the shape of a fan or tomato—any one of these is pretty.

The case is filled, of course, with sheets of tissue paper, each sheet folded

many times, and cut out to suit the shape of the case. A hole is cut at the top, through case and papers, and a pretty bow of ribbon is tied to hang it up by. If you like, you may mark out the shape you wish, and have both leather and papers "pinked" for a very small sum. This makes the case much neater.

A hickory nut makes a good monkey jack. Twist a hairpin



around the nut to keep it in place, and fasten the ends together for the centre of the monkey's body. Attach other hairpins to this one in order to form legs. Finally dress the monkey in jacket, trousers, and hat of fuzzy material—gray canton flannel will do—and mark eyes and mouth on the Little monkey face, leaving the point of the nut for the nose. This will amuse the baby.

A photograph pocket made of strips of parti-colored ribbon is a tasteful novelty and easy work for little fingers.

The string of ribbon must be each a yard long. The case when finished should be at least seven inches wide. So the ribbons, when sewed together along the edges, must reach that width, although the widths of the different ribbons may vary.

Sew the ribbons together nearly the whole length, leaving about two inches at one end, which is to be fringed out. Hem straight across the other ends of the ribbon, and turn this part up about six inches sewing it along the outside edge to form a pocket.

Turn down the fringed ends and gather them together a few inches from the fringe. This makes the flap of the pocket. A tiny brass ring can be sewn under the flap and fastened to a button on the pocket side, which will make your picture envelope secure.

Little scent bags of satin or velvet, and of all shapes and sizes, are presents easily manufactured by children. An ounce of sachet powder will fill a number of these cases, which are always useful to lay among one's gloves, handkerchiefs or linen.

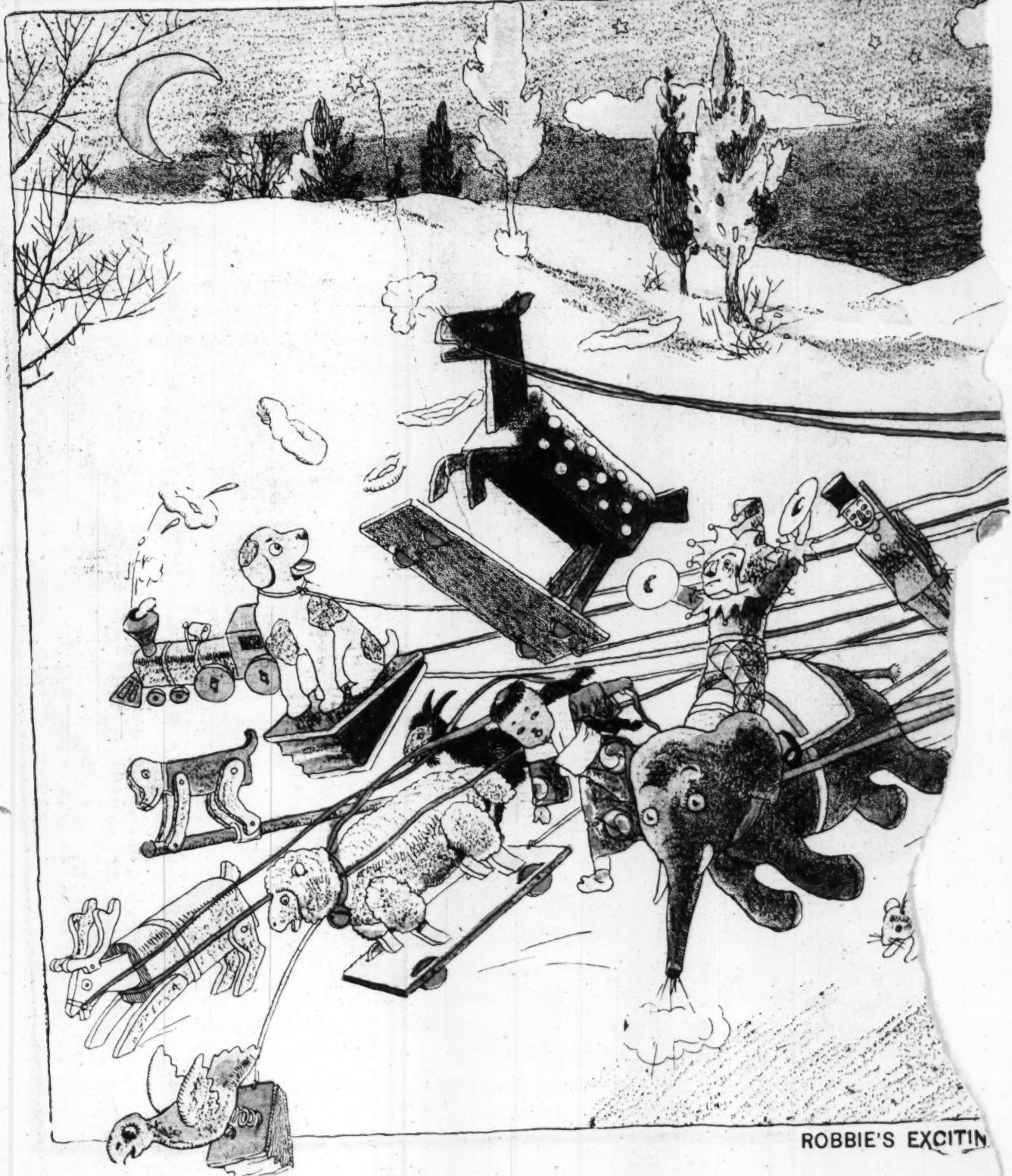
A set of book covers, two or three sizes in a set, is a useful present for a student, or any friend fond of reading. Inexpensive ones can be made of denim or of gray linen, which is less easily soiled than the dainty light kid or satin covers. These plainer ones are useful, substantial, and should be cut by the simplest pattern, so that they can easily slip on or off a book when it is used.

The list of elaborate pieces of fancy work in intricate designs grows larger with each season. But the plainer and more useful articles, and particularly little household trifles which are in constant demand, will always be the easiest made by children, and will always make the most welcome gifts for their friends.

## THE JINGLE GIRL.

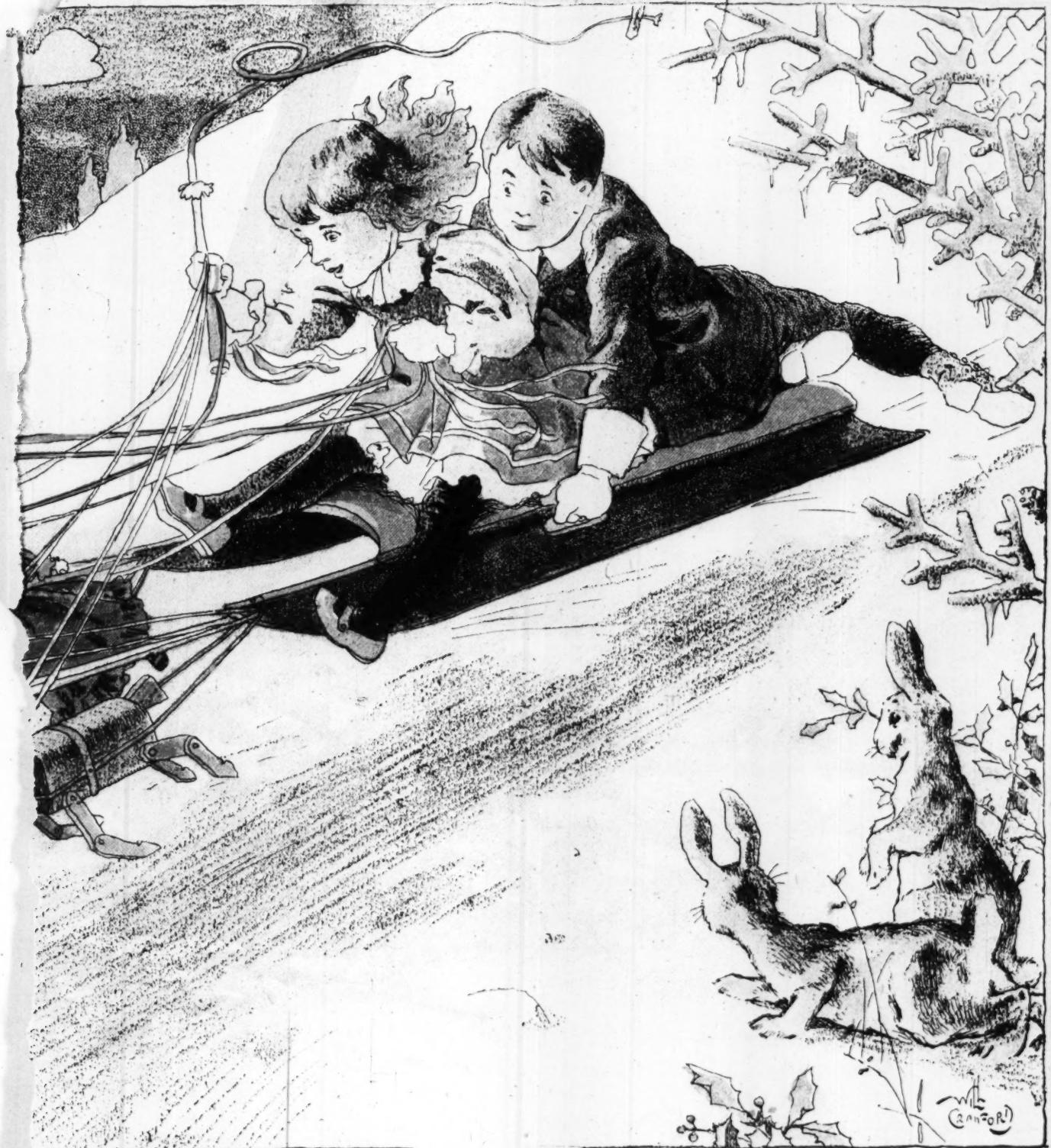
There is a little jingle girl,  
Who lives in jingle dell;  
When you go to call on her  
Please ring the jingle bell.

THE CHILDREN



ROBBIE'S EXCITING

STMAS BOOK.



ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

## Old and New Christmas Games

In making arrangements for the Christmas evening fun of a large party it is well to have some plan for keeping up the spirit of the time. A very old idea (and we do not seem to improve on some of these ancient Christmas sports) is to appoint a "Master of Revels," or "Lord of Misrule," as the old books call him. The "Lord of Misrule" (who may be one of the youngest children) is king of the festivities. He chooses the games, and his orders are absolute. A forfeit is paid by any one who disobeys him or opposes any of his caprices. He may issue the wildest and queerest of commands, and the more fun and novelty he can introduce the more complete a success is this little temporary monarch.

Sometimes he is dressed out in fantastic kingly garb and is accompanied by his court fool or jester, who is also dressed to represent the character and whose business it is to carry out gravely the most trivial and foolish of his majesty's commands.

The good old English game of "Snap-dragon" is not often played nowadays. "Snap-dragon" used to be performed with much ceremony and was thought to be an indispensable part of the Christmas party. An old writer gives this account:

A quantity of raisins are deposited in a broad, shallow bowl or dish, and brandy or some spirit

is poured over the fruit and ignited. The bystanders now endeavor by turns to grasp a raisin by plunging their hands through the flames. This requires considerable skill, and is performed amid much laughter and joking at the expense of the unsuccessful competitors.

While this sport is going on all the lights in the room should be extinguished, as the glare of the burning spirit sheds a lurid light about the room and adds much to the weird effect.

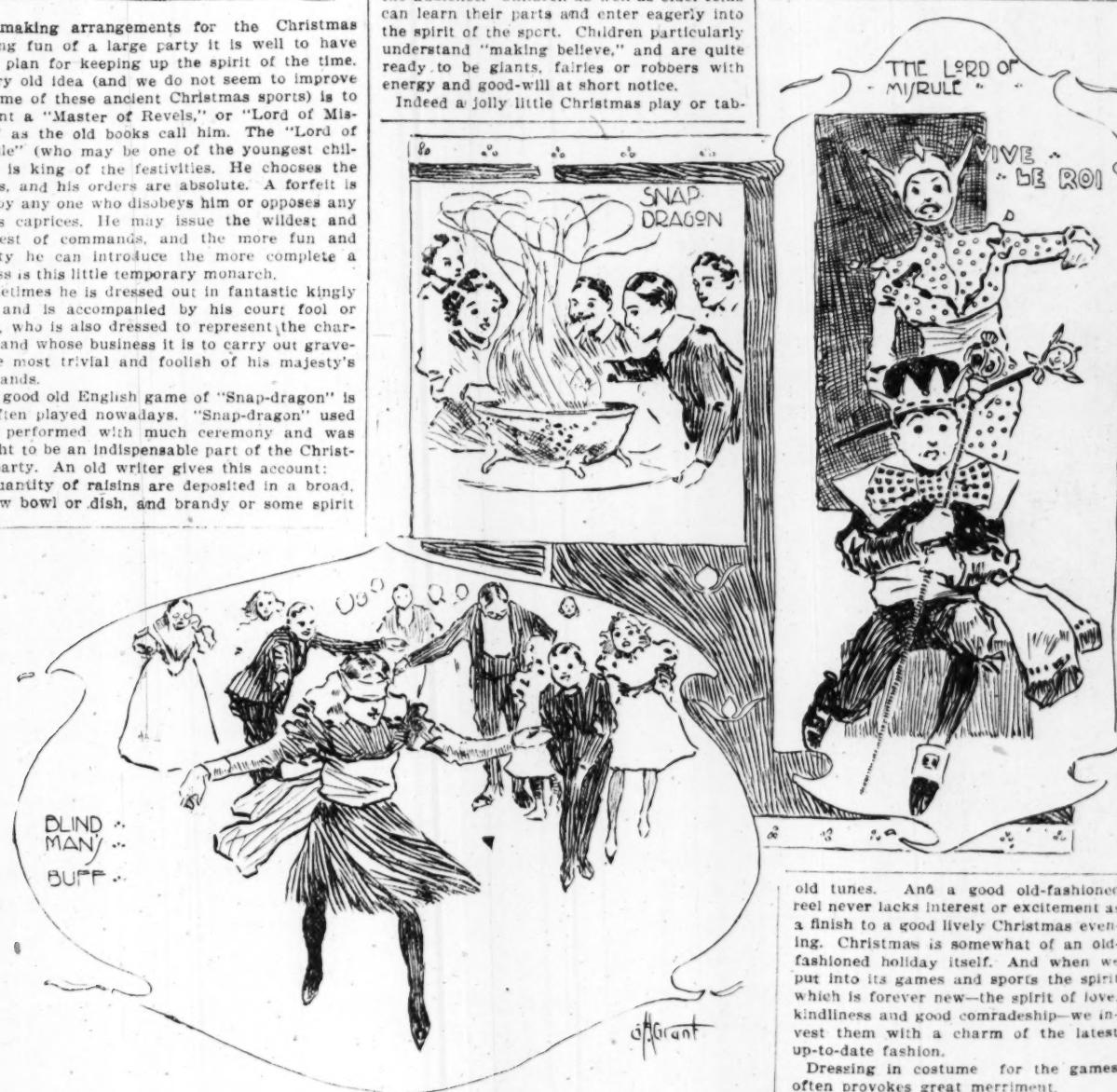
A Christmas pantomime, tableaux vivants, and even the most ordinary and impromptu of acted charades, make delightful ways of passing a Christmas evening.

There is fun in such entertainment for old and young, and for the actors as much as the audience. Children as well as older folks can learn their parts and enter eagerly into the spirit of the sport. Children particularly understand "making believe," and are quite ready to be giants, fairies or robbers with energy and good-will at short notice.

Indeed a jolly little Christmas play or tab-

leau can be made to furnish lots of Christmas amusement for a whole neighborhood, and for many folks whose Christmas might be dull and lonely without this pleasure.

The good old games of "Blindman's Buff" and "Puss in the Corner" are always for some unknown reason thought peculiarly suitable for Christmas time and for the mixed family party. Perhaps because they are so old that they form a part of Christmas in our thoughts. Grandpa, when he catches the youngest toddler, remembers how he himself with laughter and shrieking was caught by his grandpa one long ago Christmas time. Grandma, as she trips down the long line of the Virginia reel with her littlest grandson, recalls how she trod the same measure long years ago to the same



old tunes. And a good old-fashioned reel never lacks interest or excitement as a finish to a good lively Christmas evening. Christmas is somewhat of an old-fashioned holiday itself. And when we put into its games and sports the spirit which is forever new—the spirit of love, kindness and good comradeship—we invest them with a charm of the latest up-to-date fashion.

Dressing in costume for the games often provokes great merriment.

I AM a walking, talking doll two feet high, and they say I am French, although I was manufactured in New England, in Santa Claus's branch factory. In order to make me walk and frisk merrily about it is necessary to wind me like a clock, and, like

I WAS MANUFACTURED  
IN SANTA CLAUS,  
BRANCH FACTORY



"MY WHEELS  
MAKE ME TALK  
AND WALK"



"I GREATLY  
ENJOYED THE  
SLEIGH-RIDE"



"IF MY SPRINGS  
SHOULD BE TRANSFERRED  
TO THE TIN FROG"



"I HOPE THEY  
WILL NOT ALLOW ME TO WALK  
WITHOUT RUBBERS"

a clock, I suppose I sometimes go too fast or too slow. It is really very queer, when one comes to think of it, that one should run by machinery.

My wheels make me talk and walk and think the things I say, and if they become rusty or the key is mislaid I am a dead doll for the time being.

Of course you know I am composed of wax, and that is why I am always so fearful of being left on the steam radiator and of being melted into a solid lump of wax, upon which my machinery, wound or unwound, would be unable to operate intelligibly. It would be a case of machinery, without any doll with which to work in harmony.

It almost causes my wax eyes to melt into tears and to lose all their color, form and character when I think what a terrible thing it would be if I should suddenly disintegrate and my springs should be transferred to the tin frog to make him jump and my vocal apparatus to the papier-mâche quagga to make him go squeak, squeak.

And here I am, just as I came down the chimney, in my dainty white dress, through the smoke and soot without getting a bit on me, although the candy dogs seemed to heave with emotion, as if trying to bark their disgust. And here I am hanging on a green tree with my key about my neck ready to be wound, and I know what I will say to Bertha just as soon as I am going and can talk.

But I hope they will not allow me to walk where it is wet without first putting rubbers on me.

Now, I often think of my poor old grandmother, who was happy without all that modern up-to-date contrivances that are cal-

## The Doll's Christmas Story



culated to make people happy. Her internal organism consisted simply of sawdust, and if she ever happened to fall into a tub of water it was only necessary to run her feet first through the clothes-wringer up as far as the bisque bust, then knead her back

into her proper shape and lay her on the stove to dry. Of course, being china from the bust up she couldn't take cold in the head.

A little gust comes down the chimney and the tree sways, and we all sway with it and jingle together like so much Christmas music. I can see the gray dawn peeping in around the side of the curtain, as if to see us and to think of the joy we shall soon cause when the children come tumbling downstairs.

The stars are twinkling in the cold gray of dawn, and one by one they are dissolved in the first kiss of day whose airy glory makes rosy all the snow. Being unwound I cannot call upon the lead soldiers and pasteboard ostriches to look their prettiest

"I AM ALWAYS SO  
FEARFUL OF BEING  
LEFT ON THE STEAM-  
RADIATOR."



"WHO'S  
THAT  
PEEPING  
ROUND  
THE CORNER  
OF  
THE  
DOOR  
SO CUTELY?"



"I CANNOT  
TELL THE  
LEAD SOLDIERS AND  
PASTEBOARD  
OSTRICHES  
TO LOOK  
THEIR PRETTIEST."

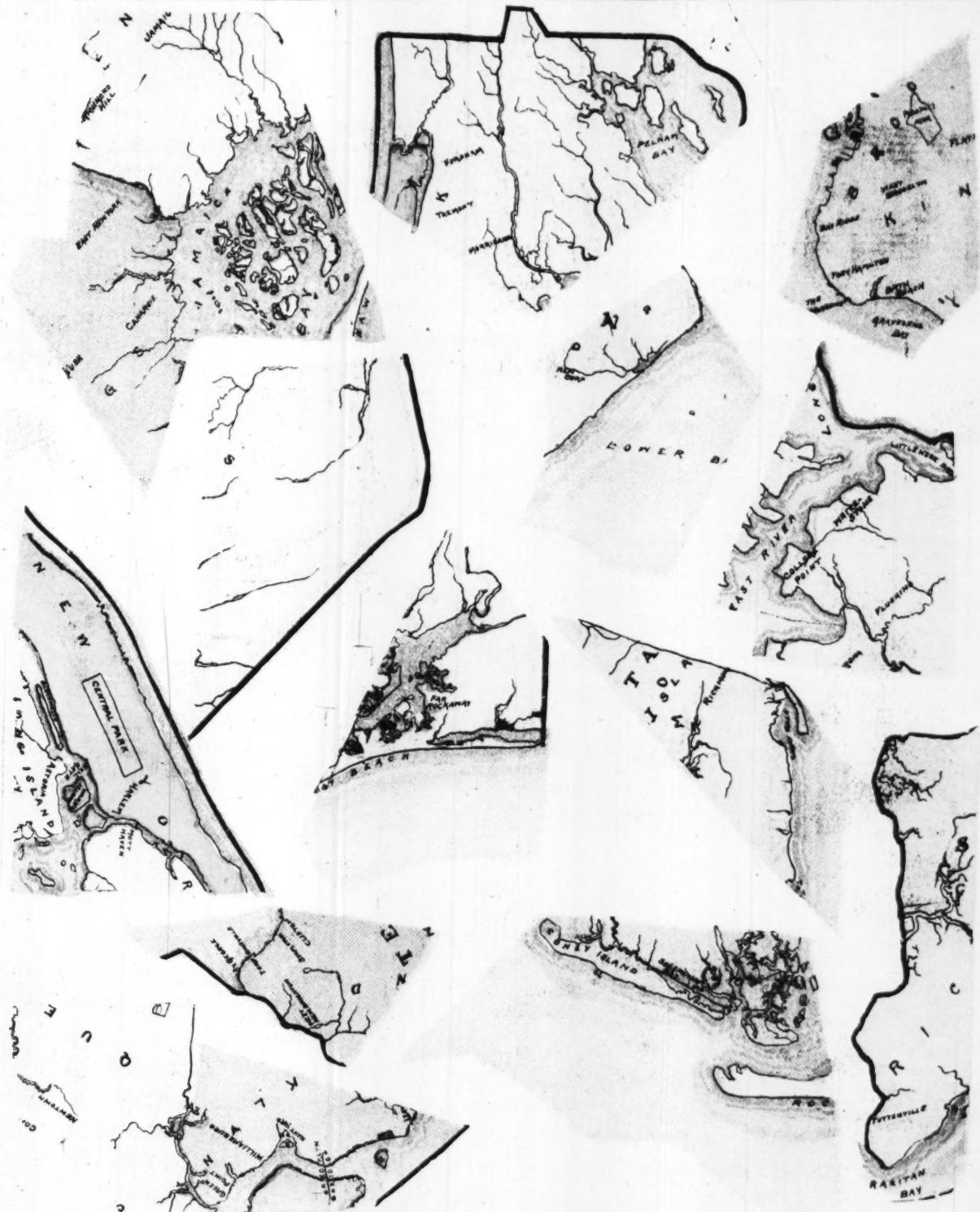
"I OFTEN THINK  
OF MY POOR OLD  
GRANDMOTHER"



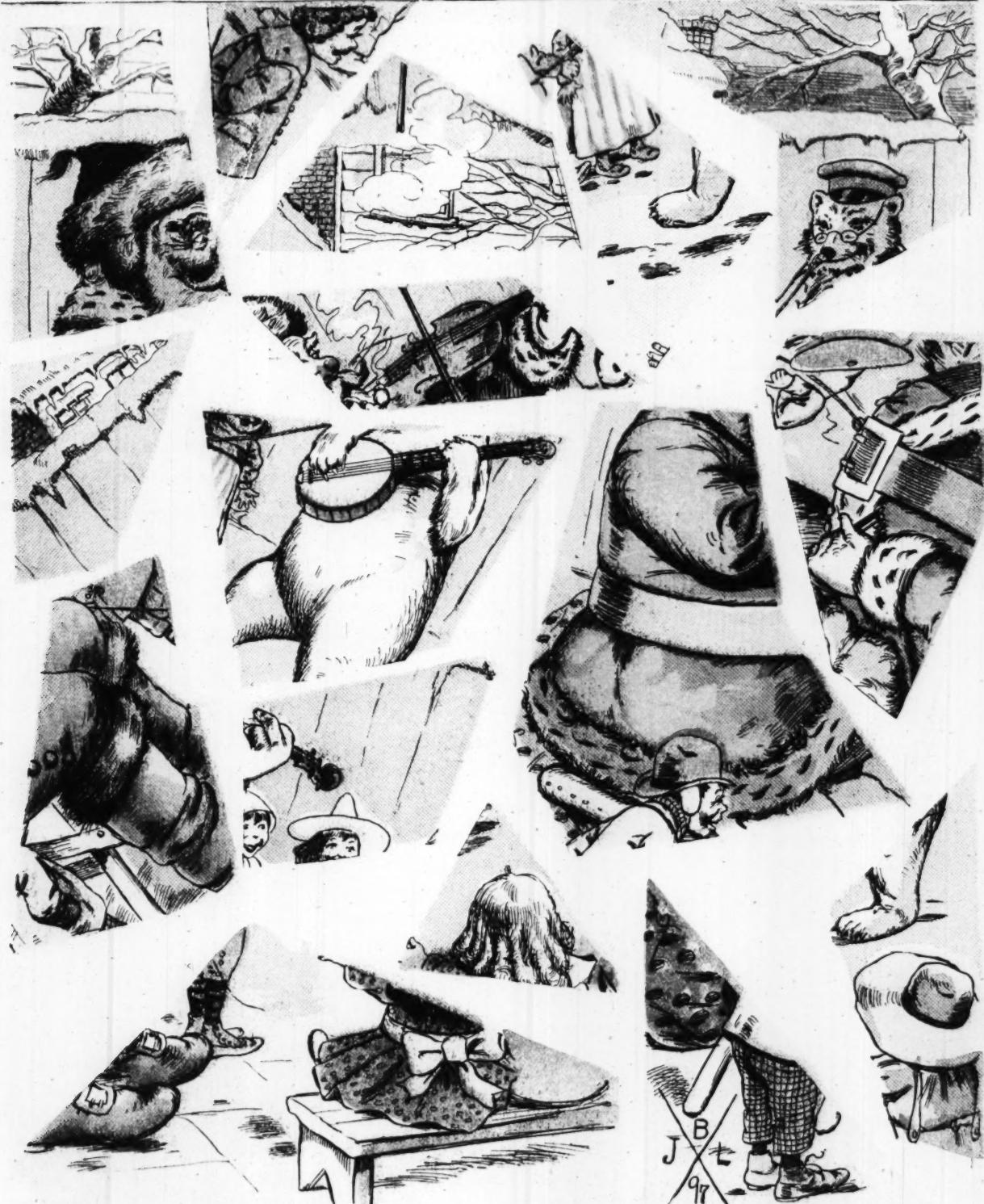
"THE CHRISTMAS  
CHIMES FLUTTER SWEETLY  
THROUGH THE AIR"



R. K. MUNKITTRICK.



A PUZZLE MAP OF GREATER NEW YORK.  
WHAT BRIGHT BOY OR GIRL CAN PUT IT TOGETHER CORRECTLY?



A PICTORIAL CHRISTMAS PUZZLE.

TO AMUSE AND INTEREST VERY LITTLE READERS OF THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS BOOK.

# TOMMY'S CHRISTMAS FEARLESS THOUGHTS

By R. MUNNINTRICK.



**I** like to live within a world All full of Christmas trees. Bent with toys of babyhood In every honeyed breeze.

**I** upon the moss I'd roll and kick Beneath the tinsel bright. And eat the dead-ripe candy stick Of yellow, red and white.

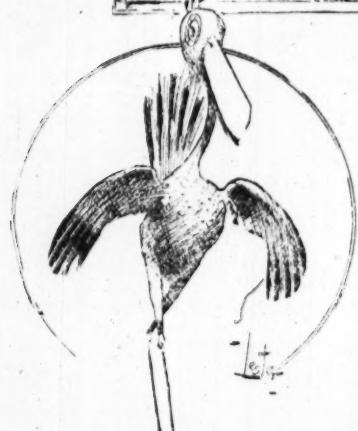
watch the pasteboard cockatoo About the branches float, I'd watch the frisky kangaroo Play leap-frog with the goat.

**T**hese toys to other boys I'd give, Their hearts with joy to fill; And with old Santa Claus I'd live Upon the Toyland Hill.

**G**pon the deer so kind and swift, I'd very often climb, I'd help old Santa glean the gift When ripe in harvest time.

**A**leve I'd fly on nimble foot, The candle'd trees to light, At morn I'd fly abroad to put Them out until the night.

**O**h! I would dance with bliss sublime, And know in my career The joys of merry Christmas time Throughout the merry year.



**M**y friend, I am the Jangaree, as many of you know; I'm the Champion Jeeboo Joker, and I'm anything but slow. But now my ditty's very brief; it only is to say May you have a Merry Christmas, a Happy New Year day!

**NOT SO BAD.**

**S**aid Oscar, "Would it not be shocking To find a stick inside one's stocking? Oh no, I think 'twould be quite handy," Said Paul, "if 'twas a stick of candy!"

**Well Named.**—  
**I** call my Kitty, 'Santy,' and phaps you think it queer, But I'm sure the name just fits him for reasons that are clear, For he always fights and scratches, so that is why because I think it's very proper to call him "Santa Claws."

## SOME CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES

### THE BOAR'S HEAD.

The "boar's head" is often spoken of in connection with Christmas festivities, and in pictures of old-fashioned Christmas feasts we see a "boar's head" being carried in to the table.

Christmas Day several hundred years ago was kept in old England with many rough sports and with customs which seem queer to us now, just because we live a different life and in a different age. In those days the great nobles and land-owners spent their time in warlike amusements, in hunting and other out-door sports. They were so fond of war that when they were not engaged in the real thing they amused themselves by mimic wars, tournaments and the like.

In those days wild boars roamed the forests and were savage, formidable animals to attack and kill. But just before Christmas a wild boar was always hunted for, whose head was intended to adorn the Christmas feast. This was the grand dish of the Christmas dinner.

It was carefully prepared with many spices and placed on a golden or silver dish, china or pewter not being considered good enough for this great delicacy.

When the proper moment arrived and the guests were all assembled, the lord chief steward of the household carried in this splendid dish. The trumpeters stood in a row and sounded a loud blast, the other musicians joined in with joyous music and the guests formed into a merry procession, and with cheers and laughter followed the boar's head



around and around the table until it was finally placed upon it.

Sometimes a song was chanted which ended this way:

"Be glad, lords, both more and less,  
For this hath ordered our steward  
To cheer you all this Christmesso  
A boar's head with mustard!  
Reddens laudes Domino!"

The old custom of "bringing in the boar's head" was kept up until very recently at Queen's College, Oxford, England.

### A CHRISTMAS PIE.

A novel arrangement for Christmas gifts is furnished by the "Christmas Pie."

piece of brown paper, marked to look like a pie crust, covers the top.

The hostess dishes out the "pie" to each person, carefully allotting one of the hidden



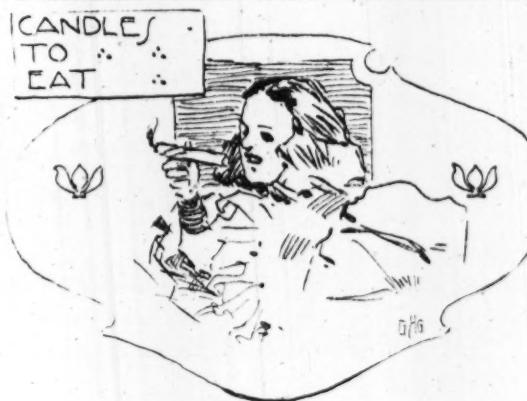
The pie is made in an enormous tin or wooden pan, which is gravely brought in and placed upon the table at the conclusion of the Christmas banquet. The essential part of this Christmas pie is composed of Christmas gifts, one for each member of the feast. They must be of a comic character and chosen with a purpose to create fun for the whole party.

Then the pan is filled with sawdust, covering the presents completely. To add to the illusion,

presents to each. Lots of fun comes after, when grandma blows her toy whistle, papa cracks his toy whip, and the baby may find either a beautiful tin watch or a jack-in-the-box. Of course the more inappropriate and absurd the presents are, the jollier is the sport. Each present should be carefully wrapped up and tied securely to make the mystery greater.

### CHRISTMAS CANDLES.

These funny candles furnish much sport for the performers and much mystification for those who are not let into the secret.



The tallow part of the candle is made from an apple. It can be shaped with a knife into a very good resemblance to a candle, but a better way is to cut the candle out with an apple corer. Then a bit of nut is stuck into the end to represent a wick. Any sort of nut will do, but the oilier it is the better.

When you have exhibited it burning, raise it to your lips. A slight puff will extinguish the flame just before you put it into your mouth.



HER MAJESTY:-

THE REGAL BEVERAGE.

"Mr. President, may I offer you a cup of pure tea from Ceylon and India?"



## A CHRISTMAS STORY

# THE ANGEL IN GREEN

BY EVA WILDER,  
BRODHEAD

**T**HE room was of the sort designated in boarding-house parlance as a "hall room." It had a solitary globeless gas jet, a narrow couch and some toilet conveniences which exhibited the decrepitude of great age and valiant service.

Looking from the window one might see, blankly ridged against the wintry sky, a row of chimney-pots and the keen edge of the cornices of the opposite houses. With a thin, spiritless snowfall veiling it, this prospect, viewed of a Christmas morning, held no special intimations of good cheer. Truly there were some wreaths of holly in the lower panes of the house across the way and on the broad glass a little writh-like flicker of red spoke of a blazing fire somewhere behind the lace hangings. This hint of an open hearth did not, however, convey to Elinor Driesbach's mind, as she stood looking from her attic window, a very pronounced sense of geniality. The fire was too far away. There was something insular and arrogant in its aloofness.

Elinor Driesbach made a sound like a groan. The ancient bureau hard by, littered with her palette and colors and brushes, had a wavy mirror which reflected in a sort of tremulous, half-pitying way the girl's pallor. Also a poster lady, pinned expansively above the couch appeared to relax the artificiality of her purple pose to cast a com-

WITTEN  
EXCLUSIVELY  
FOR THE  
SUNDAY  
WORLD

little money left—and as to having little Laura come to New York to live with me—oh, dear little Laura—I can never, never have her."

She broke off rather suddenly and

stifled the sob in her throat. Upon the door a mild, hesitating rap was repeated, and as Elinor, composing herself, pushed the dark hair from her eyes and said: "Come in," the panel slowly moved back, disclosing upon the threshold a gray-haired woman, with sweet, vague eyes shining from below her placid brows.

"Oh, Mrs. Graham!" cried Elinor, advancing. "I didn't think of it being you! Do come in!"

Mrs. Graham cast about her a kind of bewildered glance. "I fancied you had company," she admitted. "I thought I heard you addressing some one as—Laura."

"Oh—Laura! Yes, I was—only she isn't here. She is my dear little niece, Mrs. Graham—doubtless an orphan, though she isn't three years old. When her father died last winter he said I was to have her if I wished, if I wished! I adore her. But I hadn't enough money. I'd spent most of what there was in studying art abroad. I took what was left and came to New York determined to work out the problem of getting more. I make pictures, you know—for the papers. The result has been that—since yet I do not see my way clear to having Laura with me. She's still with Mrs. Eddington, a sister-in-law of her father. I—haven't got on as well as I could wish. I felt a little discouraged just now in thinking of it all. Perhaps I was regretting it out loud?"

Mrs. Graham gently scrutinized her. "We thought that perhaps you had not found New York as you had hoped," she said. "My son has been saying lately that he thought you looked—well—just a little disheartened. He said—he is most observant, my Charles—that you were quite pale of late. Now and then, when you have spent an evening with us, he has said you seemed downcast. My gossip doesn't offend

thing of it. When I realized that it, too, was a fiasco I knew there was nothing before me. Nothing, that is, except to try for some sort of work for which there is a demand."

The girl's voice was not unsteady, but the very vigor of it told of nervous strain. She was even able to throw into her tone something like winning cordiality as she resumed: "I have told you all this, dear Mrs. Graham, so you will understand why I can't come to you to-day. I shouldn't be a nice visitor."

Mrs. Graham's face was discomposed. "My dear," she murmured, "oh, my dear, let us—let us!"—She stopped confused a little by a certain bustling noise in the passage. Several people seemed to be talking there, and the thumping of a trunk resounded. Also a child's voice gurgled impatiently, and the door-knob was rattling.

Elinor laid a surprised hand upon it, and then cried out. Eliza Mary, the housemaid, stood grinning in the background with the day's news on her arm. Before her a beautiful woman was attempting to restrain a little, struggling, impetuous shape, which, as the door opened, lifted its face upon Elinor with a shriek of joy. "I've come!" she shouted, flinging herself upon the young girl. "Oh, Aunt Nelly! I've come!"

The beautiful woman smiled indulgently. "She's been begging so hard to see you, Elinor, that I decided to bring her for the holidays. You're pulling Aunt Elinor's hair down Laura!" "Please, m'm," broke in Eliza Mary, stretching her arm across the sill, "here'll be your towels, m'm, and this special, m', that just came for yez."

Elinor took the package. A letter fell to the floor as she ran a hasty finger through the wrapper. As her eye fell on the contents she uttered a little stifled sound. There, across the thick-

"I—I FANCIED YOU HAD COMPANY," SAID MRS. GRAHAM.  
(From a photograph for which Miss Nance O'Neill and Mr. Robert Edeson posed to Sarony for the Sunday World.)

thing in his words, "but—I—I—" He caught at her hesitancy with an eager rebound of spirit. "Yes, you have everything," he said. "Will you be generous? It is Christmas. Give, something!"

"Oh!" murmured Elinor, laughing in a dazed little way. She seemed to be stepping forward and she wondered why, without any apparent volition of her own, she should be doing this. He caught her hand and held it against his heart. Both of them had forgotten the angel of the vernal robes. It lay unremembered on the floor, but its message shone in their transfigured faces.



SHE STOOD LOOKING FROM HER WINDOW.  
(From a photograph for which Miss Nance O'Neill posed to Sarony for the Sunday World.)

passionate amber eye upon the trouble of the living girl in the window.

"In a story," said Elinor, laughing a little bitterly as she caught this lurid glance, "a girl like me who had come to New York in search of a career, having failed utterly to get on the track of it, would suddenly resolve to turn to the old home."

She crossed the floor once or twice.

"The trouble with me is that I'm not in a book. I haven't any parents to go back to. I'm alone in New York. I have tried to do art work for the magazines and I haven't succeeded. I put all my hopes into that Christmas cover I sent to Devoe's, and they never even noticed it. I'm at the end of my string. I've very



ITS MESSAGE SHONE IN THEIR TRANSFIGURED FACES.  
(From a photograph for which Miss Nance O'Neill and Mr. Robert Edeson posed to Sarony for the Sunday World.)

"you?" Elinor was flushing. "Oh, no, no," she said, remembering the kind eyes of Mrs. Graham's son. The Grants were quite important people in the house.

They had the luxury of a table of their own in the dining-room, and Elinor was aware of being surprised that from this aristocratic isolation Mr. Graham should keep track of the falling looks of an obscure girl at the foot of the general board.

"We thought perhaps," signified Mrs. Graham, "that you would dine with us today. It will be more home-like for you. And afterward we hope you will spend the evening with us. I should have asked you sooner, but I have been out all morning to see some dear little children who are friends of mine. It is a long time since you have been to see us. Charles was saying—"

Elinor Driesbach's face had lost its flush, and as she listened she was sensible of being cold and white again—yet more cold and white than she had been before the gentle presence took its stand upon her threshold with a sweetness of Christmas cheer on its lips.

"You are very good to me," she said, composedly. "Indeed I would be glad to come except that I do not feel to-day as a guest should feel. I—I said just now that I had not succeeded very well in my illustrating. I haven't succeeded at all. My last hope of attracting attention to my work—for I feel



THEY BEGGED TO INCLOSE THEIR CHECK.  
(From a photograph for which Miss Janauschek, Miss Maxine Elliott, Miss Nance O'Neill and Little Edith Burton posed to Sarony for the Sunday World.)

"I'VE COME! I'VE COME!" SHE CRIED.  
(From a photograph for which Miss Janauschek, Miss Maxine Elliott, Miss Nance O'Neill and Little Edith Burton posed to Sarony for the Sunday World.)

ness of the heavy paper she held, richly printed in tones of silvery green, a tall and gracious angel unfurled a radiant smile. Somehow—somehow—it was hers, her own angel of Noel, that she had loved and lived in and dreamed over and that had afterward seemed to be so complete a failure. Here on the front of the great weekly, with her own name on the margin.

Mechanically she took up the fallen letter and read how, owing to the temporary loss of her address, the publishers of the paper had been delayed in informing her of their intention of using her cover. They begged leave now to inclose her check, to assure her of their appreciation of the admirably original qualities of the work and to request the privilege of examining at once anything she might have in the way of completion. There was a voice in the hallway. A young man was standing there, looking in upon the two bewildered ladies, the yellow-haired child and tall, beaming girl. "I stepped up to see what success my mother was having. You haven't refused to spend a little part of the day with us?" She hesitated.

"I must go," he said. "I am glad it is a merry Christmas for you. You—you have everything, haven't you? Good-by."

"But," began Elinor, dimly aware of wishing to refute some-

## W<sup>Y</sup> TO DINE ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

Christine Terhune Herrick Suggests a Compromise Between Tradition and Novelty.

W<sup>Y</sup> TO SAY anything more about the Christmas dinner? It has been discussed from every possible and impossible point of view. We are told that it is essentially a family feast, to be stranger should be admitted. We have been told that on a world festival like the blessed Christmas, the happy possessor of homes should close their doors and gather in the lonely and the ones. We have been urged to make the simple meal, with only a few solid and well-subsides, and we have also been informed that too good or too ceremonious for the repast, it should be a stately function, served in courses and attended with much pomp and circumstance. One writer declares that holly and mistletoe should be the decorations of the table, and avises that the choicest exotics should be used in the feast.

IN THE conflict of opinions, until the hapless paper who takes many household journals and faith to them all is at her wits' ends to know where to pursue.

WOULD BENEFIT THE MULTITUDE. Several principle may be laid down without fear of contradiction. Christmas, with its gifts, and money-making, fails in its mission unless happiness to all. The greatest good to the number is therefore the maxim by which the house must be guided in making her the day. To have a quiet meal when half the of the family desire to invite friends to the celebration is as great a mistake as it is to gather a large party together when the of the household object strenuously to the of strangers and feel that the only way to Christmas dinner satisfactorily is in family. plans the housekeeper should consult her own to some extent instead of obliterating herself entirely as good wives and mothers are prone to do. There can be no real happiness in the home if she



POKE BONNET IS IN DEMAND.

(This is how the demure-faced maiden of 1898 will make herself picturesque.)

the better if made from one to three weeks before it is needed, and allowed to ripen. The following recipe can be highly commended. It is for a large quantity and can readily be halved.

### MINCEMEAT.

Four pounds lean beef, boiled and chopped; four quarts chopped apples, one quart chopped suet, one quart stoned raisins, one pint cleaned currants, one pound citron cut in small pieces, one scant quart sugar, one pint molasses, three tablespoonsfuls mace, three tablespoonsfuls cinnamon, two tablespoonsfuls allspice, three tablespoonsfuls salt, one and one half tablespoonsfuls cloves, four grated nutmegs, juice and rind of three lemons, juice and rind of three oranges, two ounces candied orange peel, two ounces candied lemon peel, half pint orange wine, one quart California brandy.

For those who desire to have a Southern Christmas cake the following recipe is given, and this, too, may be made at least a week before it is eaten.

### CHRISTMAS FRUIT CAKE.

Six eggs, one cup butter, one cup and a half powdered sugar, two cups flour, half pound raisins, half pound currants, quarter pound citron, one teaspoonful each cinnamon and nutmeg, half teaspoonful ground cloves, three tablespoonsfuls brandy.

Seed and chop the raisins, wash and dry the currants and shred the



THE READING OF THE CHRISTMAS STORY.

(From a photograph taken especially for the Sunday World.)

the great day worn out by her preparations, exhausted, physically and nervously, that she mood to enjoy anything. My own opinion is that Christmas is a trying time to the tempers and of every one except the children, and sometimes to them. To their seniors the season of memories, most of them sad; and we should sweeten those who bear it. It's when taken with the strain of expectancy that precedes Christmas and with the toil of preparing and planning for meals, is only too likely to either depression or irritability. Whichever

### CRANBERRY JELLY.

Another item of the bill of fare that may be prepared a day in advance is the cranberry jelly. Made by the following recipe it will be found a great improvement on the unstrained cranberry sauce:

Put one quart of cranberries on to cook in the inside vessel of a double boiler; add no water unless the fruit is very dry; in that case put with them four tablespoonfuls of water; cook a couple of hours, breaking the berries with a spoon from time to time; when they are well crushed strain and measure them; to every pint of the juice allow a cup and a half of sugar; return the juice to the fire, boil it twenty minutes, stir in the sugar, let it boil up once more and pour it into a mould wet with cold water; set in a cold place until firm. Jelly made by this recipe ought not to be thin or watery.

A spice of variety may be given to the traditional turkey by using an oyster stuffing, which is not only good in itself, but also imparts a delightful flavor to the bird.

OYSTER STUFFING FOR TURKEY. To the ordinary stuffing for a turkey, of dry bread crumbs seasoned with parsley, thyme and sweet marjoram and moistened with melted butter add two dozen small oysters chopped fine; stuff the breast of the turkey with this.

PLUM PUDDING. Five cupfuls flour, half pound suet, half pound sugar, quarter pound butter, one pound currants, one pound raisins, two tablespoonfuls shredded citron, one cupful milk, six eggs half teaspoonful cloves, half teaspoonful mace, one grated nutmeg, half cupful brandy. Seed and chop the raisins, wash and pick over the currants, butter and stir into the eggs, and beat the eggs.

CHRISTMAS SKATING CLOAK. Of velvet and ermine and taxes the pocketbook.



ZULIKA, THE BEAUTIFUL EGYPTIAN

Study her profile to get the perfect Oriental type.)

the excitement takes, it is hard for those who sit either at first or second hand.

STANDARDS OF THE FEAST. housekeepers must lay her plans judiciously them in shape some time before the holiday. Her dinner be simple or elaborate, place must be made for the traditional dishes, without which to Christmas would hardly be Christmas are, of course, turkey and cranberry sauce, no pie or mincemeat. To others, chicken and oyster soup are always part of the Christmas as are pumpkin pie to the New Englander and "Christmas cake" to the Southerner. Inhabitants must be catered to in these matters, and decent housewife begins her preparations well in advance. First comes the mincemeat, and this is all



VELVET AND  
ERMINE SKAT-  
ING GOWN.

If there are six figures in your bank account you may attempt a black velvet and ermine skating-gown and look like a queen. But if you belong to the cash-account-keeping contingent put the thought from your mind as you would murder. Don't entertain it.

the fruit with flour and for a moment, all the eloquence of fashion writers to the contrary. It can't be gotten up for a mere song and made to look as well as the real article. The mere song will turn into a dirge and the look-as-well gown into sack-cloth and ashes. But if you are one of the fortunate ones to whom expense does not count then invest in an ermine and velvet skating-gown; nothing in the sartorial world can be half as pretty. The velvet skirt is lined with your favorite color and it flashes about your fitting feet in a manner most bewildering.

The big black hat, with its dancing plumes, helps on the situation tremendously, and ermine trimming completes any lingering doubt in the mind of the beholders that the velvet and ermine skating-dress is the most fascinating in the world.

### SAUCE FOR PLUM PUDDING.

Two o -tablespoonfuls butter, one cup powdered sugar, half cup boiling water, one wineglassful brandy. Cream the butter and sugar, add the brandy and boiling water, set the vessel containing the sauce in a saucer of boiling water and beat until very light. If you object to brandy you may substitute the juice of one large or two small lemons.

### POKE BONNET FOR CHRISTMAS.

The Queen's Jubilee this year was accountable for much premeditated picturesqueness. The tailor-made girl bachelor of 1897 saw that there were possibilities in the poke of 1837. Not that she would think of giving up her mannish hat, necktie and collar, and take to the shy little poke for good and all.

And what occasion could be more fitting for poke, and protection than at a Christmas sleighing party. Somehow or other the booted-shod bachelor maid would be an incongruity on a Christmas sleigh-ride; she wouldn't be afraid of anything. She'd set her lips and sit bolt upright when the mettlesome horses with the spirit of Christmas in their veins, ran away.

### Egypt's Most Beautiful Woman.

Zulika, the most beautiful woman in Cairo, the flower of all Egypt. How her name recalls the land of the Pharaohs, the sorcery of stringed instruments, the sunsets on the desert, the inscrutable Sphinx and, lastly, the rosy feet of Zulika herself, as they move in rhythmic dance.

Zulika is a professional dancer, with the blood of dancers in her veins for generations. She could dance before she could walk. She danced with her joys, sorrows, loves, triumphs and hates as the birds sing their emotions.

Who has ever been to Cairo can forget that wonderful sensuous suppleness, the brown-skinned body glowing through its gauzes responding to the stringed music as readily, as truly as the instrument in the dusky hands of the Arabs.

Zulika dances at all the big functions at Cairo, at the native marriages and festivals, at the smart entertainments of the English and American contingent. No social affair at Cairo is a success without this daughter of old Egypt. Zulika lives only in her work. She

is the quiet English moors, in day dreams, and the walls of the English cottage seem close and confining. It is then that the beautiful Mary Navarro makes up her mind to sing for charity, to give the poor the benefit of her voice, and we hear of her singing for this or that fund or benefit, as the case may be.

Mary Anderson is a good illustration of the vexed woman question that is perplexing the end of the century with its many sides. Is she happy in her new life, or does it pall and seem flat after the triumphs of her career? The beautiful eyes in her latest picture hint at both sides of the story.

### MARY ANDERSON AS GALATEA.

Despite the fact that Mary Anderson Navarro continually protests that she has left the stage for all time, and that she never was as happy as she is at present with her little English cottage and the baby toddling about the floor, still that her thoughts go back to the footlights with something like longing cannot be denied.

Here is her latest photograph, taken in the role of Galatea, her greatest character. And she is a far more beautiful and beloved Galatea to-day than she was ten years ago, a more human, altogether more lovable Galatea than the statuesque beautifully cold young Diana of a decade ago. Perhaps there are times when the applause of the multitude comes across



"OUR MARY" ANDERSON.

(She is now Mrs. De Navarro, and will not return to the stage.)

the quiet English moors, in day dreams, and the walls of the English cottage seem close and confining.

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